CLARISSA.

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF A

YOUNG LADY:

Comprehending

The most Important Concerns of Private LIFE;

And particularly shewing,

The DISTRESSES that may attend the Misconduct
Both of PARENTS and CHILDREN,

In Relation to MARRIAGE.

Published by the Editor of PAMELA.

VOL. VII.



LONDON:

Printed for S. Richardson:

And Sold by John Osborn, in Pater-noster Row;
By Andrew Millar, over-against Catharine-street in the Strand;
By J. and J. Rivington, in St. Paul's Church-yard;
And by J. Leake, at Bath.

M.DCC. XLVIII.



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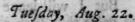
OF

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOL. VII.

LETTER I.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efq:





HAVE been under such concern for the poor man, whose exit I almost hourly expect, and at the shocking scenes his illness, and his agonies exhibit; that I have been only able to make memoranda of the melancholy passages, from which to

draw up a more perfect account, for the instruction of us all, when the writing-appetite shall return.



It is returned! Indignation has revived it, on receipt of thy letters of Sunday and yesterday; by which I have reason to reproach thee in very serious terms, that thou hast not kept thy honour with me: And if thy breach of it be attended with such effects as I fear it will be, I shall let thee know more of my mind on this head.

Vol. VII. B

If thou would'st be thought in earnest in thy wishes, to move the poor lady in thy favour, thy ludicrous behaviour at Smith's, when it comes to be represented to her, will have a very confishent appearance; will it not?—It will, indeed, confirm her in her opinion, that the grave is more to be wished for, by one of her serious and pious turn, than a bushand incapable either of reflexion or remorfe; just recovered, as thou art, from a dangerous, at least a sharp illness and possession as we much and reduced.

I am extremely concerned for the poor unprotected lady; the was to excellively low and weak on Saturday, that I could not be admitted to her speech. And to be driven out of her lodgings, when it was fitter for her to be in bed, is such a piece of cruelty, as he only could be guilty of, who could act as thou hast done, by such an

In a transfirort of joy, he would have raised milegras

Canst thou thyself say, on reflection, that it has not the sook of a wicked and hardened sportiveness, in thee, for the sake of a wanton humour only, (since it can answer no end that thou proposest to thyself, but the direct contrary) to hunt from place to place a poor lady, who, like a harmless deer, that has already a barbed shaft in her breast, seeks only a refuge from thee, in the shades of death?

But I will leave this matter upon thy own conscience, to paint thee such a scene from my memoranda, as thou perhaps wilt be moved by more effectually than by any other: Because it is such a one, as thou thyself must one day be a principal actor in; and, as I thought, hadst very lately in apprehension: And is the last scene of one of thy most intimate friends, who has been for the four past days labouring in the agonies of death. For, Lovelace, let this truth, this undoubted truth, be ingraven on thy memory, in all thy gaieties, That the life we are so fond of, is hardly life; a mere breathing space only; and that at the end of its longest date,

THOU MUST DIE, AS WELL AS BELTON.

Thou knowest by Tourville what we had done as to the poor man's worldly affairs; and that we had got his unhappy sister to come and live with him; (little did we think him

fo very near his end); and fo I will proceed to tell thee, that when I arrived at his house on Saturday night, I found him excessively ill: But just raised, and in his elbow-chair, held up by his nurse and Mowbray, (the roughest and most untouched creature that ever enter'd a sick man's chamber) while the maid-servants were trying to make that bed easier for him which he was to return to; his mind ten times uneasier than That could be, and the true cause that the down was no softer to him.

He had so much longed to see me, his sister told me, (whom I sent for down to enquire how he was) that they all rejoiced when I entered: Here, said Mowbray, Here Tommy, is honest lack Belford!

od Where, where? faid the poor man.

I hear his voice, cry'd Mowbray, coming up flairs.

In a transport of joy, he would have raised himself at my entrance, but had like to have pitched out of the chair: And when recover'd, call'd me his best friend! his kindest friend! but, burst out into a slood of tears, O Jack! O Belford! said he, see the way I am in! See how weak! So much, and so soon reduced! Do you know me? Do you know your poor friend Belton?

You are not fo much altered, my dear Belton, as you think you are. But I see you are weak; very weak—And

I am forry for it it none spines will even fill a line

Weak! weak, indeed, my dearest Belford, said he, and weaker in my mind, if possible, than in my body; and wept bitterly—or I should not thus unman myself. I, who never feared any thing, to be forced to shew myself such a nurshing! — I am quite ashamed of myself! — But don't despise me, dear Belford, don't despise me, I beseech thee.

I ever honoured a man that could weep for the distresses of others; and ever shall, said I; and such a one cannot be insensible to bis own.

However, I could not help being wifibly moved at the

poor fellow's emotion.

Now, faid the brutal Mowbray, do I think thee infufferable, Jack. Our poor friend is already a peg too low; and here thou art letting him down lower and lower still. This foothing of him in his dejected moments, and joining B 2

thy womanish tears with his, is not the way; I am fure it is not. If our Lovelace were here, he'd tell thee fo.

Thou art an impenetrable creature, reply'd I; unfit to be present at a scene thou wilt not be able to feel the terrors of, till thou feelest them in thyself; and then, if thou hast time for feeling, my life for thine, thou behavest as pitifully, as those thou thinkest most pitiful.

Then turning to the poor fick man, Tears, my dear Belton, are no figns of an unmanly, but, contrarily, of a humane nature; they ease the over-charged heart, which

would burft but for that kindly and natural relief.

Give Sorrow words, (fays Shakespeare;) The grief that does not speak, Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

I know, my dear Belton, thou usedst to take pleasure in repetitions from the poets; but thou must be tasteless of their beauties now: Yet be not discountenanced by this uncouth and unreflecting Mowbray, for as Juve-

nal fays, Tears are the preregative of manhood.

'Tis, at least, seasonably faid, my dear Belford; it is kind to keep me in countenance for this womanish weaknels, as Mowbray has been upbraidingly calling it, ever fince he has been with me. And in fo doing (whatever, I might have thought in such high health as he enjoys) has convinced me, that bottle-friends feel nothing but what moves in that little circle.

Well, well proceed in your own way, Jack. I love my friend Belton as well as you can do; yet for the blood of me. I cannot but think, that foothing a man's weakness

is increasing it.

If it be a weakness, to be touched at great and concerning events, in which our humanity is concerned, faid I.

thou mayest be right,

I have feen many a man, faid the rough creature, going up Holbourn-hill, that has behaved more like a man than

either of you,

Ay, but Mowbray, reply'd the poor man, those wretches have not bad fuch infirmities of body as I have long laboured under, to enervate their minds. Thou art a shocking ing fellow, and ever wert. But to be able to remember nothing in these moments, but what reproaches me, and to know, that I cannot hold it long, and what may then be my lot, if — But interrupting himself and turning to me, Give me thy pity, Jack, 'tis balm to my wounded foul; and let Mowbray sit indifferent enough to the pangs of a dying friend, to laugh at us both.

The harden'd fellow then retired, with the air of a Lovelace; only more stupid; yawning and stretching, instead of humming a tune as thou didst at Smith's.

I assisted to get the poor man into bed. He was so weak and low, that he could not bear the satigue, and sainted away; and I verily thought was quite gone. But recovering, and his doctor coming, and advising to keep him quiet, I retired, and joined Mowbray in the garden; who took more delight to talk of the living Lovelace and his levities, than of the dying Belton and his repentance.

I just saw him again on Saturday night before I went to bed: which I did early; for I was surfeited with Mowbray's frothy insensibility, and could not bear him. It is such a horrid thing to think of, that a man who had lived in such strict terms of amity with another (the proof does not come out so, as to say friendship); who had pretended so much love for him; could not bear to be out of his company; would ride a hundred miles an end to enjoy it, and would sight for him, be the cause right or wrong: Yet now, could be so little moved to see him in such misery of body and mind as to be able to rebuke him, and rather ridicule than pity him, because he was more affected by what he selt, than he had seen a malesactor (hardened perhaps by liquor, and not softened by previous sickness) on his going to execution.

This put me strongly in mind of what the divine Miss HARLOWE once said to me, talking of friendship, and what my friendship to you required of me: 'Depend upon it, Mr. Belford,' said she, 'that one day you will be convinced, that what you call friendship, is chassed and stubble; and that nothing is worthy of that sacred

ame,

THAT HAS NOT VIRTUE FOR ITS BASE

Sunday morning, I was called up at fix o' clock, at his earnest request, and found him in a terrible agony. O Jack! Jack! faid he, looking wildly, as if he had feen a spectre—Come nearer me! reaching out both arms.— Come nearer me !- Dear, dear Belford, fave me! Then claiping my arm with both his hands, and rearing up his head towards me, his eyes strangely rolling, Save me ! dear Belford, fave me! repeated he. aw vaid wo M

I put my other arm about him. - Save you from what, my dear Belton! Save you from what! - Nothing shall

hurt you !- What must I save you from ?! satisfy trised

Recovering from his terror, he funk down again, O fave me from myself! said he; Save me from my own reflections. O dear lack! what a thing it is to die; and not to have one comfortable reflection to revolve!-What would I give for one year of my passed life ?-only one year—and to have the same sense of things that I now have 200 100 hould recover

I try'd to comfort him, as well as I could: But freelivers to free-livers are forry death-bed comforters. And he broke in upon me : O my dear Belford, faid he, I am told, (and I have heard you ridiculed for it) that the excellent Mifs Harlowe has wrought a convertion in you. May it be so ! you are a man of sense; O may it be so! Now is your time! Now, that you are in full vigour of mind and body! But your poor Belton, alas! kept his vices, till they left him. And fee the miferable effects in debility of mind and despondency! Were Mowbray here, and were he to laugh at me, I would own that this is the cause of my despair : That God's justice cannot let his mercy operate for my comfort: For Oh! I have been very, very wicked; and have despised the offers of his grace, till he has withdrawn it from me for ever, opening

I used all the arguments I could think of, to give him confolation; and what I faid, had fuch an effect upon him, as to quiet his mind for the greatest part of the day; and in a lucid hour his memory ferved him to repeat those lines of Dryden, grasping my hand, and looking willfully

approved exceedingly of what he laid,

sations to him from a mind to properly touched.

upon me: finited to his prefent circumftances; and inferred confi O that I less could fear to lose this being,
Which, like a snow-ball, in my coward-band,
The more 'tis grafo'd, the faster melts away!

In the afternoon of Sunday, he was inquisitive after you, and your present behaviour to Miss Harlowe. I told him how you had been, and how light you made of it. Mowbray was pleased with your impenetrable hardness of heart, and said, Bob Lovelace was a good edge-tool, and steel to the back: And such coarse but hearty praises he gave thee, as an abandon'd man might give, and only an abandon'd man could wish to deserve.

But hadft thou heard what the poor dying, wife-too-late Belton faid on this eccasion, perhaps it would have made

thee serious an bour or two, at least, and and aved o

When poor Lovelace is brought, faid he, to a fickbed, as I am now, and his mind forebodes, that it is impossible he should recover, which bis could not do in his late illness: If it had, he could not have behaved so lightly in it—When he revolves his past mis spent life; his actions of offence to helples innocents; in Miss Harlowe's case particularly: What then, will he think of himfelf, or of his past actions? His mind debilitated; his strength turned into weakness; unable to stir or to move without help; not one ray of hope darting in upon his benighted foul; his conscience standing in the place of a thousand witnesses; his pains excruciating; weary of the poor remnant of life he drags, yet dreading that in a few fort hours, his bed will be changed to worfe, nay, to worst of all; and that worst of all, to last beyond time and to all eternity; O Jack ! What will be then think of the poor tranfitory gratifications of fense, which now engage all his attention? Tell him, dear Belford, tell him, how happy he is, if he knows his own happiness; how happy, compared to his poor dying friend, that he has recovered from his illness, and has still an opportunity lent him, for which I would give a thousand worlds, had I them to

I approved exceedingly of what he faid, as reflections fuited to his present circumstances; and inferred conso-

lations to him from a mind fo properly touched.

He proceeded in the like penitent strain. I have lived a very wicked life; so have we all. We have never made a conscience of doing all the mischief, that either force or fraud put it in our power to do. We have laid snares for the innocent heart; and have not scrupled by the tooready sword to extend, as occasions offer'd, the wrongs we did, to the persons whom we had before injur'd in their dearest relations. But yet I think in my heart, that If have less to answer for than either Lovelace or Mowbray; for I, by taking to myself that accursed deceiver from whom thou half freed me, (and who for years, unknown to me, was retaliating upon my own head fome of the evils I had brought upon others) and retiring, and living with her as a wife, was not party to half the mifchiefs, that I doubt they, and Tourville, and even You, Belford, committed. As to the ungrateful Thomasin, I hope I have met with my punishment in her. But notwithstanding this, dost thou not think, that such an action -and fuch an action - and fuch an action, (and then be recapitulated feveral enormities, in which, led on by false bravery, and the heat of youth and wine, we have all been concerned) Dost thou not think that these villainies, (let me call them now by their proper name,) joined to the wilful and gloried-in neglect of every duty that our better fense and education gave us to know were required of us as Men and Christians, are not enough to weigh down my foul into despondency?—Indeed, indeed, they are! And now to hope for mercy! And to depend upon the efficacy of that gracious attribute when that no less shining one of justice forbids me to hope; How can I! - I, who have despised all warnings, and taken no advantage of the benefit I might have reap'd from the lingring confumptive illness I have laboured under, but left all to the last stake; hoping for recovery, against hope, and driving off repentance, till that grace is denyed me; for oh! my dear Belford! I can now neither repent, nor pray, as I ought; my heart is harden'd, and I can do nothing but despair!-

More he would have faid; but, overwhelm'd with grief and infirmity, he bowed his head upon his pangful bosom.

bosom, endeavouring to hide from the fight of the hardened Mowbray, who just then enter'd the room, those

tears which he could not restrain.

Prefac'd by a phlegmatic hem; Sad, very fad, truly! cry'd Mowbray; who fat himfelf down on one fide of the bed, as I on the other: His eyes half closed, and his lips pouting out to his turn'd-up nofe, his chin curdled (to use one of thy descriptions) leaving one at a loss to know, whether flupid drowfiness or intense contemplation had got most hold of him.

An excellent, however uneafy lesson, Mowbray, faid I! by my faith it is! —It may one day, who knows how

foon? be our own case!

I thought of thy yawning fit, as described in thy letter of Aug. 13. For up flarted Mowbray, writhing and flaking himself as in an ague-fit; his hands stretch'd over his head-with thy hoy! hoy! vawning. - And then recovering himself, with another stretch and a shake, What's a clock, cried he? pulling out his watch - And stalking by long tip-toe strides thro' the room, down stairs he went; and meeting the maid, in the passage, I heard him fay - Betty, bring me a bumper of claret; thy poor mafter, and this damn'd Belford are enough to throw a Hercules into the vapours.

Mowbray, after this, amufing himfelf in our friend's library, which is, as thou knowest, chiefly classical and dramatical, found out a passage in Lee's Oedipus, which he sould needs have to be extremely apt, and in he came full fraught with the notion of the courage it would give 'Tis poetical and the dying man, and read it to him.

illustral anye is poured aluder, observed

pretty. This is it.

When the fun fets, hadows that hew'd at noon But small, appear most long and terrible: So when we think fate bovers o'er our beads, Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds: Owls, ravens, crickets feem the watch of death: Nature's worst vermin scare ber god-like sons. A state that have but a Echoes, the very leavings of a voice, Grow babling ghofts, and call us to our graves.

Each

Each mole-hill thought swells to a huge Olympus; bound While we, fantastic dreamers, heave and puff, roduced And sweat with our imagination's sweight.

He expected praises for finding this out. But Belton turning his head from him, Ah, Dick! (faid he) these are not the reflections of a dying man! What thou wilt one day feel, if it be what I now feel, will convince thee that the evils before thee, and with thee, are more than

you, my dear Belton, are innoitsmigami to shafts aft

I was called twice on Sunday night to him; for the poor fellow, when his reflections on his past life annoy him most, is assaid of being left with the women; and his eyes, they tell me, hunt and roll about for me. Where's Mr. Belford? — But I shall tire him out, cries he—yet beg of him to step to me—yet don't — yet do; were once the doubting and changeful orders he gave:

And they called me accordingly.

But, alas! What could Belford do for him? Belford, who had been but too often the companion of his guilty hours, who wants mercy as much as he does; and is unable to promife it to himself, tho' 'tis all he can bid his

poor friend rely upon!

What miscreants are we! What figures shall we make

in these terrible hours!

If Miss HARLOWE's glorious Example, on one hand, and the terrors of This poor man's on the other, affect me not, I must be abandoned to perdition; as I fear thou wilt

be, if thou benefitteft not thyfelf from both odasdargs

Among the confolatory things I urged, when I was called up the last time on Sunday-night, I told him, That he must not absolutely give himself up to despair to That many of the apprehensions he was under, were such as the best men must have, on the dreadful uncertainty of what was to succeed to this life. 'Tis well observed, said I, by a poetical divine, who was an excellent christian, (a) That

Death could not a more sad retinue find, Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind.

About

About eight o'clock yesterday (Monday) morning, I found him a little calmer. He asked me, who was the author of the two lines I had repeated to him; and made me speak them over again. A sad retinue, indeed, said the poor man! And then expressing his hopelessness of life, and his terrors at the thoughts of dying; and drawing from thence terrible conclusions with regard to his future state, There is, said I, such a natural aversion to death in human nature, that you are not to imagine, that you, my dear Belton, are fingular in the fear of it, and in the apprehensions that fill the thoughtful mind upon its approach but you ought, as much as possible, to separate: those natural fears, which all men must have on so solemn. an occasion, from those particular ones, which your justlyapprehended unfitness fills you with. Lord Roscommon. in his Prospect of Death, which I dipped into last night from a collection in your closet, and which I put into my pocket, fays, (and turning to the place) balles vert back

Merely to die, no man of reason fears; who had been but For certainly we muft, and is un-As we are born, return to duff; odw as and Tis the last point of many ling ring years : or side But whither then we go, Whither we fain would know; But buman understanding cannot show the stand of This makes us tremble—

affect me My Lord Roscommon, therefore, proceeded I, had such apprehensions of this dark state as you have : And the excellent divine I hinted at last night, who had very little else but human frailties to reproach himself with, and whose Miscellanies fell into my hands among my uncle's books, in my attendance upon him in his last hours, fays,

It must be done, my foul : But 'tis a strange, A dismal and mysterious change; t besoont of asse When thou Shalt leave this tenement of clay, and and And to an unknown-somewhere-wing away: When Time shall be Eternity, and thou Shalt be-thou knowest not what-and live-thou know' It not bow!

Rive We North of Bemerica.

Amazing state! no wonder that we dread

To think of death, or wiew the dead;

Thou're all wrapt up in clouds, as if to thee

Our very knowlege had antipathy.

Then follows, what I repeated, no and I - buse with and

Death could not a more sad retinue find, Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind.

Alas! my dear Belford, (inferr'd the unhappy deep-thinker) what poor creatures does this convince me we mortals are at best! —But what then must be the case of such a profligate as I, who, by a past wicked life, have added force to these natural terrors? If death be so repugnant a thing to human nature, that good men will be startled at it, what must it be to one who has lived a life of sense and appetite; nor ever restected upon the end which I now am within view of?

What could I say to an inference so fairly drawn? Mercy! mercy! unbounded mercy! was still my plea, tho' his repeated opposition of justice to it, in a manner silenced it: And what would I have given to have had rise to my mind, one good, one eminently good action, to have remembered him of, in order to combat his fears with it?

I believe, Lovelace, I shall tire thee, and that more with the subject of my letter, than even with the length of it. But, really, I think thy spirits are so offensively up, since thy recovery, that I ought, as the melancholy subjects offer, to endeavour by them to reduce thee to the standard of humanity. And then thou canst not but be curious to know every thing that concerns the poor man, for whom thou hast always expressed a great regard. I will therefore proceed as I have begun: If thou likest not to read it now, lay it by, if thou wilt, till the like circumstances befal thee, till like resections from those circumstances seize thee; and then take it up, and compare the two cases together.

000

Ar his earnest request, I sat up with him last night; and, poor man! it is impossible to tell thee, how easy and safe he thought himself in my company, for the first part of the night: A drowning man will catch at a straw,

the Proverb well fays: And a straw was I, with respect to any real help I could give him. He often awaked in terrors, and once calling out for me, Dear Belford, faid he. Where are you !- Oh! There you are !- Give me your friendly hand !- Then grasping it, and putting his clammy, half-cold lips to it -How kind ! I fear every thing when you are absent! But the presence of a friend, a fympathizing friend — Oh! how comfortable!—

But about four in the morning, he frighted me much: He waked with three terrible groans; and endeavoured to fpeak, but could not prefently - and when he did, -Jack, Jack, five or fix times repeated he as quick as thought, now, now, now, fave me, fave me, fave

me — I am going,—going indeed!

I threw my arms about him, and raised him upon his pillow, as he was finking (as if to hide himself) in the bed-cloaths-And staring wildly, Where am I! faid he, a little recovering. Did you not fee him! turning his head this way and that; horror in his countenance; Did you not fee him?

See who! See what, my dear Belton!

O lay me upon the bed again, cry'd he !-Let me not die upon the floor! Lay me down gently! And fland by

me! Leave me not! All, all will foon be over!

You are already, my dear Belton, upon the bed. You have not been upon the floor. - This is a strong delirium; you are faint for want of refreshment; (for he had refused several times to take any thing) Let me perfuade you to take some of this cordial julep. I will leave

He then readily took it; but faid he could have fworm that Tom Metcalfe had been in the room, and had drawn him out of bed by the throat, upbraiding him with the injuries he had first done his fister, and then him, in the duel to which he owed that fever which cost him

his life.

Thou knowest the story, Lovelace, too well, to need my repeating it : But mercy on us, if in these terrible moments all the evils we do, rife to our affrighted imagi-nations! If fo, what shocking scenes have I, but still more hast thou, to go through, if, as the noble poet fays,

If, any sense at that sad time remains.

The doctor ordered him an opiate, this morning early, which operated so well, that he dosed and slept several hours more quietly than he had done for the two past days and nights, tho' he had sleeping draughts given him before. But it is more and more evident every hour, that nature is almost worn out in him.

demand: 1000 nd to keep it his me. as

MOWBRAY, quite tired with this house of mourning, intends to set out in the morning to find you. He was not a little rejoiced to hear you were in town; I believe to have a pretence to leave us.

He has just taken leave of his poor friend, intending to go away early: An everlasting leave, I may venture to say; for I think he will hardly live till to-morrow night.

I believe the poor man would not have been forry had he left him when I arrived; for 'tis a shocking creature, and enjoys too strong health to know how to pity the sick. Then (to borrow an observation from thee) he has, by nature, strong bodily organs, which those of his soul are not likely to whet out; and he, as well as the wicked friend he is going to, may last a great while from the strength of their constitutions, tho' so greatly different in their talents; if neither the sword nor the halter interpose.

I must repeat, That I cannot but be very uneasy for the poor lady, whom thou so cruelly persecutest; and that I do not think thou hast kept thy honour with me. I was apprehensive, indeed, that thou wouldst attempt to see her, as soon as thou gettest well enough to come up; and I told her as much, making use of it as an argument to prepare her for thy visit, and to induce her to stand it. But she could not, it is plain, bear the shock of it; and, indeed, she told me, that she would not see thee, tho

but for one half hour, for the world.

Could she have prevailed upon herself, I know that the fight of her would have been as affecting to thee, as thy visit could have been to her; when thou hadst seen to what a lovely skeleton (for she is really lovely still, nor can she, with such a form and features, be otherwise) thou hast, in a few weeks, reduced one of the most charming

charming women in the world; and that in the full

bloom of her youth and beauty. we of beingen doidw

Mowbray undertakes to carry This, that he may be more welcome to you, he fays. Were it to be fent unfealed, the characters we write in would be Hebrew to the dunce. I defire you to return it; and I'll give you a copy of it upon demand; for I intend to keep it by me, as a guard against the infection of thy company which might otherwise, perhaps, some time hence, be apt to weaken the impressions I always desire to have of the awful scene before me. God convert us both!

He has juth respect of his poor friend, intending to away early An everlating lede, I may venture to

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efq;

Wednesday-morn, 11 o Clock.

BELIEVE no man has two fuch fervants as I have. Because I treat them with kindness, and do not lord it over my inferiors, and damn and curse them by looks and words like Mowbray; or beat their teeth out like Lovelace; but cry, Pr'ythee, Harry, do this, and Pr'ythee, Jonathan, do that, the fellows purfue their own devices, and regard nothing I fay, but what falls in with these. Here, this vile Harry, who might have brought your letter of yesterday in good time, came not in with it till past eleven last night (drunk, I suppose); and concluding that I was in bed, as he pretends, (because he was told I fat up the preceding night) brought it not to me; and having over flept himself, just as I had sealed up my letter, in comes the villain with the forgotten one, shaking his ears, and looking as if he himself did not believe the excuses he was going to make. I questioned him about it, and heard his pitiful pleas, and tho' I never think it becomes a gentleman to treat people infolently who by their stations are humbled beneath his feet, yet could I not forbear to Lovelace and Mowbray-him, most cordially.

And this detaining Mowbray, (who was ready to fet out to thee before) while I write a few lines upon it, the fierce fellow, who is impatient to exchange the company of a dying Belton, for that of a too lively Lovelace, affixed a supplement of curses upon the staring fellow that

was larger than my book — Nor did I offer to take off the Bear from fuch a Mongrel, fince he deserved not of me, on this occasion, the protection which every master owes

to a good fervant.

He has not done curfing him yet; for stalking about the court-yard with his boots on, (the poor fellow dreffing his horse, and unable to get from him) he is at him without mercy; and I will heighten his impatience (fince being just under the window where I am writing, he will not let me attend to my pen) by telling thee, how he fills my ears as well as the fellow's, with his - Hay, Sir ! And G-d d-n ye, Sir! And were you my fervant, ye dog ye! And must I stay here till the mid-day sun scorches me to a parchment, for fuch a mangey dog's drunken neglect ? - Ye lye, Sirrah! Ye lye, I tell you - [I hear the fellow's voice in an humble excusatory tone, tho' not articulately) Ye lye, ye dog! - I'd a good mind to thrust my whip down your drunken throat : Damn me, if I would not flay the skin from the back of such a rascal. if thou wert mine, and have dog's-skin gloves made of it, for thy brother scoundrels to wear in remembrance of thy abuses of such a master.

The poor horse suffers for this, I doubt not; for, What now! and, Stand still, and be damn'd to ye, cries the fellow, with a kick, I suppose, which he better deserves himself. For these varlets, where they can, are Mowbrays and Lovelaces to man or beast; and, not daring to

answer him, is flaying the poor horse.

I hear the fellow is just escaped, the horse (better curryed than ordinary, I suppose, in half the usual time) by his clanking shoes, and Mowbray's silence, letting me know, that I may now write on: And so, I will tell thee, that, in the first place, (little as I, as well as you, regard dreams,) I would have thee lay thine to heart; for I could give thee such an interpretation of it, as would shock thee, perhaps: and if thou asketh me for it, I will.

Mowbray calls to me from the court-yard, That 'tis a cursed hot day, and he shall be fry'd by riding in the noon of it: And, that poor Belton longs to see me. So I will only add, my earnest desire, that thou wilt give over all thoughts

thoughts of seeing the lady, if, when this comes to thy hand, thou hast not seen her: And, that it would be kind, if thoud'st come, and, for the last time thou wilt ever see thy poor friend, share my concern for him; and, in him, see what, in a little time, will be thy fate and mine, and That of Mowbray, Tourville, and the rest of us: — For what are ten, sisteen, twenty, or thirty years, to look back to: In which period forward we shall all, perhaps, be mingled with the dust we sprung from?

LETTER III.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Wednesday-Morn, Aug. 23-

A L L alive, dear Jack! and in ecstasy! Likely to be once more a happy man! For I have received a letter from my beloved Miss HARLOWE; in consequence, I suppose, of advices that I mentioned in my last from her sister. And I am setting out for Berks directly, to shew the contents to my Lord M. and to receive the

congratulations of all my kindred upon it.

I went, last night, as I intended, to Smith's: But the dear creature was not returned at near ten o'clock. And, lighting upon Tourville, I took him home with me, and made him sing me out of my megrims. I went to bed tolerably easy at two; had bright and pleasant dreams, not such a frightful one as that I gave thee an account of: And at eight this morning, as I was dressing, to be in readiness against Will came back, whom I had sent to enquire after his lady's return, I had this letter brought me by a chairman.

To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efg;

In all diligence for my father's house. I am bid to hope that he will receive his poor penitent with a goodness peculiar to himself; for I am overjoyed with the affurance of a thorough reconciliation, thro' the interposition of a dear blessed friend, whom I always loved and honoured.

I am so taken up with my preparation for this joyful and long-wished-for journey, that I cannot spare one moment for any other business, having several matters of the last importance to settle first. So, pray, Sir, don't disturb or interrupt me — I beseech you don't. — You may, in time, possibly, see me at my father's; at least, if it be not your own fault.

I will write a letter, which shall be fent you when I am

got thither and received: Till when, I am, &c.

CLARISSA HARLOWE

I dispatched instantly a letter to the dear creature, assuring her, with the most thankful joy, "That I would directly set out for Berks, and wait the issue of the happy reconci-

"I liation, and the charming hopes she had filled me with."
I poured out upon her a thousand blessings. I declared,

"that it should be the study of my whole life to merit

fuch transcendent goodness. And that there was no-

"thing which her father or friends should require at my hands, that I would not for her sake comply with, in

order to promote and complete so desirable a recon-

" ciliation."

I hurried it away, without taking a copy of it; and I have ordered the chariot-and-fix to be got ready; and, hey for M. Hall! — Let me but know how Belton does. I hope a letter from thee is on the road. And if the poor fellow can spare thee, make haste, I advise thee, to attend this truly divine lady, or else thou mayest not see her of months perhaps; at least, not while she is Miss Harlowe. And favour me with one letter before she fets out, if possible, confirming to me, and accounting for, this generous change.

But what accounting for it is necessary? The dear creature cannot receive consolation herself, but she must communicate it to others. How noble!—She would not see me in her adversity: But no sooner does the sun of prosperity begin to shine upon her, than she forgives me.

I know to whose mediation all this is owing. It is to Col. Morden's. She always, as she says, lov'd and honour'd him: And he loved her above all his relations.

I shall now be convinced that there is something in dreams.

dreams. The ceiling opening is the reconciliation in view. The bright form, lifting her up through it to another ceiling stuck round with golden Cherubims and Seraphims, indicates the charming little boys and girls, that will be the fruits of this happy reconciliation. The welcomes, thrice repeated, are those of her family, now no more to be deemed implacable. Yet are they a family too, that

my foul cannot mingle with we will be an allow

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But then what is my tumbling over and over, thro' the floor, into a frightful hole (descending as she ascends)? Ho! only This; it alludes to my disrelish to matrimony: Which is a bottomless pit, a gulph, and I know not what. And I suppose, had I not awoke (in such a plaguy fright) I had been soused into some river at the bottom of the hole, and then been carried (mundissed or purissed from my past iniquities) by the same bright form (waiting for me upon the mosty banks) to my beloved girl; and we should have gone on, cherubiming of it, and carolling, to the end of the chapter.

But what are the black sweeping mantles and robes of my Lord M thrown over my face, and what are those of the Ladies? Oh, Jack! I have these too: They indicate nothing in the world but that my Lord will be so good as to die, and leave me all he has. So, rest to thy good na-

tured foul, honest Lord M. do and bear like H. M. rol vou

Lady Sarah Sadleir and Lady Betty Lawrance, will

also die, and leave me swindging legacies.

Miss Charlotte and her fifter — what will become of them? — O I they will be in mourning of course for

their uncle and aunts That's right !but swossall

As to Morden's flashing through the window, and crying, Die, Lovelace, and be damn'd, if thou wilt not repair my cousin's wrongs! That is only, that he would have sent me a challenge, had I not been disposed to do the lady justice.

All I dislike is This part of the dream: For, even in a dream, I would not be thought to be threatened into any

measure, tho Isliked it ever so well, slow or word I

And so much for my prophetic dream.

Dear charming creature! What a meeting will there be between her and her father and mother and uncles! What transports,

transports, what pleasure, will this happy, long-wishedfor reconciliation give her dutiful heart! And indeed, now, methinks, I am glad she is so dutiful to them; for her duty to parents is a conviction to me, that she will be as dutiful to her husband: Since duty upon principle is an uniform thing.

Why pr'ythee, now, Jack, I have not been so much to blame, as thou thinkest: For had it not been for me, who have led her into so much distress, she could neither have received nor given the joy that will now overwhelm them all. So here rises great and durable good out of

temporary evil as eval to a grandon are see them touch

I knew they loved her, (the pride and glory of their fa-

mily) too well to hold out long ! and he said land I stand

I wish I could have seen Arabella's letter. She has always been so much eclipsed by her sister, that, I dare say, she has signified this reconciliation to her with intermingled phlegm and wormwood; and her invitation most certainly runs all in the rock-water style.

I shall long to see the promised letter too, when she is got thither, which I hope will give an account of the recep-

tion the will meet with a said time I do not need east od saff

There is a folemnity, however, I think, in the flyle of her letter, which pleases and affects me at the same time. But as it is evident she loves me still, and hopes soon to see me at her father's; she could not help being a little solemn, and half-ashamed, (dear blushing pretty rogue!) to own her love, after my usage of her.

And then her subscription: Till when, I am, CLARISSA HARLOWE: As much as to fay, after that, I shall be,

if not your onun fault, CLARISSA LOVELACE

O my best love! My ever generous and adorable creature! How much does this thy forgiving goodness exalt us both!—I, for the occasion given thee! Thou for turning it so gloriously to thy advantage, and to the honour of both!

And if, my beloved creature, you will but connive at the imperfections of your adorer, and not play the wife upon me: If, while the charms of Novelty have their force with me, I should happen to be drawn aside by the intricacies of intrigue, and of plots that my soul loves to

form,

form, and pursue; and if thou wilt not be open-eyed to the follies of my youth, (a transitory state!) every excursion shall serve but the more to endear thee to me, till in time, and in a very little time too, I shall get above sense; and then, charmed by thy soul-attracting converse, and brought to despise my former courses, what I now, at distance, consider as a painful duty, will be my joyful choice, and all my delight will centre in thee!



Mowbray is just arrived with thy letters. I therefore close my agreeable subject, to attend to one, which I doubt will be very shocking. I have engaged the rough variet to bear me company in the morning to Berks; where I shall file off the rust he has contracted in his attendance upon the poor fellow.

He tells me, that between the dying Belton, and the preaching Belford, he shan't be his own man these three days. And says, that thou addest to the unhappy fellow's weakness, instead of giving him courage to help him to

bear his deftiny.

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I am forry he takes the unavoidable lot so heavily. But he has been long ill; and sickness enervates the mind, as well as the body; as he himself very significantly observed to thee.

LETTER IV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Wedn. Evening.

HAVE been reading thy shocking letter.—Poor Belton! what a multitude of lively hours have we affed together! 'Twas a fearless, chearful fellow!—Who'd ha' thought all should end in such dejected whim-

ering and terror?

But, why didft thou not comfort the poor man about he rencounter between him and that poltroon Metcalfe? It acted in that affair like a man of true honour, and I should have acted in the same circumstances. Tell im I say so, and what happened, he could neither help or foresee.

Some

Some people are as fensible of a fcratch from a pin's point, as others from a push of a sword: And who can fay any thing for the fenfibility of fuch fellows? Metcalfe would refent for his fifter, when his fifter refented not for herfelf. Had the demanded her brother's protection and refentment, that would have been unother man's matter, as Lord M. phrases it : But she herself thought her brother a coxcomb to bufy himself, undefired, in her affairs, and wished for nothing but to be provided for decently, and privately, in her lying in; and was willing to take the chance of Maintenon-ing his conscience in her favour (a), and getting him to marry, when the little ffranger came; for the knew what an eafy, good-natured fellow he was, and And, indeed, if the had prevailed upon him, it might have been happy for both; as then he would not have fallen in with his curfed Thomasin. But truly this officious brother of hers must interpose. This made a triffing affair important: And what was the iffue? Metcalfe challenged; Belton met him; difarmed him; gave him his life: But the fellow, more fenfible in his skin than in his bead, having received a scratch, he was frighted; it gave him first a puke, then a fever, and then he died. That was all. And how could Belton help that? - But fickness, a long tedious fickness, will make a bugbear of any thing to a languishing heart, I see that. And so far was Mowbray apropos in the verses from Nat. Lee; which thou hast tranfcribed.

Merely to die, no man of reason fears; is a mistake, say thou, or say thy author, what ye will. And thy solemn parading about the natural repugnance between life and

death, is a proof that it is.

Let me tell thee, Jack, that so much am I pleased with this world, in the main; tho in some points too, the world, (to make a person of it,) has been a rascal to me; so delighted am I with the joys of youth; with my worldly prospects as to fortune; and now, newly, with the

⁽a) Madam Maintenon was reported to have prevailed upon Lewis XIV. of France, in his old age (funk, as he was, by ill fuccess in the field,) to marry her, by way of compounding with his conscience for the freedoms of his past life, to which she attributed his public losses.

charming

charming hopes given me by dear, thrice dear, and forever dear Miss Harlowe; that were I even sure that nothing bad would come hereaster, I should be very loth, (very much afraid if thou wilt have it so) to lay down my life and them together; and yet upon a call of honour, no man fears death less than myself.

But I have not either inclination or leifure to weigh thy leaden arguments, except in the pig, or, as thou wouldst

fav. in the lump. 10 bellion

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If I return thy letters, let me have them again some time hence, that is to say, when I am married, or when poor Belton is half-forgotten; or when time has inrolled the honest fellow among those whom we have so long lost, that we may remember them with more pleasure than pain; and then I may give them a serious perusal, and enter with thee as deeply as thou wilt into the subject.

When I am married, faid I?-What a found has that!

I must wait with patience for a fight of this charming creature, till she is at her father's: And yet, as the but blossoming beauty, as thou tellest me, is reduced to a shadow, I should have been exceedingly delighted to see her now, and every day till the happy one; that I might have the pleasure of beholding how sweetly, hour by hour, she will rise to her pristine glories, by means of that state of ease and contentment, which will take place of the stormy past, upon her reconciliation with her friends, and our happy nuptials.

V. R T T T & L a mulake, far

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Efq;

WELL, but now my heart is a little at ease, I will condescend to take some brief notice of some

other passages in thy letters.

I find, I am to thank thee, that the dear creature has avoided my visit. Things are now in so good a train, that I must forgive thee; else, shouldest thou have heard more of this new instance of disloyalty to thy general.

Thou art continually giving thyself high praise, by way of opposition, as I may say, to others; gently and artfully blaming thyself, for qualities, thou wouldest at

the same time have to be thought, and which generally

are thought, praise-worthy.

Thus, in the airs thou affumest about thy servants, thou wouldst pass for a mighty humane mortal, and that at the expence of Mowbray and me; whom thou representest as kings and emperors to our menials. Yet art thou always unhappy in thy attempts of this kind, and never canst make us, who know thee, believe That to be a virtue in thee, which is but the effect of constitutional phlegm and absurdity.

Knowest thou not, that some men have a native dignity in their manner, that makes them more regarded by a look, than either thou canst be in thy low style, or

Mowbray in his high?

I am fit to be a prince, I can tell thee; for I reward well, and I punish seasonably and properly; and I am

generally as well ferved as any man.

The art of governing these under-bred variets, lies more in the dignity of looks than in words, and thou art a sorry sellow, to think humanity consists in acting by thy servants, as men must act who are not able to pay them their wages; or had made them masters of secrets, which if divulged, would lay them at the mercy of such wretches.

Now to me, who never did any thing I was ashamed to own, and who have more ingenuity than ever man had; who can call a villainy by its right name, tho' practifed by myself, and (by my own readiness to reproach myfelf) anticipate all reproach from others; who am not fuch a hypocrite, as to wish the world to think me other or better than I am : It is my part, to look a fervant into his duty, if I can: Nor will I keep one. who knows not how to take me by a nod, or a wink; and who, when I smile, shall not be all transport; when I frown, all terror. If, indeed, I am out of the way a little, I always take care to reward the varlets for bearing patiently my displeasure. But this I hardly ever am, but when a fellow is egregiously stupid in any plain points of duty, or will be wifer than his mafter; and when he shall tell me, that he thought acting contrary to my orders, was the way to serve me best.

One

One time or other, I will enter the lists with thee upon thy conduct and mine to servants; and I will convince thee, that what thou wouldst have pass for humanity, if it be indiscriminately practised to all tempers, will perpetually subject thee to the evils thou complainest of; and justly too; and that be only is sit to be a master of servants, who can command their attention as much by a nod, as if he were to pr'ythee a fellow to do his duty, on one hand, or to talk of flaying, and horsewhipping, like Mowbray, on the other: For the servant who being used to expect thy creeping style, will always be master of his master; and he who deserves to be treated as the other, is not sit to be any man's servant; nor would I keep such

a fellow to rub my horse's heels.

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I shall be the readier to enter the lists with thee upon this argument, because I have presumption enough to think, that we have not in any of our dramatic poets, that I can at present call to mind, one character of a servant of either fex, that is justly hit off. So absurdly wife some, and so fortifully foolish others; and both sometimes in the same person. Foils drawn from the lees or dregs of the people to let off the characters of their mafters and mistreffes; nay, fometimes, which is still more absurd, introduced with more wit than the poet has to bestow upon their principals. -Mere flints and fleels to strike fire with -Ot, to vary the metaphor, to serve for whetstones to wit, which otherwife could not be made apparent: - Or for engines to be made use of like the machinery of the ancient poets (or the still more unnatural Soliloguy) to help on a forry plot, or to bring about a necessary eclaircissement, to save the poet the trouble of thinking deeply for a better way to wind up his bottoms.

Of this I am persuaded, (whatever my practice be to my own servants) that thou wilt be benefited by my theory, when we come to controvert the point. For then I shall convince thee, that the dramatic as well as natural characteristics of a good servant, ought to be sidelity, common sense, chearful obedience, and silent respect: That wit in his station, except to his companions, would be sawciness: That he should never presume to give his advice: That if he ventured to expostulate upon any unreasonable Vol. VII.

command, or such a one as appeared to him to be so, he should do it with humility and respect, and take a proper season for it. But such lessons do most of the dramatic performances I have seen give, where servants are introduced as characters essential to the play, or to act very significant or long parts in it (which, of itself, I think a fault); such lessons, I say, do they give to the footmens gallery, that I have not wondered we have so sew modest or good men-servants among those who often attend their masters or mistresses to plays. Then how miserably evident must that poet's conscious want of genius be, who can stoop to raise or give force to a clap by the indiscriminative roar of the party-coloured gallery!

But this subject I will suspend to a better opportunity; that is to say, to the happy one, when my nuptials with my Clarissa will oblige me to increase the number of my servants, and of consequence to enter more nicely into

their qualifications.

600

ALTHOUGH I have the highest opinion that man can have, of the generosity of my dear Miss Harlowe, yet I cannot for the heart of me account for this agreeable change in her temper, but one way. Faith and troth, Belford, I verily believe, laying all circumstances together, that the dear creature unexpectedly finds herself in the way I have so ardently wished her to be in; and that this makes her, at last, incline to favour me, that she may set the better face upon her gestation, when at her father's.

If this be the case, all her failing away, and her fainting fits, are charmingly accounted for. Nor is it surprising, that such a sweet novice in these matters should not know to what to attribute her frequent indispositions. If this should be the case, how shall I laugh at thee! and (when I am sure of her) at the dear novice herself, that all her grievous distresses shall end in a man-child: which I shall love better than all the Cherubims and Seraphims that may come after; though there were to be as many of them as I beheld in my dream; in which a vast expanse of ceiling was stuck as full of them as it could hold.

I shall be afraid to open thy next, lest it bring me the account of poor Belton's death. Yet, as there are no

hope

hopes of his recovery—But what should I say, unless the poor man were better sitted—But thy heavy sermon shall not affect me too much neither.

I inclose thy papers: And do thou transcribe them for me, or return them; for, there are some things in them, which, at a proper season, a mortal man should not avoid attending to: And thou seemest to have entered deeply into the shocking subject—But here I will end, lest I grow too serious.

THY servant called here about an hour ago, to know if I had any commands: I therefore hope that thou wilt have this early in the morning. And if thou canst let me hear from thee, do. I'll stretch an hour or two in expectation of it. Yet I must be at Lord M.'s to-morrow night, if possible, though ever so late.

Thy fellow tells me the poor man is much as he was

when Mowbray left him.

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Wouldst thou think, that this varlet Mowbray is sorry, that I am so near being happy with Miss Harlowe. And, 'egad, Jack, I know not what to say to it, now the fruit seems to be within my reach. But, let what will come, I'll stand to't: For I find I can't live without her.

LETTER VI.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, E/q;

Wedn. Three o' clock.

As foon as I had feen Mowbray mounted, I went to attend upon poor Belton, whom I found in dreadful agonies, in which he awoke, as he generally does.

The doctor came in prefently after; and I was con-

cerned at the scene that passed between them.

It opened with the dying man's asking him, with melancholy earnestness, If nothing, if nothing at all, could be done for him?

The doctor shook his head, and told him, he doubted

not

I cannot die, said the poor man; I cannot think of dying. I am very desirous of living a little longer, if I could but

be free from these horrible pains in my stomach and head. Can you give me nothing to make me pass one week, but one week, in tolerable ease, that I may die like a man?

—If I must die!

But, doctor, I am yet a young man: in the prime of my years—Youth is a good subject for a physician to work upon: Can you do nothing, nothing at all for me, doctor?

Alas, Sir, replied his physician, you have been long in a bad way. I fear, I fear, nothing in physic can help

you.

He was then out of all patience: What, then, is your art, Sir?—I have been a passive machine for a whole twelvementh, to be wrought upon at the pleasure of you people of the faculty. I verily believe, had I not taken such doses of nasty stuff, I had been now a well man—But who the plague would regard Physicians, whose art is to cheat us with hopes, while they help to destroy us? And who, not one of you, know any thing but by guess?

Sir, continued he fiercely, (and with more strength of voice, and coherence, than he had shewn for feveral hours before) if you give me over, I give you over-The only honest and certain part of the art of healing is Surgery. A good Surgeon is worth a thousand of you. I have been in Surgeon's hands often, and have always found reason to depend upon their skill: But your art, Sir, what is it? but to dawb, dawb; load, load; plaister, plaister, plaister; till ye utterly destroy the appetite first, and the conflitution afterwards, which you are called-in to help. I had a companion once-My dear Belford, thou knewest honest Blomer-as pretty a physician he would have made, as any in England, had he kept himfelf from excess in wine and women; and he always used to fay, there was nothing at all but pick-pocket parade in the Physicians art; and that the best guesser was the best physician; and I used to believe him too: And yet, fond of life, and fearful of death, what do we do, when we are taken ill, but call ye in? And what do ye do, when called in, but nurse our distempers, till from pigmies you make giants of them?—And then ye come creeping with folemn faces, when ye are ashamed to prescribe, or when the stomach won't bear its natural food, by reason of your poisonous

poisonous potions, Alas! I am afraid physic can do no more for him!—Nor need it, when it has brought to the brink of the grave, the poor wretch who placed all his reliance in your cursed slops, and the flattering hopes you gave him.

The doctor was out of countenance; but faid, If we could make mortal men immortal, and would not, all this

might be just.

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I blamed the poor man; yet excused him to the physician. To die, dear doctor, when, like my poor friend, we are so desirous of life, is a melancholy thing. We are apt to hope too much, not considering that the seeds of death are sown in us when we begin to live, and grow up, till, like rampant weeds, they choak the tender flower of life; which declines in us, as those weeds flourish. We bught therefore to begin early to study what our consitutions will bear, in order to root out, by temperance, the weeds which the soil is most apt to produce; or, at least, to keep them down as they rise; and not, when the flower or plant is withered at the root, and the weed in its full rigour, expect that the medical art will restore the one, or estroy the other; when that other, as I hinted, has been sooting itself in the habit from the time of our birth.

This speech, Bob, thou wilt call a prettines; or a WHITE BEAR;—but the allegory is just; and thou hast

ot quite cured me of the Metaphorical.

Very true, said the doctor, you have brought a good netaphor to illustrate the thing. I am forry I can do no-hing for the gentleman; and can only recommend pa-

ence, and a better frame of mind.

Well, Sir, faid the poor angry man, vexed at the doctor, ut more at death; you will perhaps recommend the next of fuccession to the physician, when be can do no more; and, I suppose, will fend your brother to pray by me for hose virtues which you wish me.

It feems the physician's brother is a clergyman in the

eighbourhood.

I was greatly concerned to see the gentleman thus cated; and so I told poor Belton when he was gone: ut he continued impatient, and would not be denied, he id, the liberty of talking to a man, who had taken so any guineas of him for doing nothing, or worse than

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nothing, and never declined one, though he knew all the

time he could do him no good.

It feems, the gentleman, though rich, is noted for being greedy after fees; and poor Belton went on, raving at the extravagant fees of English physicians, compared with those of the most eminent foreign ones. But, poor man! he, like the Turks, who judge of a general by his success, (out of patience to think he must die) would have worshipped the doctor, and not grudged three times the sum, could he have given him hopes of recovery.

But nevertheless, I must needs say, that gentlemen of the faculty should be more moderate in their fees, or take more pains to deferve them: for, generally, they only come into a room, feel the fick man's pulse, ask the nurse a few questions, inspect the patient's tongue, and perhaps his water; then fit down, look plaguy wife; and write. The golden fee finds the ready hand, and they hurry away, as if the fick man's room were infectious. So to the next they troll, and to the next, if men of great practice; valuing themselves upon the number of visits they make in a morning, and the little time they make them in. They go to dinner, and unload their pockets; and fally out again to refill them. And thus, in a little time, they raise vast estates; for, as Ratcliffe said, when first told of a great loss which befel him, It was only going up and down a hundred pair of stairs to fetch it up.

Mrs. Sambre (Belton's fifter) had feveral times proposed to him a minister to pray by him; but the poor man could not, he said, bear the thoughts of one; for that he should certainly die in an hour or two after: And he was willing to hope still, against all probability, that he might recover; and was often asking his sister, if she had not seen people as bad as he was, who, almost to a miracle, when every body gave them over, had got up

again?

She, shaking her head, told him, she had: But, once faying, that their disorders were of an acute kind, and such as had a criss in them, he called her small-hopes, and Job's comforter; and bid her say nothing, if she could not say more to the purpose, and what was fitter for a sick man to hear. And yet, poor fellow! he has no hopes himself, as is plain by his desponding terrors; one of which he fell into,

into, and a very dreadful one, foon after the doctor went. Wednesday, 9 o'clock at night.

THE poor man has been in convultions, terrible convultions! for an hour past. O Lord! Lovelace, death is a shocking thing! By my faith, it is!—I wish thou wert present on this occasion. It is not merely the concern a man has for his friend; but, as death is the common lot, we see, in bis agonies, how it will be one day with ourselves. I am all over as if cold water were poured down my back, or as if I had a strong ague sit upon me. I was obliged to come away. And I write, hardly knowing what.—I wish thou wert here.

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Though I left him, because I could stay no longer, I can't be easy by myself, but must go to him again.

Eleven o'clock.

Poor Belton!—Drawing on apace! Yet was he fensible when I went in: Too fensible, poor man! He has something upon his mind to reveal, he tells me, that is the worst action of his life; worse than ever you or I knew of him, he says. It must be then very bad!

He ordered every body out; but was seized with another convulsion-sit, before he could reveal it: And in it he lies struggling between life and death. But I'll go in again.

One o'clock in the morning.

ALL now must soon be over with him: Poor! poor fellow! He has given me some hints of what he wanted to say; but all incoherent, interrupted by dying hiccoughs and convulsions.

Bad enough it must be, heaven knows! by what I can gather. Alas! Lovelace, I fear, I fear, he came too foon into his uncle's estate.

If a man were to live always, he might have some temptation to do base things, in order to procure to himself, as it would then be, everlasting ease, plenty or assumence: But, for the sake of ten, twenty, thirty years of poor life, to be a villain—can that be worth while? with a conscience stinging him all the time too! And when he comes to wind up all, such agonizing reflections upon his past guilt! All then appearing as nothing! What he most valued, most disgustful! and not one thing to C 4

think of, as the poor fellow fays twenty and twenty times over, but what is attended with anguish and reproach!

To hear the poor man wish he had never been born!
To hear him pray to be nothing after death! Good God!
how shocking!

By his incoherent hints, I am afraid 'tis very bad with him. No pardon, no mercy, he repeats, can lie for him!

I hope I shall make a proper use of this lesson. Laugh at me if thou wilt, but never, never more, will I take the liberties I have taken; but whenever I am tempted, will think of Belton's dying agonies, and what my own may be.

Thursday, three in the morning.

He is now at the last gasp—Rattles in the throat: Has a new convulsion every minute almost: What horror is he in! His eyes look like breath-stained glass! They roll ghastly no more; are quite set: His face distorted, and drawn out, by his sinking jaws, and erected staring eyebrows, with his lengthened surrowed forehead, to double its usual length, as it seems. It is not, it cannot be, the face of Belton, thy Belton, and my Belton, whom we have beheld with so much delight over the social bottle, comparing notes, that one day may be brought against us, and make us groan, as they very lately did bim—that is to say, while he had strength to groan; for now his voice is not to be heard; all inward, lost; not so much as speaking by his eyes: Yet, strange! how can it be? the bed rocking under him like a cradle!

Four o'clock.

Alas! he's gone! That groan, that dreadful groan,

Was the last farewel of the parting mind!

The struggling foul has bid a long adieu

To its late mansion-Fled! - Ab! whither fled?

Now is all indeed over!—Poor, poor Belton! By this time thou knowest if thy crimes were above the fize of God's mercies! Now are every one's cares and attendance at an end! Now do we, thy friends, poor Belton! know the worst of thee, as to this life! Thou art released from insufferable tortures, both of body and mind! May those tortures, and thy repentance, expiate for thy offences, and mayst thou be happy to all eternity!

We are told, that God defires not the death, the spiri-

tual death, of a finner: And 'tis certain, that thou didft deeply repent! I hope therefore, as thou wert not cut off in the midst of thy fins by the sword of injured friendship, which more than once thou hadst braved, (the dreadfullest of all deaths, next to Suicide, because it gives no opportunity for repentance) that this is a merciful earnest that thy penitence is accepted; and that thy long illness. and dreadful agonies in the last stages of it, will be thy

only punishment.

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I wish indeed, I heartily wish, we could have seen one ray of comfort darting in upon his benighted mind, before he departed. But all, alas! to the very last gasp. And my only fear arises from was horror and confusion. this. That, till within the four last days of his life, he could not be brought to think he should die, though in a visible decline for months; and, in that presumption, was too little inclined to fet about a ferious preparation for a journey, which he hoped he should not be obliged to take; and when he began to apprehend that he could not put it off, his impatience, and terror, and apprehension, shewed too little of that reliance and refignation, which afford the most comfortable reflections to the friends of the dying. as well as to the dying themselves.

But we must leave poor Belton to that mercy, which we have all so much need of; and, for my own part, tdo you, Lovelace, and the rest of the fraternity, as ye will) am resolved, I will endeavour to begin to repent of my follies, while my health is found, my intellects untouched, and while it is in my power to make some atonement, asnear to restitution as is possible, to those I have wronged And do ye outwardly, and from a point of false bravery, make as light as ye will of my resolution, s ye are none of ye of the class of abandoned and stupid ots who endeavour to disbelieve the future existence which ye are afraid of, I am fure you will justify me, in our bearts, if not by your practices; and one day you vill wish you had joined with me in the same resolution, nd will confess there is more good fense in it, than now

erhaps you will own.

Seven o' clock, Thursday morning. You are very earnest, by your last letter (just given me) hear again from me, before you fet out for Berks.

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biritual will therefore close with a few words upon the only subject in your letter, which I can at present touch upon, and this

is the letter you give me a copy of from the lady.

Want of rest, and the sad scene I have before my eyes, have rendered me altogether incapable of accounting for it in any shape. You are in ecstasses upon it. You have reason to be so, if it be as you think. Nor would I rob you of your joy: But I must say, that I am amazed at it.

Surely Lovelace this surprizing letter cannot be a forgery of thy own, in order to carry on some view, and to impose upon me. Yet by the style of it, it cannot; tho'

thou art a perfect Proteus too.

I will not, however, add another word, after I have defired the return of this, and have told you, that I am,

Your true Friend and Well-wisher,
J. BELFORD.

LETTER VII. Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, E/q;

Aug. 24. Thursday morn.

Received thy letter in such good time, by thy fellow's dispatch, that it gives me an opportunity of throwing in a few paragraphs upon it. I read a passage or two of it to Mowbray; and we both agree, that thou art an ab-

solute master of the Lamentable.

Poor Belton! what terrible conflicts were thy last conflicts!—I hope, however, that he is happy: And I have the more hope, because the hardness of his death is likely to be such a warning to thee. If it have the effect thou declarest it shall have, what a world of mischies will it prevent! How much good will it do! How many poor wretches will rejoice at the occasion, (if they know it) however melancholy in itself, which shall bring them in a compensation for injuries they had been forced to sit down contented with? But, Jack, tho' thy uncle's death has made thee a rich fellow, art thou sure, that the making good of such a vow, will not totally bankrupt thee?

Thou fayest I may laugh at thee, if I will. Not I, Jack: I do not take it to be a laughing subject: And I am heartily concerned at the loss we all have in poor Belton: And when I get a little settled, and have leisure to contemplate the vanity of all sublunary things, (a sub-

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ject that will now-and then, in my gayest hours, obtrude itself upon me) it is very likely, that I may talk seriously with thee upon these topics; and, if thou hast not got too much the start of me in the repentance thou art entering upon, will go hand-in-hand with thee in it. If thou hast, thou wilt let me just keep thee in my eye; for it is an up-hill work, and I shall see thee, at setting out, at a great distance; but as thou art a much heavier and clumsier fellow than myself, I hope that without much pussing and sweating, only keeping on a good round dog-trot, I shall be able to overtake thee.

Mean time take back thy letter, as thou defireft; I would not have it in my pocket upon any account at pre-

fent; nor read it once more.

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I am going down without seeing my Beloved. I was a hasty fool to write her a letter, promising that I would not come near her, till I saw her at her father's. For as she is now actually at Smith's, and I so near her, one short visit could have done no harm.

I fent Will. two hours ago with my grateful compliments, and to know how she does. How must I adore this charming creature! For I am ready to think my servant a happier fellow than myself, for having been with-

in a pair of stairs and an apartment of her!

Mowbray and I will drop a tear apiece, as we ride along, to the memory of poor Belton:—As averide along, I say: For we shall have so much joy, when we arrive at Lord M's, and when I communicate to him and my cousins the dear creature's letter, that we shall forget every thing grievous: Since now their family-hopes in my reformation (the point which lies so near their hearts) will all revive; it being an article of their faith, that if I marry, repentance and mortification will follow of course.

Neither Mowbray nor I shall accept of thy werbal invitation to the funeral. We like not these dismal formalities. And as to the respect that is supposed to be shewn to the memory of a deceased friend in such an attendance, why should we do any thing to reslect upon those who have made it a fashion to leave this parade to

people whom they bire for that purpose?

Adieu, and be chearful. Thou canst now do no more for poor Belton, wert thou to howl for him to the end of thy life.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efq;

N Thursday afternoon I affished at the opening of poor Belton's will, in which he has left me his sole Executor, and bequeathed me a legacy of 100 guineas; which I shall present to his unfortunate fisher, to whom he has not been so kind as I think he ought to have been. He has also left 20 1. apiece to Mowbray, Tourville, thyself, and me, for a ring to be worn in remembrance of him.

After I had given some particular orders about the preparations to be made for his funeral, I went to town; but having made it late before I got in on Thursday night, and being fatigued for want of rest several nights before, and low in my spirits, [I could not help it, Lovelace!] I contented myself to send my compliments to the

innocent sufferer, to inquire after her health.

My fervant faw Mrs. Smith, who told him, she was very glad I was come to town; for that the lady was worse

than she had yet been.

It is impossible to account for the contents of her letter to you; or, to reconcile those contents to the facts I have to communicate.

I was at Smith's by feven yesterday (Friday) morning; and found that the lady was just gone in a chair to St. Dunstan's to prayers; she was too ill to get out by fix to Covent Garden church; and was forced to be supported to her chair by Mrs. Lovick. They would have persuaded her against going; but she said she knew not but it would be her last opportunity. Mrs. Lovick, dreading that she would be taken worse at church, walked thither before her.

Mrs. Smith told me, she was so ill on Wednesday night, that she had desired to receive the Sacrament; and accordingly it was administred to her, by the parson of the parish: Whom she besought to take all opportunities of

affifting her in her folemn Preparation.

This the gentleman promised: And called in the morning to enquire after her health; and was admitted at the first word. He staid with her about half an hour; and when he came down, with his face turned aside, and a saltering accent, Mrs. Smith, said he, you have an

angel in your house. — I will attend her again in the evening, as she desires, and as often as I think it will

be agreeable to her.'

Her increased weakness she attributed to the fatigues she had undergone by your means; and to a letter she had received from her sister, which she answered the same

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Mrs. Smith told me, that two different persons had called there, one on Thursday morning, one in the evening, to inquire after her state of health; and seemed as if commissioned from her relations for that purpose; but asked not to see her, only were very inquisitive after her visitors, (particularly, it seems, after me . What could they mean by that ?) after her way of life, and expences; and one of them inquired after her manner of supporting them; to the latter of which, Mrs. Smith faid, the had answered, as the truth was, that she had been obliged to fell some of her cloaths, and was actually about parting with more; at which the inquirift (a grave old farmer-looking man) held up his hands, and faid, Good God! —this will be ad, fad news to somebody! I believe I must not mention it. But Mrs. Smith fays, she defired he would; let him come from whom he would. He shook his head, and faid, if she died, the flower of the world would be gone, and the family she belonged to, would be no more han a common family (a). I was pleased with the man's expression.

You may be curious to know how she passed her time, when she was obliged to leave her lodging to avoid you.

Mrs. Smith tells me, That she was very ill, when she went out on Monday morning, and sighed as if her heart would break as she came down stairs, and as she went through the shop into the coach, her nurse with her, as you had informed me before: That she ordered the coachman (whom she hired for the day) to drive any-whither, so it was into the air: He accordingly drove her to Hamstead, and thence to Highgate. There she alighted at the Bowling-green House, extremely ill, and having breakfasted, ordered the coach an to drive very slowly, any-where. He crept along to Musicellail.

⁽a) This man came from her cousin Morden; as will be reco here-

hill, and put up at a public house there; where she employed herself two hours in writing, tho' exceedingly weak and low; till the dinner she had ordered was brought. in: She endeavoured to eat; but could not; her appetite was gone, quite gone, she faid. And then she wrote on for three hours more: After which, being heavy, she dozed a little in an elbow-chair. When she awoke, she ordered the coachman to drive her very flowly to town, to the house of a friend of Mrs. Lovick, whom, as agreed upon, the met there: But, being extremely ill, the would venture home at a late hour, altho' she heard from the widow, that you had been there, and had reason to be flocked at your behaviour. She faid, She found there was no avoiding you: She was apprehensive she should not live many hours, and it was not impossible but the shock the fight of you must give her, would

determine her fate in your presence.

' She accordingly went home. She heard the relation of your altonishing vagaries, with hands and eyes often lifted up; and with the words, Shocking creature! Incorrigible wretch ! and, Will nothing make him ferious! intermingled. And not being able to bear an interview with a man fo hardened, she took to her usual chair early in the morning, and was carried to the Temple-stairs, whither she had ordered her nurse before her, to get a pair of oars in readiness (for her fatigues the day before, made her unable to bear a coach); and then she was rowed to Chelsea, where she breakfasted; and after rowing about, put in at the Swan at Brentford-Aight, where she dined; and would have written, but had no conveniency either of tolerable pens, or ink, or private room; and then proceeding to Richmond. they rowed her back to Mortlack; where she put in, and drank tea at a house her waterman recommended to her. She wrote there for an hour; and returned to the Temple; and, when she landed, made one of the watermen get her a chair, and fo was carried to the widow's friend, as the night before; where the again met the widow, who informed her, that you had been after her twice that day. 'Mrs. Lovick gave here there her fifter's letter (a); and

[&]quot; (a) See Letter XI.

fhe was fo much affected with the contents of it, that he was twice very near fainting away; and wept bitterly, as Mrs. Lovick told Mrs. Smith; dropping fome warmer expressions than ever they had heard proceed from her lips, in relation to her friends; calling them ' cruel, and complaining of ill offices done her, and of

' vile reports raifed against her.

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While she was thus disturbed, Mrs. Smith came to her, and told her, that you had been there a third time, and was just gone, (at half an hour after nine) having left word, how civil and respectful you would be; but ' that you was determined to fee her at all events.

She faid, It was hard she could not be permitted to die in peace: That her lot was a fevere one: That she began to be afraid she should not forbear repining, and to think her punishment greater than her fault; but recalling herfelf immediately, the comforted herfelf that her

' life would be short, and with the assurance of a better.'

By what I have mentioned, You will conclude with me, that the letter brought her by Mrs. Lovick (the superscription of which you faw to be written in her fifter's hand) could not be the letter on the contents of which she grounded that she wrote to you, on her return home. neither Mrs. Lovick, nor Mrs. Smith, nor the fervant of the latter, know of any other brought her. But as the women affured me, that she actually did write to you, I was eased of a suspicion which I had begun to entertain, that you (for some purpose I could not guess at) had forged the letter from her of which you fent me a copy.

On Wednesday morning, when she received your letter in answer to hers, she said, Necessity may well be called the mother of Invention — But Calamity is the test of Integrity. — I hope I have not taken an inexcusable step and there she stopt a minute or two, and then said, I shall

now, perhaps, be allowed to die in peace.

I staid till she came in. She was glad to see me; but, being very weak, faid, she must sit down before she could go up stairs; and so went into the back-shop; leaning upon Mrs. Lovick: And when she had fat down, 'I am glad to ' see you, Mr. Belford, said she; I must say so-let misreporters fay what they will.'

I wondered at this expression (a); but would not inter-

rupt her.

Oh! Sir, said she, I have been grievously harassed. Your friend, who would not let me live with reputation, will not permit me to die in peace.—You see how I am—Is there not a great alteration in me within this week?—But 'tis all for the better.—Yet were I to wish for life, I must say, that your friend, your barbarous friend, has burt me greatly.

She was so very weak, so short-breath'd, and her words and action so very moving, that I was forced to walk from her; the two women and her nurse, turning away their

faces also, weeping.

I have had, Madam, said I, since I saw you, a most shocking scene before my eyes for days together. My poor friend Belton is no more. He quitted the world yesterday morning in such dreadful agonies, that the impression it has left upon me, has so weakened my mind—I was loth to have her think, that my grief was owing to the weak state I

faw her in, for fear of dispiriting her.

That is only, Mr. Belford, interrupted she, in order to firengthen it, if a proper use be made of the impression.—But I should be glad, since you are so humanely affected with the solemn circumstance, that you could have written an account of it in the style and manner you are master of, to your gay friend. Who knows, as it would have come from an associate and of an associate, how it might have affected him?

That I bad done, I told her, in such a manner as had,

I believed, some effect upon you.

His behaviour in this honest family so lately, said she, and his cruel pursuit of me, give but little hopes, that any

thing ferious or folemn will affect him.

We had some talk about Belton's dying behaviour, and I gave her several particulars of the poor man's impatience and despair; to which she was very attentive; and made fine observations upon the subject of procrastination.

A letter and pacquet were brought her by a man on horse-back from Miss Howe, while we were talking. She retired up-stairs to read it; and while I was in dis-

course

⁽a) Explained hereafter.

course with Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick, the doctor and apothecary both came in together. They confirmed to me my sears, as to the dangerous way she is in. They had both been apprized of the new instances of implacableness in her friends, and of your persecutions: And the doctor said, He would not for the world be either the unforgiving sather of that lady, or the man who had brought her to this distress. Her heart's broke; she'll die, said he: There is no saving her. But how, were I either the one or the other of the people I have named, I should support myself afterwards, I cannot tell.

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When she was told we were all three together, she defired us to walk up. She arose to receive us, and after answering two or three general questions relating to her health, she addressed herself to us, to the following effect.

As I may not, said she, see you three gentlemen together again, let me take this opportunity to acknowlege my obligations to you all. I am inexpressibly obliged to You, Sir, and to You, Sir (courtesying to the doctor and to Mr. Goddard) for your more than friendly, your parenal care and concern for me. Humanity in your profession, I dare say, is far from being a rare qualification, because you are gentlemen by your profession: But so much kindness, so much humanity, did never desolate creature meet with, as I have met with from you both. But indeed I have always observed, that where a person relies upon Providence, it never fails to raise up a new friend for every old one that falls off.

This gentleman, (bowing to me) who, some people hink, should have been one of the last I should have hought of as my Executor—is nevertheless, (such is the trange chance of things!) the only one I can choose; and therefore I have chosen him for that charitable office, and he has been so good as to accept of it: For rich, as I may boast myself to be, I am rather so in right, than in sast, at this present. I repeat therefore my humble thanks o you all three, and beg of God to return to You and Yours, (looking to each) an hundredfold, the kindness and avour you have shewn me; and that it may be in the power of You and of Yours to the end of time, to confer

benefits

benefits, rather than to be obliged to receive them. This is a god-like power, gentlemen: I once rejoiced in it, in fome little degree; and much more in the prospect I had of its being inlarged to me; tho' I have had the mortification to experience the reverse, and to be obliged almost to every body I have feen or met with: But all, originally, thro' my own fault; fo I ought to bear the punishment without repining: And I hope I do. - Forgive these impertinencies: A grateful heart, that wants the power it wishes for, to express itself suitably to its own impulses, will be at a lofs what properly to dictate to the tongue; and yet, unable to restrain its overflowings, will force it to fay weak and filly things, rather than appear ingratefully filent. Once more then, I thank ye all three for your kindness to me: And God Almighty make you that amends which at present I cannot!

She retired from us to her closet with her eyes full; and

left us looking upon one another.

We had hardly recovered ourselves, when she, quite easy, chearful, and smiling, returned to us. Doctor, said she (seeing we had been moved) you will excuse me for the concern I give you; and so will You, Mr. Goddard, and You, Mr. Belford; for 'tis a concern that only generous natures can shew; and to such natures sweet is the pain, if I may so say, that attends such a concern. But as I have some few preparations still to make, and would not (tho' in ease of Mr. Belford's suture cares, which is, and ought to be, part of my study) undertake more than it is likely I shall have time lent me to perform, I would beg of you to give me your opinions, (You see my way of living; and you may be assured, that I will do nothing wilfully to shorten my life) how long it may possibly be, before I may hope to be released from all my troubles.

They both hefitated, and looked upon each other. Don't be afraid to answer me, faid she, each sweet hand pressing upon the arm of each gentleman, with that mingled freedom and reserve, which virgin modesty, mixed with conscious dignity, can only express, and with a look serenely earnest, Tell me how long you think! may hold it? And believe me, gentlemen, the shorter

you tell me my time is likely to be, the more comfort you

will give me.

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With what pleasing woe, said the doctor, do you fill the minds of those who have the happiness to converse with you, and fee the happy frame you are in! What you have undergone within a few days past, has much hurt you: And should you have fresh troubles of those kinds, I could not be answerable for your holding it-And there he paused.

How long, doctor ?- I believe I shall have a little more ruffling-I am afraid I shall-But there can happen only one thing that I shall not be tolerably easy under—How

long then, Sir?—on the way has a fine data for or the two

He was filent.

A Fortnight, Sir He was still filent.

Ten days?—A week?—How long, Sir? with fmiling earnestness.

If I must speak, Madam, If you have not better treatment than you have lately met with, I am afraid—There again he stopt. hose and to some or the

Afraid of what, doctor? Don't be afraid-How long.

the state of the state of the second second second will be the That a fortnight or three weeks may deprive the world of the finest slower in it.

A fortnight or three weeks yet, doctor!—But, God's will be done! I shall, however, by this means, have full time, if I have but strength and intellect, to do all that is now upon my mind to do. And fo, Sirs, I can but once more thank you, turning to each of us, for all your goodnels to me; and, having letters to write, will take up no more of your time—Only, doctor, be pleased to order me some more of those drops: They chear me a little, when I am low; and, putting a fee into his unwilling hand-You know the terms, Sir!—Then, turning to Mr. Goddard, You'll be so good, Sir, as to look in upon me tonight, or to-morrow, as you have opportunity: And you, Mr. Belford, I know, will be defirous to fet out to prepare for the last office for your late friend: So I wish you a good journey, and hope to see you when that is performed.

She then retired, with a chearful and ferene air. The two gentlemen went away together. I went down to the women, and, inquiring, found, that Mrs. Lovick was this day to bring her twenty guineas more, for some other

of her apparel.

The widow told me, that she had taken the liberty to expostulate with her, upon the occasion she had for raising this money, to such great disadvantage; and it produced the following short, and affecting conversation between them.

None of my friends will wear any thing of mine, said she. I shall leave a great many good things behind me—And as to what I want the money for—don't be surprized:—but suppose I want it to purchase a house?

You are all mystery, Madam, I don't comprehend you.

Why, then, Mrs. Lovick, I will explain myself: I have a man, not a woman, for my Executor: And think you that I will leave to his care any thing that concerns my own person?—Now, Mrs. Lovick, smiling, do you comprehend me?

Mrs. Lovick wept.

Ofie! proceeded the lady, drying up her tears with her own handkerchief, and giving her a kiss—Why this kind weakness for one, whom you have been so little a while acquainted with? Dear, good Mrs. Lovick, don't be concerned for me on a prospect which I have occasion to be pleased with; but go to morrow to your friends, and bring me the money they have agreed to give you.

Thus, Lovelace, is it plain, that the means to befpeak her last house! Here's presence of mind; here's tranquillity of heart, on the most affecting occasion!—This is magnanimity indeed!—Couldst thou, or could I, with all our boist'rous bravery, and offensive false courage, act thus?—Poor Belton! how unlike was thy behaviour?

Mrs. Lovick tells me, that the lady spoke of a letter she had received from her favourite divine Dr. Lewin, in the time of my absence. And of an answer she had returned to it. But Mrs. Lovick knows not the contents of either.

When thou receivest this letter, thou wilt see what will soon be the end of all thy injuries to this divine lady. I

fay,

fay, when thou receivest it; for I will delay it for some little time, lest thou shouldst take it into thy head (under pretence of resenting the disappointment her letter must give thee) to molest her again.

This letter having detained me by its length, I shall not

now fet out for Epfom till to-morrow.

I should have mentioned, that the lady explained to me, what the one thing was, that she was afraid might happen to russe her. It was the apprehension of what may result from a visit which Col. Morden, as she is informed, designs to make you.

LETTER IX.

The Revd. Dr. LEWEN, To Miss CL. HARLOWE.

Priday, Aug. 18.

judgment and fincerity, I cannot help addressing you by a

few lines, on your present unhappy fituation.

I will not look back upon the measures which you have either been led or driven into: But will only say as to those, that I think you are the least to blame of any young lady that was ever reduced from happy to unhappy circumstances; and I have not been wanting to say as much, where I hoped my freedom would have been better received, than I have had the mortification to find it to be.

What I principally write for now, is, to put you upon doing a piece of justice to yourself, and to your sex, in the prosecuting for his life (I am assured his life is in your power) the most prosligate and abandoned of men, as be must be, who could act so basely, as I understand Mr.

Lovelace has acted by you.

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I am very ill; and am now forced to write upon my pillow; my thoughts confused; and incapable of method: shall not therefore aim at method: But to give you in teneral my opinion; and that is, That your religion, your luty to your family, the duty you owe to your honour, and even charity to your fex, oblige you to give public vidence against this very wicked man.

And

And let me add, another confideration; The prevention, by this means, of the mischiefs that may otherwise happen between your brother and Mr. Lovelace, or between the latter and your cousin Morden, who is now, I hear, ar-

rived, and refolves to have justice done you.

A confideration which ought to affect your confcience; (Forgive me, dearest young lady, I think I am now in the way of my duty) and to be of more concern to you, than that hard pressure upon your modesty, which I know the appearance against him in an open Court, must be of to such a lady as you: And which, I conceive, will be your great difficulty. But I know, Madam, that you have dignity enough to become the blushes of the most naked truth, when necessity, justice and honour, exact it from you. Rakes and Ravishers would meet with encouragement indeed, and most from those who had the greatest abhorrence of their actions, if violated modesty were never to complain of the injury it received from the villainous attempters of it.

In a word, the reparation of your family dishonour, now rests in your own bosom: and which only one of these two alternatives can repair; to wit, either to Marry, or to prosecute him at Law. Bitter expedients for a soul so deli-

cate as yours.

He, and all his friends, I understand, sollicit you to the first: And it is certainly, now, all the amends within his power to make. But I am assured, that you have rejected their sollicitations, and his, with the indignation and contempt that his soul actions have deserved: But yet, that you resuse not to extend to him the Christian forgiveness he has so little reason to expect, provided he will not disturb you further.

But, Madam, the profecution I advise, will not let your present and future exemption from fresh disturbance from so vile a molester, depend upon his courtesy: I should think so noble and so rightly-guided a spirit as yours, would not

permit that it should, if you could help it.

And can indignities of any kind be properly pardoned, till we have it in our power to punish them? To pretend to pardon, while we are labouring under the pain or dishonour of them, will be thought by some, to be but the vaunted mercy of a pusilanimous heart trembling to resent them.

Th

12. 41 St. Visit andoniti

The remedy I propose, is a severe one; but what pain can be more severe than the injury? or how will injuries be believed to grieve us, that are never honourably com-

plained of?

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I am fure, Mifs Clariffa Harlowe, however injured, and oppressed, remains unshaken in her sentiments of honour, and virtue: And although the would fooner die, than deferve that her modesty should be drawn into question; yet she will think no truth immodest, that is to be uttered in the vindicated cause of innocence and chastity. Little, very little difference, is there, my dear young lady, between a suppressed evidence, and a false one.

It is a terrible circumstance, I once more own, for a young lady of your delicacy, to be under the obligation of telling so shocking a story in public Court: But it is still a worse imputation, that she should pass over so mortal an

injury unrefented.

Conscience, honour, justice, and the cares of heaven. are on your fide: And modefly would, by some, be thought but an empty name, should you refuse to obey their dictates.

I have been confulted, I own, on this subject. I have given it, as my opinion, that you ought to profecute the abandoned man. But without my reasons. These I referved, with a refolution to lay them before you, unknown to any body; that the result (if what I wish) might be your own.

I will only add, that the misfortunes which have befallen you, had they been the lot of a child of my own. could not have affected me more, than yours have done. My own child I love: But I both love and honour you: Since to love you, is to love virtue, good fense, prudence, and every thing that is good and noble in woman.

Wounded as I think all thefe are by the injuries, you have received, you will believe that the knowlege of your diffresses must have afflicted, beyond what I am able to

expreis,

Your fincere Admirer, and humble Servant,

ARTHUR LEWEN. I just now understand, that your fister will, by proper authority, propose this prosecution to you. I humbly prerest or made, by hardened on the egency fact as head or

fume, that the reason why you resolved not upon this step from the first, was, that you did not know, that it would have the countenance and support of your relations.

LETTER X.

Mifs CL. HARLOWE, To the Rev. Dr. LEWEN.

Reverend and Dear Sir, Sat. Aug. 19.

I Thought, till I received your affectionate and welcome letter, that I had neither father, uncle, brother left; nor hardly a friend among my former favourers of your fex. Yet, knowing you so well, and having no reason to upbraid myself with a faulty will, I was to blame (even although I had doubted the continuance of your good opinion) to decline the tryal whether I had forfeited it or not; and if I had, whether I could not, bonourably, reinstate myself in it.

But, Sir, it was owing to different causes that I did not; partly to shame, to think how high, in my happier days, I stood in your esteem, and how much I must be sunk in it, since those so much nearer in relation to me, gave me up; partly to deep distress, which makes the humbled heart distinct; and made mine afraid to claim the kindred mind in yours, which would have supplied to me, in some mea-

fure, all the dear and loft relations I have named.

Then, So loth, as I fometimes was, to be thought to want to make a party against those whom both duty and inclination bid me reverence: So long trailed on between bope and doubt: So little mine own mistress at one time; so fearful of making or causing mischief, at another; and not being encouraged to hope, by your kind notice, that my application to you would be acceptable;—apprehending, that my relations had engaged your silence at least (a).

THESE—But why these unavailing retrospections now? I was to be unhappy—in order to be happy; that is my hope:—Resigning, therefore, to That hope, I will, without any further preamble, write a few lines (if writing

⁽a) The stiff visit this good divine was prevailed upon to make her, as mentioned Vol. II. p. 162. (of which, however, she was too generous to remind him) might warrant the lady to think, that he had rether inclined to their party, as the parental side, than to here.

to you, I can write but a few) in answer to the subject of

your kind letter.

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Permit me, then, to fay, That I believe your arguments would have been unanswerable in almost every other case of This nature, but in That of the unhappy Clarissa Harlowe.

It is certain, that creatures who cannot fland the shock of public shame, should be doubly careful how they expose themselves to the danger of incurring private guilt, which may possibly bring them to it: But as to myself, suppose there were no objections from the declining way I am in as to my health; and supposing I could have prevailed upon myself to appear against This man, was there not room to apprehend, that the end so much wished for by my friends, (to wit, his condign punishment) would not have been obtained, when it came to be seen, that I had consented to give him a clandestine meeting; and, in consequence of that, had been weakly tricked out of myself; and further still, had not been able to avoid living under one roof with him for several weeks; which I did, not only without complaint, but without cause of complaint.

Little advantage in a court (perhaps, bandied about, and effed profligately with) would fome of those pleas in my avour have been, which out of court, and to a private and erious audience, would have carried the greatest weight gainst him—Such, particularly, as the infamous methods

o which he had recourfe.

It would, no doubt, have been a ready retort from very mouth, that I ought not to have thrown myfelf into he power of fuch a man, and that I ought to take for my

ains what had befallen me.

But had the profecution been carried on to effect, and ad he even been fentenced to death, can it be thought, at his family would not have had interest enough to obin his pardon for a crime thought too lightly of, though ne of the greatest that can be committed against a creare valuing her honour above her life?—While I had ten censured as pursuing with sanguinary views a man tho offered me early all the reparation in his power to ake?

Vol. VII. And

And had he been pardoned, would he not then have been

at liberty to do as much mischief as ever?

I dare fay, Sir, such is the affurance of the man upon whom my unhappy destiny threw me; and such his inveteracy to my family (which would then have appeared to be justified by their known inveteracy to him, and by their earnest endeavours to take away his life) that he would not have been sorry to have had an opportunity to confront me and my father, uncles, and brother, at the Bar of a court of justice, on such an occasion. In which case, would not, on his acquittal, or pardon, resentments have been reciprocally heightened? And then would my brother, or my cousin Morden, have been more secure than now?

How do these considerations aggravate my fault? My motives, at first, were not indeed blameable: But I had forgotten the excellent caution, which yet I was not ignorant of, That we ought not to do evil that good may come

great and awful moment, in which, and even in the ard sigo

In full conviction of the purity of my heart, and of the firmness of my principles (Why may I not, thus called upon, fay what I am confcious of, and yet, without faulty pride; fince all is but a duty, and I should be otterly inexcufable, could I not justly fay what I do?) In this full conviction, he has offered me marriage. He has avowed his penitence: A fincere penitence I have reason to think it tho' perhaps not a Christian one. And his noble relations. (kinder to the poor fufferer than her own) on the fame conviction, and his own not ungenerous acknowlegements, have joined to intercede with me to forgive and accept of him. Altho' I cannot comply with the latter part of their intercession, have not you, Sir, from the best rules, and from the divinest example, taught me to forgive injuries ? 1550 ne difadvantages I have menud

The injury I have received from him is indeed of the highest nature, and it was attended with circumstances of unmanly baseness, and premeditation; yet, I bless God, it has not tainted my mind; it has not hurt my morals. No thanks, indeed, to the wicked man, that it has not. No wile courses have followed it. My will is unviolated. The

to that kind and generous concern for

evil,

evil (respecting myself, and not my friends) is merely perfonal. No credulity, no weakness, no want of vigilance, have I to reproach myself with. I have, thro' grace, triumphed over the deepest machinations. I have escaped from him. I have renounced him. The man whom once I could have loved, I have been enabled to despise: And shall not charity complete my triumph? And shall I not enjoy it?—And where would be my triumph, if he deserved my forgiveness?—Poor man! He has had a loss in losing me! I have the pride to think so, because I think I know my own heart. I have had none in losing him!

But I have another plea to make, which alone would have been enough (as I prefume) to answer the contents

of your very kind and friendly letter.

I know, my dear and reverend friend, the spiritual guide and director of my happier days! I know, that you will allow of my endeavour to bring myself to this charitable disposition, when I tell you how near I think myself to that great and awful moment, in which, and even in the ardent preparation to such, every sense of indignity or injury, that concerns not the amortal soul, ought to be absorbed in higher and more important contemplations.

Thus much for myle.

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And for the fatisfaction of my friends and favourers, Mils Howe is follicitous to have all those letters and materials preserved, which will see my whole story in a true ight. The good Dr. Lewen is one of the principal of those riends and favourers.

ride: fince all is but a aug. and

The warning that may be given from those papers to I such young creatures as may have known or heard of ne, may be more efficacious, as I humbly presume to think, the end wished for, than my appearance could have een in a court of justice, pursuing a doubtful event, under the disadvantages I have mentioned. And if, my dear and good Sir, you are now, on considering every thing, of this pinion, and I could know it, I should consider it as a paraular felicity; being as sollicitous as ever to be justified what I may, in your eyes.

I am forry, Sir, that your indisposition has reduced you the necessity of writing upon your pillow. But how uch am I obliged to that kind and generous concern for

me, which has impelled you, as I may fay, to write a letter, containing so many paternal lines, with such inconvenience

to yourfelf ligual vews sun a tone of the mount of the tone

May the Almighty bless you, dear and reverend Sir, for all your goodness to me, both of now, and of long standing! Continue to esteem me to the last, as I do, and will, venerate you! And let me bespeak your prayers; the continuance, I should say, of your prayers; for I doubt not that I have always had them: And to them, perhaps, has in part been owing, (as well as to your pious precepts thro' my earlier youth) that I have been able to make the stand I have made; altho' every thing that you prayed for has not been granted to me, by that Divine Wisdom, which knows what is best for its poor creatures.

My prayers for you are, That it will please God to reflore you to your affectionate flock; and after as many years of life as shall be for His service, and to your own comfort, give us a happy meeting in those regions of blesfedness, which you have taught me, as well by example, as

by precept, to aspire to huor mend sheepend ranw mi boir

.awolaah Aserado there be truth in what Mrs. Not-

ton and Mrs. Howe have acquainted us with you may yet justify you knas Act To The The World, in every

Miss Arab. Harlowe, To Miss CL. Harlows.

[In answer to bers to ber uncle Antony of Aug. 13.]

Sifter CLARY, Monday, Aug. 21.

Find by your letters to my uncles, that they, as well as I, are in great diffrace with you for writing our minds to you.

We can't help it, fifter Clary.

collibly, you may not at orefeat behave to

You don't think it worth your while, I find, to press for the blessing you pretend to be so earnest about, a second time: You think, no doubt, that you have done your duty in asking for it: So you'll sit down satisfy'd with That, I suppose, and leave it to your wounded parents to repent hereaster that they have not done Theirs, in giving it to you, at the first word; and in making such enquiries about you, as you think ought to have been made. Fine encouragement

STEEL SELECT IN THE

Miss Clariffa Harlowe.

ragement to inquire after a run-away daughter! living with her fellow, as long as he would live with her! You repent also, (with your full mind, as you modestly call it) that you wrote to me.

So we are not likely to be applied to any more, I find,

sinuance, I should hav, of your prayers; for veweith ni

Well then, fince This is the case, fister Clary, let me, with all bumility, address myself with a proposal or two to you; to which you will be graciously pleased to give an answer.

Now you must know, that we have had hints given us from several quarters, that you have been used in such a manner by the villain you ran away with, that his life would be answerable for his crime, if it were fairly to be proved. And, by your own hints, something like it ap-

comfort, give us a happy meeting in those region of erast

If, Clary, there be any thing but jingle and affecting period, in what proceeds from your full mind, and your dutiful confesousness; and if there be truth in what Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Howe have acquainted us with; you may yet justify your character to us, and to the world, in every thing but your scandalous elopement; and the Law may reach the villain: And, could we but bring him to the gallows, what a meritorious revenge would that be to our whole injured family, and to the innocents he has deluded, as well as the saving from ruin many others?

Let me, therefore, know (if you please) whether you are willing to appear to do Yourself, and Us, and your Sex, this justice? If not, fister Clary, we shall know what to think of you; for neither you nor we can suffer more than we have done, from the scandal of your fall: And, if you will, Mr. Ackland and Counsellor Derham will both attend you to make proper enquiries, and to take minutes of your story, to sound a process upon, if it will bear one, with as great a probability of success, as we are told it may be

profecuted with.

But, by what Mrs. Howe intimates, this is not likely to be complied with; for it is what she hinted to you, it seems, by her lively daughter, but without effect (a); and then, again, possibly, you may not at present behave so prudently

⁽a) Vol. VI. Letter XXiv.

prudently in some certain points, as to intitle yourself to public justice; which if true, the Lord have mercy upon you!

One word only more as to the above proposal; —Your admirer, Dr. Lewen, is clear in his opinion, that you should

profecute the villain.

But if you will not agree to this, I have another propofal to make to you, and that in the name of every one in the family; which is, that you will think of going to Penfylvania to refide there for some few years, till all is blown over; and, if it please God to spare you, and your unhappy parents, till they can be satisfied, that you behave like a true and uniform penitent; at least till you are one-andtwenty; you may then come back to your own estate, or have the produce of it sent you thither, as you shall choose. A period which my papa fixes, because it is the custom; and because he thinks your grandfather should have fixed it; and because, let me add, you have fully proved by your fine conduct, that you were not at years of discretion at aighteen. Poor doting, tho good old man!—Your grandfather he thought—But I would not be too severe.

Mr. Hartley has a widow-fifter at Penfylvania, with whom he will undertake you may board, and who is a fober, fenfible, and well-read woman. And if you were once well there, it would rid your father and mother of a world of cares, and fears, and feandal; and I think is what you

should wish for of all things.

Mr. Hartley will engage for all accommodations in your passage suitable to your rank and fortune; and he has a concern in a ship, which will sail in a month; and you may take your secret-keeping Hannah with you, or whom you will of your newer acquaintance. 'Tis presumed it will be of your own sex.

These are what I had to communicate to you; and if you'll oblige me with an answer (which the hand that conveys this will call for on Wednesday Morning) it will be

(a) This letter was not affect for , see the reverend conflements

the the ferrice that might have been hoped for from it.

very condescending.

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

LETTER XII.

Miss Clarissa Harlowe, To Miss Arabella Harlowe.

Tuefday, Aug. 22.

WRITE to me, my hard-hearted fifter, in what manner you please, I shall always be thankful to you for your notice. But (think what you will of me) I cannot see Mr. Ackland and the Counsellor on such a business as you mention.

The Lord have mercy upon me indeed! For none else will. Surely I am believed to be a creature past all shame, or it could not be thought of sending two gentlemen to

me on fuch an errand.

Had my mother required of me (or would modelly have permitted you to enquire into) the particulars of my fad story, or had Mrs. Norton been directed to receive them from me, methinks it had been more fit; and, I prefume to think, more in every one's character too, had they been required of me before fuch heavy judgment had passed upon me, as has been passed.

I know that this is Dr. Lewen's opinion. He has been fo good as to inforce it in a kind letter to me. I have answered his letter; and given such reasons as I hope will satisfy bim: I could wish it were thought worth while to

alk to fee them (a).

To your other proposal, of going to Pensylvania; this is my answer:—If nothing happen within a month which may full as effectually rid my parents and friends of that world of cares, and fears, and scandals, which you mention, and if I am then able to be carried on board of ship, I will chearfully obey my father and mother, altho' I were sure to die in the passage. And, if I may be forgiven for saying so, you shall set over me, instead of my poor obliging, but really unculpable Hannah, your Betty Barnes; to whom I will be answerable for all my conduct. And I will make it worth her while to accompany me.

(a) This letter was not asked for; and the reverend gentleman's death, which fell out soon after he had received it, was the reason that it was not communicated to the family, till it was too late to do the service that might have been hoped for from it.

I am equally surprized and concerned at the hints which both you and my uncle Antony give of new points of misbehaviour in me!—What can be meant by them?

I will not tell you, Miss Harlowe, how much I am afflicted at your severity, and how much I suffer by it, and by your hard-hearted levity of style, because what I shall say may be construed into jingle and period, and because I know it is intended (very possibly for kind ends) to mortify me. All I will therefore say, is, That it does not lose its end, if that be it.

But, nevertheless, (divesting myself as much as possible of all referement) I will only pray, that heaven will give you, for your own sake, a kinder heart, than at present; since a kind heart, I am convinced, is a greater blessing to its possession, than it can be to any other person. Under this conviction I subscribe myself, my dear Bella,

Your ever-affectionate Sister, CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XIII.

Mrs. Judith Norton, To Miss CL. HARLOWE.
In answer to bers of Thursday, Aug. 17.

My dearest young Lady, Tuesday, Aug. 22.

HE Letters you fent me, I now return by the hand

that brings you this.

It is impossible for me to express how much I have been affected by them, and your last of the 17th. Indeed, my dear Miss Clary, you are very harshly used; indeed you are! And if you should be taken from us, what grief, and what punishment, are they not treasuring up against themselves, in the heavy resections which their rash censures and unforgiveness will occasion them!

But I find what your uncle Antony's cruel letter is owing to, as well as one you will be still more afflicted by, (God help you, my poor dear child!) when it comes to your hand, written by your fister, with proposals to you.

It was finished, to fend you, yesterday, I know; and I apprise you of it, that you should fortify your heart against the contents of it.

The

The motives, which incline them all to this feverity, if well-grounded, would authorize any feverity, they could express, and which, while they believe them to be so, both They and You are to be equally pitied.

They are owing to the information of that officious Mr. Brand, who has acquainted them from some enemy of yours in the neighbourhood about you, that visits are made: you, highly centurable, from a man of a free character, and: an intimate of Mr. Lovelace; who is often in private with: you; fometimes twice or thrice a day.

Betty gives herfelf great liberties of speech upon this occasion, and all your friends are too ready to believe, that: things are not as they should be: which makes me wish, that, let the gentleman's views be ever so honourable, you

could intirely drop acquaintance with him.

Something of this nature was hinted at by Betty to me: before, but fo darkly, that I could not tell what to make of it; and this made me mention it to you fo generally, as:

I did in my laft.

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Your confin Morden has been among them: He is exceedingly concerned for your misfortunes; and as they will not believe Mr. Lovelace would marry you, he is determined to go to Lord M.'s, in order to inform himself from Mr. Lovelace's own mouth, whether he intends to do you That justice or not.

He was extremely carefied by every one at his fiff arrival; but I am told there is some little coldness between:

them and him at prefent. Her you are yell shift 1520

I was in hopes of getting a fight of this letter of Mr. Brand's (a rath, officious man!) But, it feems, Mr. Morden had it given him yesterday to read, and he took it: away with him.

God be your comfort, my dear Miss! But indeed I am exceedingly diffurbed at the thoughts of what may fill be

the iffue of all these things. I am,

now of also going date with My beloved young Ladys, Your most affectionate and faithful dionery your bear against JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER XIV.

Mrs. NORTON, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Tuesday, Aug. 22.

4 She

A FTER I had fealed up the inclosed, I had the honour of a private visit from your aunt Hervey, who has been in a very low-spirited way, and kept her chamber for several weeks past; and is but just got abroad.

She longed, she faid, to see me, and to weep with me, on the hard fate that had befallen her beloved niece.

I will give you a faithful account of what paffed between us; as I expect, that it will, upon the whole, administer hope and comfort to you. mand aven vidadors

' She pity'd very much your good mamma, who, she affured me, is obliged to act a part entirely contrary to her inclinations; as she herself, she owns, had been in a

great measure.

She faid, that the poor lady was with great difficulty with-held from answering your letter to her; which had (as was your aunt's expression) almost broken the heart

of every one: That she had reason to think, that she was neither confenting to your two uncles writing; nor approving of what they wrote.

She is fure they all love you dearly; but have gone

fo far, that they know not how to recede.

' That, but for the abominable league which your brother had got every-body into (he refusing to fet out for Scotland till it was renewed) and till they had all pro-

' mised to take no step towards' a reconciliation in his abfence but by his confent; and to which your fifter's refentments kept them up; all would before now have

happily fubfided.

' That no body knew the pangs which their inflexible behaviour gave them, ever fince you had begun to write to them in fo affecting and humble a style.

. That, however, they were not inclined to believe that you were either fo ill, or fo penitent, as you really are; and fill less, that Mr. Lovelace is in earnest in his offers of marriage.

She is fure, she fays, that all will soon be well: And the fooner for Mr. Morden's arrival: Who is very zea. lous in your behalf.

' She wished to heaven, that you would accept of Mr. Lovelace, wicked as he has been, if he were now in

earnest.

' It had always, she faid, been matter of assonishment to her, that fo weak a pride in her coulin James, of making himself the whole family, should induce them all to refuse an alliance with fuch a family as Mr. Lovelace's was.

' She would have it, that your going-off with Mr. Lovelace was the unhappiest step for your honour and your interest that could have been taken; for that altho' you would have had a severe tryal the next day; yet it would probably have been the last; and your pathetic powers " must have drawn you off some friends—hinting at your ' mamma, at your uncle Harlowe, at your uncle Hervey, and herfelf.

But here I must observe (that the regret that you did not trust to the event of that meeting, may not in your present low way, too much afflict you) that it feems a little too evident from this opinion of your aunt's, that it was not fo absolutely determined that all compulsion was defigned to be avoided, fince your freedom from it must have been owing to the party to be made among them by your persuasive eloquence, and dutiful expostulation.

She owned, that some of them, were as much afraid of meeting you, as you could be of meeting them:'-But why fo, if they defigned, in the last instance, to give

you your way?

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She told me, 'That Mrs. Williams, your matrina's former house-keeper, had been with her, to ask her opinion, if it would be taken amis, if the defired leave to ' go up, to attend her dearest young lady, in her calemity. She referred her to your mamma; but had heard to " more of it.

' Her daughter, Miss Dolly, she said, had been frequently earnest with her on the same subject; and renewed her request, with the greatest servor, when your first letter came to hand.

' Your aunt fays, that being then very ill, she wrote to your mother upon it, hoping it would not be taken amis, if she permitted Miss Dolly to go; but that your fifter, as from your mamma, answered her, That now

you feemed to be coming to, and to have a due fenfe of your faults, you must be left entirely to their own

knowlege, (as you tell me from my agent innerpenant

'Miss Dolly, she said, had pined ever since she had heard of Mr. Lovelace's baseness; being doubly mortified by it: First, on account of your sufferings; next, because she was one, who rejoiced in your getting off;

and vindicated you for it : And had incurred censure and ill-will on that account; especially from your brother and fifter; so that she seldom went to Harlowe-

Place.

Make the best use of these intelligences, my dearest young lady, for your confolation hoog habratus and a few

I will only add, that I am, with the most fervent prayers

for your recovery and restoration, too and to ad at asom

Less I fluor normand and andres Your ever-faithful in mort CNOTRON HTIQUES NOT DE this time, carriedime as

bove -- But above what we Prop miliaked creature levelle happy felf-deludVX th R TiT IT HE Loud nothing

Mis CL. HARLOWE, To Mrs. Judith Norton.

HE relation of fuch a conversation as passed be tween my aunt and you, would have given me pleasure, had it come some time ago; because it would have met with a spirit more industrious than mine now is, to pick out remote comfort in the hope of a favourable turn that might one day have rewarded my patient duty.

I did not doubt my aunt's good-will to me. Her affection I did not doubt. But shall we wonder that kings and princes meet with so little controul in their passions, be they ever so violent, when in a private family, an aunt, nay, even a mother in that family, shall choose to give up a once favoured child against their own inclinations, rather than oppose an aspiring young man, who had armed himself with the authority of a father, who, when once determined, never would be expostulated with?

And

And will you not blame me, if I say, that good sense, that relationly indulgence, must be a little offended at the treatment I have met with, and if I own, that I think, that great rigor has been exercised towards me? And yet I am now authorized to call it rigor by the judgment of two excellent sisters, my mother and my aunt, who acknowlege, (as you tell me from my aunt) that they have been obliged to join against me, contrary to their inclinations; and that, even in a point which concerns my eternal welfare.

But I must not go on at this rate. For may not the inclination my mother has given up, be the effect of a too fond indulgence, rather than that I merit the indulgence? And yet, so petulantly perverse am I, that I must tear my-

felf from the subject.

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All then that I will fay further to it, at this time, is, that were the intended goodness to be granted to me but a week hence; it would possibly be too late—Too late, I mean, to be of the consolation to me, that I would wish from it: For what an inefficacious preparation must I have been making, if it has not, by this time, carried me above—But above what?—Poor mistaken creature!—Unhappy self-deluder!—that finds herself above nothing!

Nor able to subdue her own faulty impatience!

But in deed to have done with a subject, that I dare not trust myself with; if it come in your way, let my aunt Hervey, let my dear cousin Dolly, let the worthy Mrs. Williams, know, how exceedingly grateful to me their kind intentions and concern for me are: And, as the best warrant or justification of their good opinions (fince I know that their favour for me is founded on the belief that I loved virtue) tell them, that I continued to love virtue to my last hour, as I presume to hope it may be said; and assure them, that I never made the least wilful deviation, however unhappy I became for one saulty step; which nevertheless was not owing to unworthy or perverse motives.

I am very forry, that my coufin Morden has taken a re-

folution to fee Mr. Lovelace ings blide boundy

My apprehensions on this intelligence, are a great abatement to the pleasure I have in knowing that he still loves me.

My fister's letter to me is a most afflicting one—So needless, so ludicrously taunting.—But for that part of it that is so, I ought rather to pity her, than to be so much con-

cerned at it as I am.

I wonder what I have done to Mr. Brand — I pray God to forgive both him and his informants, whoever they be. But if the scandal arise solely from Mr. Belford's visits, a very little time will confute it.— Mean while, the pacquet I shall send you, which I sent to Miss Howe, will, I hope, satisfy you, my dear Mrs. Norton, as to my reasons for admitting his visits.

My fister's taunting letter, and the inflexibleness of my dearer friends—But how do remoter-begun subjects tend to the point which lies nearest the heart!—As new-caught bodily disorders all croud to a fractured or distempered

part.

I will break off, with requesting your prayers, that I may be blessed with patience and due resignation; and with assuring you, that I am, and will be to the last how of my life,

Your equally grateful and affectionate

CL. HARLOWE

And there IVX R T T E R XVI. and the

Miss Howe, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

In reply to bers of Friday Aug. 11.

Yarmouth, Ifle of Wight, Aug. 23.

My dearest Friend,

I HAVE read the letters and copies of letters you fall voured me with: And I return them by a particular hand.

I am extremely concerned at your indifferent flate of health: But I approve all your proceedings and precautions, in relation to the naming of a man for an office, that, I hope, will not require to be filled up for many, many years.

I admire, and so we do all, that greatness of mind, which can make you so stedsastly despise (thro' such inducements as no other woman could resist, and in such desolate circumstances as you are in) the wretch that ought to be so heartily despised and detested.

What

What must the contents of those letters from your relations be, which you will not communicate to me! Fie upon them! How my heart rifes - But I dare fay no more -Tho' you yourfelf now begin to think they use

you with great feverity.

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Every body here is so taken with Mr. Hickman, (and the more from the horror they conceive at the character of fuch a wretch as Lovelace) that I have been teazed to death almost, to name a day. This has given him airs ; and, did I not keep him to it, he would behave himfelf as carelesly, and as infolently, as if he were sure of me. I have been forced to mortify him no less than four times fince we have been here.

I made him lately undergo a fevere penance for fome negligences, that were not to be passed over : Not designed ones, he faid: But that was a poor excuse, as old him: For, had they been designed, he should never have come into my presence more: That they were not, shewed his want of thought and attention; and those were inexcuse-

able in a man only in his probatory state.

He hoped he had been more than in a probatory state.

he faid.

And therefore, Sir, might be more careles? - So you add ingratitude to negligence, and make what you plead as accident, that itself wants an excuse, defign, which deerves none.

I would not see him for two days, and he was so penient, and so humble, that I had like to have lost myself, to make him amends: For, as you have faid, a refentment arried too high, often ends in an amends too humble.

I long to be nearer to you: But that must not yet be. feems. Pray, my dear, let me hear from you as often

s you can. the results from more the average I and diland May heaven increase your comforts, and restore your lealth, are the prayers of said and or brimper 10% they square

Your ever faithful and affectionate

SwoH annA led stelly despite (three fuch inducen P. S. Excuse me that I did not write before; it was owing to a little coasting voyage I was obliged to give into. Describy deforted and detected

Well to five ling of an have met with a pan or LETTER XVII. and bush i

Mils CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Mils Howe.

Friday, Aug. 25.

You, at one time; thought 7 O U are very obliging, my dear Miss Howe, to account to me for your filence. I was easy in it, as I doubted not, that among fuch near and dear friends as you are with, you was diverted from writing by fome fuch agreeable excursion, as that you mention.

I was in hopes that you had given over, at this time of day, those very sprightly airs, which I have taken the liberty to blame you for, as often as you have given me oc-

casion for it; and that has been very often.

I was always very grave with you upon this subject: And while your own and a worthy man's future happiness are in the question, I must enter into it, whenever you forget yourself, altho' I had not a day to live : And in-

what may this indifference be owingli visy may best

I am fure, it was not your intention to take your future husband with you to the little island, to make him look weak and filly among those of your relations who never before had feen him. Yet do you think it possible for them (however prepared and refolved they may be to like him) to forbear fmiling at him when they fee him fuffering under your whimfical penances? A modest man should no more be made little in his own ever than in the eyes of others. If he be, he will have a diffidence, which will give an aukwardness to every thing he says or does: And this will be no more to the credit of your choice, than to that of the approbation he meets with from your friends, or to his own credit, and in I wreed an air areal

I love an obliging, and even an humble deportment in a man to the woman he addresses. It is a mark of his politeness, and tends to give her that opinion of herfelf, which it may be supposed bashful merit wants to be inspired with. But if the lady exacts it with a high hand, the thews not either her own politeness or gratitude : altho' I must confess she does her courage. I gave you expecta-

tion that I would be very ferious with you. at of referred

O my dear, that had it been my lot (as I was not permitted mitted to live fingle) to have met with a man by whom

I could have acted generously and unreservedly!

Mr. Lovelace, it is now plain, in order to have a pretence against me, taxed my behaviour to him, with stifness and distance. You, at one time, thought me guilty of some degree of prudery. Difficult situations should be allowed for; which often make occasions for censure unavoidable. I deserved not blame from him who made mine difficult. And you, my dear, if I had had any other man to deal with, or had he had but half the merit which Mr. Hickman has, should have sound that my doctrine on this subject, should have governed my practice!

what I should think, were I an indifferent by stander, of these high airs of yours, in return for Mr. Hickman's humble demeanour. The lady thinks of having the gentileman, I see plainly, would I say. But I see, as plainly, that she has a very great indifference to him. And to what may this indifference be owing? To one or all of these considerations, no doubt. That she receives his addresses rather from motives of convenience than thouce: That she thinks meanly of bir endowments and intellects; at least more highly of bir even: Or, she has not the generosity to me that power with moderation, which his great affection for her puts into her hands."

How would you like, my dear, to have any of these

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Then to give but the shadow of a reason for free-livers and free-speakers to say, or to imagine, that Miss Howe gives her hand to a man, who has no reason to expect any share in her heart, I am sure you would not wish that such a thing should be so much as supposed. Then, all the regard from you to come afterwards; none to be shewn before; must, I should think, be capable of being construed, as a compliment to the bushand, made at the expence of the swife's delicacy.

There is no fear that attempts could be formed by the most audacious, [two Lovelaces there cannot be!] upon a character so revered for virtue, and so charmingly spirited as Miss Howe's: Yet, to have any man encouraged to def-

pife.

pife a husband by the example of one who is most concerned to do him honour; what, my dear, think you of that ?—It is but too natural for envious men (and who that knows Miss Howe, will not envy Mr. Hickman?) to scoff at, and to jest upon those who are treated with, or wil bear indignity from a woman. If a man fo treated, have a true and ardent love for the woman he addresses. he will be eafily over-awed by her displeasure: And this will put him upon acts of submission, which will be called meanness. And what woman of true spirit would like to have it faid, that the would impose any thing upon the man, from whom she one day expected protection and de fence, that should be capable of being construed as a mean ness, or unmanly abjectness in his behaviour, even to her felf?-Nay, I am not fure, and I alk it of you, my dear to resolve me, whether in your own opinion, it is no likely, that a woman of spirit will despise rather than valu more, the man who will take patiently an infult at he hands; especially before company?

I have always observed, that prejudices in disfavour of a person, at his first appearance, fix deeper, and are much more difficult to be removed when fixed, than prejudice in favour: Whether owing to envy, or to that make nant principle so eminently visible in little minds, which makes them wish to bring down the more worthy characters to their own low level, I pretend not to determine When once, therefore, a woman of your good sense give room to the world, to think she has not an high opinion of the lower, whom, nevertheless, she entertains, it will be very difficult for her afterwards, to make that world think so well as she would have it, of the busband she has

chofen.

Give me leave to observe, that to condescend with dig nity, and to command with such kindness, and sweetness, manners, as should let the condescension, while single, be seen and acknowleged, are points, which a wise woman knowing ber man, should aim at: And a wise woman, should think, would choose to live single all her life, a ther than give herself to a man, whom she thinks unwon thy of a treatment so noble.

a be a least of the Bu

But when a woman lets her lover fee, that she has the enerofity to approve of and reward a well-meant ferice; that she has a mind that lifts her above the little ptious follies, which some (too licentiously, I hope) atibute to the fex in general: That she resents not (if ever e thinks she has reason to be displeased) with petulance, r through pride: Nor thinks it necessary to infift upon ttle points, to come at or secure great ones, perhaps not roper to be aimed at : Nor leaves room to suppose she as so much cause to doubt her own merit, as to put the we of the man she intends to favour, upon disagreeable or rrogant tryals: But lets reason be the principal guide of er actions:—She will then never fail of that true respect, f that fincere veneration, which she wishes to meet with; nd which will make her judgment, after marriage, conlted, fometimes with a preference to a man's own, at ther times, as a delightful confirmation of it.

And so much, my beloved Miss Howe, for this subject

ow, and I dare fay, for ever !

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I will begin another letter by and by, and fend both gether.—Mean time, I am, &c.

In the promised next letter the lady acquaints Miss Howe with Mr. Brand's Report; with her fister's proposals either that she will go abroad, or prosecute Mr. Lovelace; she complains of the fewere letter of her uncle Antony and her sister; but in milder terms than they deserved.

She fends her Dr. Lewen's letter, and the copy of her answer to it.

She tells her of the difficulties she had been under to avoid seeing

Mr. Lovelace. Gives her the contents of the letter she wrote to

him: Is afraid, she says, that it is a step that is not strictly right,

if allegory and metaphor be not allowable to one in her circum
stances.

She informs her of her coufin Morden's arrival and readiness to take her part with her relations; of his defigned interview with Mr. Lovelace; and tells her what her apprehensions are upon it.

She gives her the purport of the conversation between her aunt Hervey and Mrs. Norton, And then adds:

But were they ever so favourably inclined to me now, hat can they do for me? I wish, and that for their sakes ore than for my own, that they would yet relent—But am very ill—I must drop my Pen—A sudden Faintness verspreads my heart—Excuse my crooked writing!—dieu, my dear!—Adieu!

Three

Mili Carma Harlowe,

off v and light boo Three o' clock, Friday. Is vise a

ONCE more, I resume my pen. I thought I had taken my last farewell of you. I never was so very oddly affected: Something that feemed totally to overwhelm my faculties -I don't know how to describe it !- I believe I do amifs in writing fo much, and taking too much upon me: But an active mind, tho' clouded by bodily illness, cannot be idle.

I'll see if the air, and a discontinued attention will help me. -But if it will not, don't be concerned for my my dear !- I shall be happy. Nay, I am more so already, than of late I thought I could ever be in this life. Ye how this body clings !- How it incumbers to vood years

man, who, to take of the Seven o'celocker of orly annie

I could not fend this letter away with fo melanchol an ending, as you would have thought it. So I deferred closing it, till I saw how I should be on my return from my airing: And now I must say, I am quite another thing So alert !- that I could proceed with as much spirit as begun, and add more preachment to your lively subject if I had not written more than enough upon it already.

I wish you would let me give you and Mr. Hickman joy. Do, my dear !- I should take some to myfelf,

But, Madam, were all the world to have beblievenov-

My respectful compliments to all your friends, as well those I have the honour to know, as to those I do not know prefign to my hard for a company it had to many wars, in

I HAVE just now been surprized with a letter from on whom I long ago gave up all thoughts of hearing from From Mr. Wyerley. I will inclose it. You'll be la prized at it, as much as I was. This feems to be a mi whom I might have reclaimed. But I could not love him Yet I hope I never treated him with arrogance. Indeed my dear, if I am not too partial to myfelf, I think I'm fused him with more gentleness, than you retain someboo elfe. And this recollection gives me less pain than I show have had in the other case, on receiving this instance of generofity that affects me. I will also inclose the roug draught of my answer, as soon as I have transcribed it.

If I begin another sheet, I shall write to the end of it Wherefore I will only add, my prayers for your honor 115

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and prosperity, and for a long, long, happy life; and that, when it comes to be wound up; you may be as calm and as easy at quitting it, as I hope in God I shall be. Who m, and will be, to the latest moment,

hatten Your truly affectionate and obliged Servant,

b I svelled LEGT E E ROXVIII.

Mr. WYERLEY, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Dearest Madam, Mednesday, Aug. 23.

of time, an address so positively the so politely discouraged: But, however it be received, I must renew it. Every body has heard, that you have been vilely treated by man, who, to treat you ill, must be the vilest of men. Every body knows your just resentment of his base treatment: That you are determined never to be reconciled to him: And that you persist in these sentiments against all the inreaties of his noble relations, against all the prayers and epentance of his ignoble self. And all the world that have he honour to know you, or have heard of him, applaud your esolution, as worthy of yourself; worthy of your virtue, and of that strict honour which was always attributed to you by every one who spoke of you.

But, Madam, were all the world to have been of a diferent opinion, it could never have altered mine. I ever
oved you; I ever must love you. Yet have I endeavoured
o refign to my hard fate. When I had so many ways, in
ain, sought to move you in my favour, I sat down, seemngly contented. I even wrote to you, that I would fit
own contented. And I endeavoured to make all my
riends and companions think I was. But no body knows
what pangs this self-denial cost me! In vain did the chace,
avain did travel, in vain did lively company, offer themelves: Tho' embraced each in its turn, yet with redoubled
orce did my passion for you bring on my unhappiness,
when I looked into myself, into my own heart; for there
id your charming image sit inthroned; and you ingrossed
ne all.

Mraught of my answer, as soon as I have transcribed it.
If I begin another sheet. I shall write to the end of Wiscelove I will only add, my prayers for your house.

I truly deplore those misfortunes, and those sufferings. for your own take; which, nevertheless, encourage me to renew my bold hope. I know not particulars. I dare not inquire after them; because my sufferings would be increased with the knowlege of what yours have been. I therefore defire not to know more than what common report wounds my ears with; and what is given me to know by your absence from your cruel family, and from the facred place, where I, among numbers of your rejected admirers, used to be twice a week fure to behold you, doing credit to that fervice, of which your example gave me the highest notions. But whatever be those misfortunes, of whatfoever nature those sufferings, I shall bless the occasion for my own fake, (tho' for yours curse the author of them) if they may give me the happiness to know, that this my renewed address may not be absolutely rejected. Only give me hope, that it may one day meet with encouragement. if in the interim nothing happen, either in my morals or behaviour, to give you fresh offence. Give me but hope of this-Not absolutely to reject me is all the hope I alk for; and I will love you, if possible, still more than I ever loved you-And that for your fufferings; for well you deferve to be loved, even to adoration, who can, for honour and for virtue's fake, fubdue a passion which common spirits (I speak by cruel experience) find invincible; and this at a time when the black offender kneels and supplicates, as I am well affured he does, (all his friends likewife fupplicating for him) to be forgiven. As good and a grant and a

That you cannot forgive him; not forgive him so as to receive him again to favour, is no wonder. His offence is against virtue: That is a part of your essence—What magnanimity is this! How just to yourself, and to your spotless character! Is it any merit to admire more than ever so exalted a distinguisher? It is not. I cannot plead it.

What hope have I left, may it be faid, when my address was before rejected, now, that your sufferings, so nobly borne, have, with all good judges, exalted your character? Yet, Madam, I have to pride myself in this, That while your friends, (not looking upon you in the just light I do) persecute and banish you; while your fortune and estate is with-held from you, and threatened (as I know)

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be with-held, as long as the chicaning Law, or rather ne chicaneriers of its practicers, can keep it from you: Vhile you are destitute of protection; every body standing oof, either thro' fear of the injurer of one family, or of e hard-hearted of the other; I pride myself, I say, to nd forth, and offer my fortune, and my life, at your votion: With a felfish hope indeed: I should be too eat an hypocrite not to own this: And I know how uch you abhor infincerity in grouns , I starty , early have

But, whether you encourage that hope or not, accept y best fervices, I befeech you, Madam: And be pleased excuse me for a piece of hone flart, which the nature of e case, (doubting the honour of your notice otherwise)

akes me choose to conclude with—It is this:

If I am to be still the most unhappy of men, let your m, by one line, tell me fo. If I am permitted to indulge hope, however distant, your filence shall be deemed by e, the happiest indication of it that you can give—Expt that fill happier—(the happiest that can befal me) a mification that you will accept the tender of that life and rtune, which it would be my pride, and my glory, to crifice in your service, leaving the reward to your felf. Be your determination as it may, I must for ever adire and love you! Nor will I ever change my condition. hile you live, whether you change yours or not: For ving once had the prefumption to address You, I cannot op to think of any other woman: And this I folemnly clare in the presence of that God, whom I daily pray to els and protect you, be your determination what it will th regard to, dearest Madam, TOOVET OF HIERS MIN SVISOS

ur most devoted and ever-affectionate and faithful Servant, INCREASE WINDER WYERLEY OF YOUR SING TO YOUR

specieis character! Is it any mest to admire more than

sver fo exalted XIXs up Ar Ar Tar Tar I and t plead it What hope have I lett, may it be two, when my are

lis CL. HARLOWE, To ALEX. WYERLEY, Esq; S. I. R., with all good judger, exalted you, 26 . Mar.

HE generofity of your purpose would have commanded not only my notice, but my thanks, altho u had not given me the alternative you are pleased to el enemandatores, and a month building acalibie call artful. And I do therefore give you my thanks for your kind letter.

At the time you distinguished me by your favourable opinion, I told you, Sir, that my choice was the single life.

And most truly did I tell you so.

When that was not permitted me, and I looked round upon the feveral gentlemen who had been proposed to me, and had reason to believe that there was not one of them against whose morals or principles there lay not some exception, it would not have been much to be wondered at, if Fancy bad been allowed to give a preference, where Indoment was at a loss to determine.

Far be it from me to fay this with a defign to upbraid you, Sir, or to reflect upon you. I always wished you well. You had reason to think I did. You had the generosity to be pleased with the frankness of my behaviour to you; as I had with that of yours to me: And I am sorry to be now told, that the acquiescence you obliged me with, gave you

fo much pain.

Had the option I have mentioned been allowed me afterwards, (as I not only wished but proposed) things had not happened that did happen. But there was a kind of fatality, by which our whole family was impelled, as I may say; and which none of us were permitted to avoid. But

this is a subject that cannot be dwelt upon.

As matters are, I have only to wish, for your own sake, that you will encourage and cultivate those good motions in your mind, to which many passages in your kind and generous letter now before me, must be owing. Depend upon it, Sir, that such motions wrought into habit, will yield you pleasure at a time when nothing else can. And at present, shining out in your actions and conversation, will commend you to the worthiest of our Sex. For, Sir, the man who is good upon choice, as well as by education, has that quality in himself, which ennobles the human race, and without which the most dignished by birth or rank are ignoble.

As to the resolution you so solemnly make not to many while I live, I should be concerned at it, were I not morally sure, that you may keep it, and yet not be detrimented by it. Since a few, a very few days, will con-

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vince you, that I am got above all human dependenceand that there is no need of that protection and favour, which you fo generously offer to, Sir,

Your obliged Well-wisher, and humble Servant, CL. HARLOWS.

LETTER XX. wo constant to

Mr. LOVELACE, To J. BELFORD, Efq;

Monday noon, Aug. 28.

A BOUT the time of poor Belton's interrment last night, as near as we could guess, Lord M, Mowbray and myself toasted once, To the memory of bonest Tom Belton; and, by a quick transition to the living, Health to Miss Harlowe; which Lord M. obligingly began, and, To the happy reconciliation; and then we stuck in a remembrance To bonest Jack Belsord, who, of late, we all agreed, was become an useful and humane man; preferring his friend's service to his own.

But what is the meaning I hear nothing from thee, (a)? And why dost thou not let me into the grounds of the sudden reconciliation between my beloved and her friends, and the cause of the generous invitation which she gives me of attending her at her father's some time hence?

Thou must certainly have been let into the secret by this time; and I can tell thee. I shall be plaguy jealous, if there be any one thing pass between my Angel and Thee, that is to be concealed from me. For either I am a principal in this cause, or I am nothing. I have dispatched Will, to know the reason of thy neglect.

But, let me whisper a word or two in thy ear. I begin to be assaud, after all, that this letter was a stratagem to get me out of town, and for nothing else: for, in the strik place, Tourville, in a letter I received this morning, tells me, that the lady is actually very ill—[I am sorry for it with all my soul!] This, thou'lt say, I may think a reason, why she cannot set out as yet: But then, I have heard, on the other hand, but last night, that the family is as implacable as ever; and my Lord and I expect this very afternoon a visit from Colonel Morden; who undertakes, Vol. VII.

⁽a) Mr. Belford had not yet sent him his last-written letter. His reason for which see p. 44, 45.

it feems, to quellion me as to my intention with regard to his countril me I bus a noticollede and asken to a boar I

This convinces me, that if the bas apprifed them of my offers to her, they will not believe me to be in earnest, till they are assured that I am fo from my own mouth. And then I understand, that the intended visit is an officiousness of Morden's own, without the desire of any of her friends.

Now, Jack, what can a man make of all this? My intelligence as to the continuance of her family's implacableness is not to be doubted; and yet when I read her letter, what can one say? Surely, the dear little rogue will

And how would it found, to put the case as fit oil ton

I never knew her dispense with her word, but once? And that was, when she promised to forgive me, after the dreadful ful fire that had like to have happened at our mother's, and yet would not see me next day, and afterwards made her escape to Hamstead, in order to avoid forgiving me? And as she severely smarted for this departure from her homour given (for it is a fad thing for good people to break their word, when it is in their power to keep it) one would not expect, that she should set about deceiving again; more especially by the premeditation of writing. You, perhaps, will ask, What honest man is obliged to keep his promise with a highwayman? for well I know your unmannerly way of making comparisons: But I say, every honest man is—And I will give you an illustration.

Here is a marauding variet, who demands your money, with his piftol at your breast. You have neither money nor valuable effects about you; and promife folerally, if he will spare your life, that you will fend him an agreed-upon sum by such a day, to such a place. The question is, If

your life is not in the fellow's power has aid ni om bevissed

How he came by the power is another question? for which he must answer with bir life, when caught to he

runs rifque for rifque! Sand tont es rated and medt went or

Now if he gives you your life, does he not give, think you, a valuable confideration for the money you engage to your honour to fend him? If not, the fum must be exored bitant conyour life is a very patry one, even in your low own opinions, name beauties as so may analog to and one of the control of the c

withed you to be in. exulted the others with the

I need not make the application; and I am fure, that even thou thyfelf, who never fpareft me, and thinkest thou knowest my heart by thy own, canst not possibly put the cale in a stronger light against mere I say bould six yet

Then, why do good people take upon themselves to censure, as they do, persons less scrupulous than them felves? Is it not because the latter allow themselves in any liberty, in order to carry a point? And can my not doing my duty, warrant another for not doing bis? Thou wilt

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And how would it found, to put the case as strongly once more, as my greatest enemy would put it, both as to fact and in words; Here has that profligate wretch Lovelace broken his vow with and deceived Miss Clariffa Harlowe-A vile fellow I would an enemy fay: But it is like him. But when it comes to be faid, that the pious Mis Clariffa Harlowe has broken her word with and deceived Lovelace; Good Lord! would every one fay! Sure it their word, when it is in their power to keep it and some

Upon my foul, Jack, fuch is the veneration I have for this admirable woman, that I am shocked barely at putting the case; and so wilt thou, if thou respectest her as thou oughtest: For thou knowest, that men and women all the world over, form their opinions of one another, by each person's professions and known practices. In this lady therefore it would be as unpardonable to tell a wilful untruth, as it would be strange if I kept my word. - In Lovecases, I mean for as to the rest, I am an honest moral

man, as all who know me can testify at still move and live

And what, after all, would this lady deferve if the has deceived me in this case? For did she not set me prancing or away upon Lord M's best mag, to Lady Sarah's, and to Lady Betty's, with an erect and triumphing countenance, to shew them her letter to me? And I have received their congratulations upon it: Well, and now, Coufin Lovelace, cries one; Well and now, cousin Lovelace, cries tother; ov I hope you'll make the best of husbands to so excellent and or to forgiving a lady! And now we shall foon have the pleased fure of looking upon you as a reformed man, added one ! wo And now we shall see you in the way we have so long wished you to be in, exulted the other!

My coufins Montague also have been ever fince rejoicing in the new relationship. Their charming cousin, and their lovely coufin, at every word !—And how dearly they will love her !- What lesions will they take from her !- And yet Charlotte, who pretends to have the eye of an eagle. was for finding out some mystery in the style and manner, till I overbore her, and laughed her out of it.

As for Lord M. he has been in hourly expectation of being fent to with proposals of one fort or other from the Harlowes: And still will have it, that such proposals will be made by Colonel Morden when he comes; and that the Harlowes only put on a face of irreconcileablenels, till they know the issue of Morden's visit, in order to make

the better terms with us.

Indeed, if I had not undoubted reason, as I said, to believe the continuance of their antipathy to me, and implacableness to ber. I should be apt to think there might be some foundation for my Lord's conjecture; for there is a curfed deal of low cunning in all that family, except in the angel of it, who has to much generofity of foul,

that the despites cunning, both name and thing.

What I mean by all This, is, to let thee fee, what a stupid figure I should make to all my own family, if my Clarissa has been capable, as Gulliver in his abominable Yahoo-story phrases it, of saying the thing that is not. By my foul, Jack, if it were only that I should be out-witted by fuch a novice at plotting, and that it would make me look filly to my kinfwomen here, who know I value myfelf upon my contrivances, it would vex me to the heart: and I would instantly clap a feather-bed into a coach and fix, and fetch her away, fick or well, and marry her at my leifure. Do

But Col. Morden is come, and I must break off.

LETTER XXI.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, E/q;

Monday Night, Aug. 28.

Doubt you will be all impatience, that you have not heard from me fince mine of Thursday last. You would be still more so, if you knew that I had by me a letter ready-written. greted; for I had feared as much when I left

her on Saturday,

Mi coutins Montagueallo Mave been ever fince rejoicing Miss Clariffa Harlowe.

I went early yesterday morning to Epsom; and found every thing disposed according to the directions I had left on Friday; and at night the folemn office was performed. Tourville was there; and behaved very decently, and with greater concern than I thought he would ever have

expressed for any body. Thomasine, they rold me, in a kind of difguise, was in an obscure pew, out of curiosity for it seems she was far from shewing any tokens of grief) to see the last office performed for the man whose heart she had so largely contributed to break.

I was obliged to flav till this afternoon, to fettle feveral necessary matters, and to direct inventories to be taken. in order for appraisement; for every thing is to be turned into money, by his will. I presented his fifter with the 100 guineas the poor man left me as his executor, and defired her to continue in the house, and take the direction of every thing, till I could hear from his nephew at Antigua, who is beir at law. He had left her but to haltho' he knew her indigence; and that it was owing to a vile husband, and not to herfelf, that she was indigent.

The poor man left about 2001. in money, and 2001. in two East-India bonds; and I will contrive, if I can, to make up the poor woman's 50/. and my 100 guineas, 200/. to her; and then she will have some little matter coming in certain, which I will oblige her to keep out of the hands of a fon, who has compleated that ruin which his fix, and fetch her away

father had very near effected.

I gave Tourville his 201. and will fend you and Mowbray yours by the first order. And so much for poor Bel-

ton's affairs till I fee you.

I got to town in the evening, and went directly to Smith's. I found Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith in the back-shop, and I saw they had been both in tears. They rejoiced to see me, however, and told me, that the doctor and Mr. Goddard were but just gone; as was also the worthy clergyman, who often comes to pray by her; and all three were of opinion, that the would hardly live to fee the entrance of another week. I was not fo much furprised as grieved; for I had feared as much when I lest her on Saturday.

I fent up my compliments; and she returned, that she would take it for a favour if I would call upon her in the morning, by eight o'clock. Mrs. Lovick told me, That she had fainted away on Saturday, while she was writing, as she had done likewise the day before; and having received benefit then by a little turn in a chair, she was carried abroad again. She returned somewhat better; and wrote till late; yet had a pretty good night; and went to Covent-garden church in the morning: But came home so ill, that she was obliged to lie down.

When she arose, seeing how much grieved Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith were for her, she made apologies for the trouble she gave them—You were happy, said she, before I came hither. It was a cruel thing in me to come among

honest strangers, and to be fick, and die with you.

When they touched upon the irreconcileableness of her friends, she faid, She had ill offices done her to them, and they did not know how ill the was, nor would they believe any thing she should write. But yet she could not but sometimes think it a little hard, that she should have To many near and dear friends living, and not one to look upon her-No old servant, no old friend, she said, to be permitted to come near her, without being fure of incurring displeasure; and to have such a great work to go thro' by herself, a young creature as she was, and to have every thing to think of as to her temporal matters, and to order, to her very interrment! No dear mother, faid he, to pray by me and bless me !- No kind fifter to footh and comfort me!-But come, faid she, how do I know but all is for the best-If I can but make a right use of the difpensation?—Pray for me, Mrs. Lovick—Pray for me, Mrs. Smith, that I may-I have great need of your prayers.-This cruel man has discomposed me. His persecutions have given me a pain just here—putting her hand to her heart. What a step has he made me take to avoid him !-Who can touch pitch, and not be defiled? He has made a bad spirit take possession of me, I think-Broken in upon all my duties. And will not yet, I doubt, let me be at reft. Indeed he is very cruet. - But, this is one of my trials, I believe. By God's grace I shall be easier to-morrow, and especially if I have no more of his tormentings, and if I can can get a tolerable night. And I will fit up till eleven, that I may. (a) Sec p. da.

She said, That tho' this was so heavy a day with her, the was at other times, within thefe few days past especially, bleffed with bright hours; and particularly, that she had now-and-then such joyful affurances (which she hoped were not prefumptuous ones.) that God would receive her to his mercy, that the could hardly contain herfelf, and was ready to think herfelf above this earth while the was in it: And what, inferred the to Mrs. Lovick, must be the state itself, the very aspirations after which, have often cast a beamy light thro' the thickest darkness, and when I have been at the lowest ebb, have dispelled the black clouds of despondency ?- As I hope they soon will this fpirit of repining.

went in a chair to St. Dunstan's church. wat nod W.

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The chairmen told Mrs. Smith, that after prayers [for the did not return till between nine and ten) they carried her to a house in Fleet-street, where they never waited on her before. And where dost think this was? - Why, to an Undertaker's ! Good God! what a woman is this! She went into the back-shop, and talked with the master of it about half an hour, and came from him with great ferenity; he waiting upon her to her chair with a respectful countenance, but full of curiofity and feriousness.

Tis evident, that she then went to bespeak her house that she talked of (a). - As soon as you can, Sir, were her words to him as she got into the chair. Mrs. Smith told me this with the fame furprize, and grief, that I heard it.

She was fo ill in the afternoon, having got cold either at St. Dunstan's or at chapel, that she sent for the clergyman to pray by her; and the women, unknown to her, fent both for Dr. H. and Mr. Goddard: Who were just gone, as I told you, when I came to pay my respects to her this evening.

And thus I have recounted from the good women what

passed to this night since my absence. The sales single bad

I long for to-morrow, that I may fee her: And yet 'tis such a melancholy longing, as I never experienced, and know not how to describe.

Tuesday, Aug. 29:00 I was at Smith's at half an hour after feven. They E 4

told me, that the lady was gone in a chair to St. Dunstan's; but was better than she had been in either of the two preceding days; and faid to Mrs Lovick and Mrs. Smith, as fhe went into the chair, I have a good deal to answer for to you, my good friends, for my vapourith conversation of fait night,

If, Mrs. Lovick, faid the fmiling, I have no new matters to discompose me, I believe my spirits will hold out

purely? 718 07

She returned immediately after prayers, our 101 selA Mr. Belford, faid the, as the entered the back-thop where I was, and upon my approaching her, I am very glad to fee you. You have been performing for your poor friend a kind last office. 'Tis not long ago, fince you did the fame for a hear relation. Is it not a little hard upon you, that these troubles should fall so thick to your lot ? But they are charitable offices: And it is a praise to your humanity, that poor dying people know not where to choose so well.

I told her I was forry to hear she had been so ill since I had the honour to attend her; but rejoiced to find, that

now she seemed a good deal better.

It will be fometimes better, and fometimes worse, re-plied she, with poor creatures, when they are balancing between life and death. But no more of these matters just now. I hope, Sir, you'll breakfast with me. I was quite vapourish yesterday. I had a very bad spirit upon me, Had I not, Mrs. Smith? But I hope I shall be no more so. And to day I am perfectly serene. This day rises upon me as if it would be a bright one.

She defired me to walk up, and invited Mr. Smith and his wife, and Mrs. Lovick also, to breakfast with her, I was better pleafed with her livelines than with her looks.

The good people retiring after breakfast, the following

conversation passed between us.

Pselionon

Pray, Sir, let me ask you, faid she, if you think I may promise myself that I shall be no more molested by your

I hefitated: For how could I answer for such a man? What shall I do, if he comes again? - You see how I am. -I cannot fly from him now -If he has any pity left for the poor creature whom he has thus reduced, let him

on ac u to myletf - Indeed, Mindam, I can find nothing but that you are going down to Harlowe-place to be re

not come. -But have you heard from him lately? And will he come?

I hope not, Madam; I have not heard from him fince Thursday last, that he went out of town, rejoicing in the hopes your letter gave him of a reconciliation between your friends and you, and that he might in good time fee you at your father's; and he is gone down to give all his friends joy of the news, and is in high spirits upon it.

Alas for me! I shall then furely have him come up to persecute me again! As soon as he discovers that That was only a stratagem to keep him away, he will come up; and who knows but even now he is upon the road? I thought I was fo bad, that I should have been out of his and every body's way before now; for I expected not, that this contrivance would ferve me above two or three days; and by this time he must have found out, that I am not so happy as to have any hope of a reconciliation with my family; and then he will come, if it be only in revenge for what he will think a deceit.

I believe I looked surprised to hear her confess that her letter was a stratagem only; for the faid, You wonder, Mr. Belford, I observe, that I could be guilty of such an artifice. I doubt it is not right: But how could I fee a manwho had fo mortally injured me; yet, pretending forrow for his crimes, and wanting to fee me, could behave with so much shocking levity, as he did to the honest people of the house? Yet, 'tis strange too, that neither you nor hen found out my meaning on peruial of my letter. You have

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I have, Madam. And then I began to account for it, was an immeent artified as an innocent artifice

This far indeed, Sir, it is innocent, that I meant him no hurt, and had a right to the effect I hoped for from it; and he had none to invade me. But have you. Sir, that letter of his, in which he gives you (as I suppose he does) the copy of mine?

I have, Madam. And pulled it out of my letter-cafe.

But hefitating—Nay, Sir, faid she, he pleased to read my letter to yourself-I defire not to see his and see if you can be longer a stranger to a meaning so obvious.

I read it to myself-Indeed, Madam, I can find nothing but that you are going down to Harlowe-place to be re-

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conciled

conciled to your father and other friends: And Mr. Lovelace prefumed that a letter from your fifter, which he faw brought when he was at Mr. Smith's, gave you the welcome news of it. have I controve and the dainy pay but

Words A religious meaning is couched under it, and that's the reason that neither you nor I could find it out.

Read but for my father's bouse, Heaven, said she, and for the interposition of my dear blessed friend, suppose the Mediation of my Saviour; which I humbly rely upon ; and all the rest of the letter will be accounted for:

I read it fo, and flood aftonished for a minute at her invention, her piety, her charity, and at thine and my own

Supidity, to be thos taken in battle to shim but sail as

And now, thou vile Lovelace, what hast thou to do, (the lady all confistent with herself, and no hopes left for thee) but to hang, drown, or shoot thyself, for an out-witted triumpher?

My furprize being a little over, the proceeded: As to the letter that came from my fifter while your friend was here, you will foon fee, Sir, that it is the cruelest letter the

gers, would have completed asy nard hims . sm story rava

And then the expressed a deep concern for what might be the consequence of Col. Morden's intended visit to you; and belought me, that if now, or at any time hereaster, I had opportunity to prevent any further mischief, without detriment or danger to myself, I would do it.

I affired her of the most particular attention to this and to all her commands; and that in a manner so agreeable to her, that she invoked a blessing upon me for my goodness, as she called it, to a desolate creature who suffered under the worst of orphanage; those were her words.

She then went back to her first subject, her uneasiness for fear of your molesting her again; and said, If you have any influence over him, Mr. Belford, prevail upon him, that he will give me the assurance, that the short remainder of my time shall be all my own. I have need of it. Indeed I have. Why will he wish to interrupt me in my duty? Has he not punished me enough for my preference of him to all his fex? Has he not destroyed my same and my fortune? And will not his causeless vengeance upon

Y'U

me, Sir, this vehemence I But indeed it greatly imports me, to know that I shall be no more disturbed by him. And yet, with all this aversion, I would sooner give way to his visit, tho' I were to expire the moment I saw him, than to be the cause of any fatal misunderstanding between you and him. Dan blood too Boy taking the same of the same

of the matter to you, and of the state of her health, that I would undertake to answer for you, that you would not

attempt to come near here ad the restel on to fier sit He

And for this reason, Lovelace, do I lay the whole matter before you, and desire you will authorize me, as soon as this and mine of Saturday last come to your hands, to

And now thou vile Lovelace, whaterast rad stagistion

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This gave her a little fatisfaction; and then she said, that had I not told her I could promise for you, she was determined, ill as she is, to remove somewhere out of my knowlege as well as out of yours. And yet, to have been obliged to leave people I am but just got acquainted with, said the poor lady, and to have died among perfect strangers, would have completed my hardships.

This conversation, I found, as well from the length, as the nature of it, had fatigued her; and seeing her change colour once or twice. I made that my excele, and took leave of her: Desiring her permission to attend her in the evening; and as often as possible; for I could not help telling her, that every time I saw her, I more and more considered her as a beatised spirit; and as one sent from heaven to draw me after her out of the miry gulph

in which I had been for long immerfed on ant as a lambour

And laugh at me, if thou wilt; but it is true, that every time I approach her; I cannot but look upon her, as one just entering into a companionship with saints and angels. This thought so wholly possessed me, that I could not help begging, as I went away, her prayers and her blessing; and that with the reverence due to an angel, and with an earnestness like That, which expecting intimates manifest, when they seeks to make an interest with a person, who is just exalted into a prime degree of power, by the favour of his prince.

In the evening, she was so low and weak, that I took
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my

my leave of her, in less than a quarter of an hour. went directly home. Where, to the pleasure and wonder of my coufin and her family, I now pass many honest evenings: Which they impute to your being out of town.

I shall dispatch my packet to-morrow morning early by my own fervant, to make you amends for the suspence I must have kept you in : You'll thank me for that, I hope; but will not, I am fure, for fending your fervant back

without a letter.

air, Madam, ma I long for the particulars of the conversation between you and Mr: Morden: The lady, as I have hinted, is full of apprehensions about it. Send me back this packet when perused, for I have not had either time or patience to take a copy of it. - And I befeech you enable me to make good my engagements to the poor lady that you will not inwould be have them lengthened, I would coming rand base

Mr. Belford, To Robert Lovelace, Egg.

Wednesday, Aug. 30. ben

HAVE a conversation to give you that passed between this admirable lady and Dr. H. which will furnish a new instance of the calmness and serenity with which the can talk of death, and prepare for it, as if it were an occurrence as familiar to her as dreffing and undreffing.

As foon as I had dispatched my servant to you with my letters of the 26th, 28th, and yesterday the 20th, I went to pay my duty to her, and had the pleasure to find her. after a tolerable night, pretty lively and chearful. She was but just returned from her usual devotions. And Doctor H.

alighted as the entered the door.

After enquiring how the did, and hearing her complaints of shortness of breath (which she attributed to inward decay, precipitated by her late haraffes, as well from her friends as from you) he was for advising her to go into the air.

what will that do for me, faid she? Tell me truly, good Sir, with a chearful afpect, (you know you cannot diffurb me by it) whether now you do not put on the true

physician : A la the effecting, the was to low and weak, that I ABBE

physician; and, despairing that any thing in medicine will help me, advise me to the air, as the last resource ?- Can you think the air will avail in such a malady as mine? He was filentined above of sugari

I alk, faid the, because my friends (who will possibly fome time hence inquire after the means I used for my recovery) may be fatisfied that I omitted nothing which fo worthy and fo skilful a physician prescribed?

The air, Madam, may possibly help the difficulty of

breathing, which has fo lately attacked you.

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But, Sir, you fee how weak I am. You must fee that I have been confuming from day to day; and now, if I can judge by what I feel in myfelf, putting her hand to her heart, I cannot continue long. If the air would very probably add to my days, the I am far from being defirous to have them lengthened, I would go into it; and the rather, as I know Mrs. Lovick would kindly accompany me. But if I were to be at the trouble of removing into new lodgings (a trouble which I think now would be too much for me) and this only to die in the country, I had rather the scene were to be shut up here. For here have I meditated the spot, and the manner, and every thing, as well of the minutest as of the highest consequence that can attend the folemn moments. So, Doctor, tell me truly, May I flay here, and be clear of any imputations of curtailing, thro wilfulness or impatiency, or thro refentments which I hope I am got above, a life that might otherwise be prolonged?—Tell me, Sir, you are not talking to a coward in this respect; indeed you are not !- Unaffectedly fmiling.

The doctor turning to me, was at a loss what to fay,

lifting up his eyes only in admiration of her.

Never had any patient, faid she, a more indulgent and more humane physician—But fince you are loth to answer my question directly, I will put it in other words. don't injoin me to go into the air, Doctor, do you

I do not, Madam. Nor do I now vifit you as a physician; but as a person whose conversation I admire, and whose sufferings I condole. And to explain myself more directly, as to the occasion of this day's visit in particular, I must tell you, Madam, that, understanding how much

you suffer by the displeasure of your friends; and having no doubt, but that if they knew the way you are in, they would alter their conduct to you; and believing it must cut them to the heart, when too late they shall be informed of every thing; I have resolved to apprise them by letter (stranger as I am to their persons) how necessary it is for some of them to attend you very speedily. For their sakes, Madam, let me press for your approbation of this measure.

She paused, and at last said, This is kind, very kind, in you, Sir. But I hope that you do not think me so perverse, and so obstinate, as to have lest till now any means unessayed, which I thought likely to move my friends in my favour. But now, Doctor, said she, I should be too much disturbed at their grief, if they were any of them to come or to send to me: And, perhaps, if I sound they still loved me, wish to live; and so should quit unwillingly that life, which I am now really fond of quitting, and hope to quit, as becomes a person who has had such a weaning-time as I have been favoured with.

I hope, Madam, faid I, we are not so near as you apprehend, to that deplorable deprivation you hint at with such an amazing presence of mind. And therefore I presume to second the doctor's motion, if it were only for the sake of your father and mother, that they may have the satisfaction, if they must lose you, to think, they

were first reconciled to you.

It is very kindly, very humanely confidered, faid she. But, if you think me not to very near my last hour y let me defire this may be postponed till I see what effect my cousin Morden's mediation may have. Perhaps he may vouchfafe to make me a visit yet, after his intended interview with Mr. Lovelace is over; of which, who knows, Mr. Belford, but your next letters may give an account he I hope it will not be a fatal one to any body !-- Will you promise me, Doctor, to forbear writing for two days only, and I will communicate to you any thing that occurs in that time; and then you shall take your own way? Mean time, I repeat my thanks for your goodness to me. Nay, dear Doctor, hurry not away from me fo precipitately (for he was going for fear of an offered fee) I will no more affront you with tenders that have pained you for some time past: And

And fince I must now, from this kindly offered favour, look upon you only as a friend, I will assure you hence-forth, that I will give you no more uneafiness on that head: And now, Sir, I know I shall have the pleasure of seeing you oftener than heretofore.

The worthy gentleman was pleased with this assurance, telling her, that he had always come to see her with great pleasure, but parted with her, on the account she hinted at with as much pain; and that he should not have forborn to double his visits, could he have had this kind assurance.

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There are few instances of like disinterestedness, I doubt, in this tribe. Till now I always held it for gospel, That friendship and physician were incompatible things; and little imagined, that a man of medicine, when he had given over his patient to death, would think of any visits but those of ceremony, that he might stand well with the family, against it came to their turns to go thro' his turnpike.

After the Doctor was gone, she fell into a very serious discourse of the vanity of life, and the wisdom of preparing for death, while health and trength remained, and before the infirmities of body impaired the faculties of the mind, and disabled them from acting with the necessary efficacy and clearness: The whole calculated for everyone's meridian, but particularly, as it was easy to observe, for Thine and Mine.

She was very curious to know further particulars of the behaviour of poor Belton in his last moments. You must not wonder at my inquiries, Mr. Belford, said she; for who is it that is to undertake a journey into a country they never travelled to before, that inquires not into the difficulties of the road, and what accommodations are to be expected in the way?

I gave her a brief account of the poor man's terrors, and unwillingness to die: And when I had done a Thus, Mr. Belford, said she, must it always be, with poor souls who have never thought of their long voyage till the mo-

ment they are to imbark for it. of saland you tee on 1 come

She made such other observations upon this subject, as coming from the mouth of a person who will so soon be a companion for angels, I shall never forget. And indeed,

when I went home, that I might ingraft them the better on my memory, I entered them down in writing: But I will not let you see them until you are in a frame more proper to benefit by them, than you are likely to be in one while.

Thus far I had written, when the unexpected early return of my fervant with your packet (yours and he meeting at Slough, and exchanging letters) obliged me to leave of to give its contents a reading.—Here, therefore, I close this letter.

for her, What her what her grandamer bad dougles

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Efq. of Tuefday morn. Aug. 29.

OW, Jack, will I give thee an account of what passed on occasion of the visit made us by Col. Morden, He came on horseback, attended by one servant; and Lord M. received him as a relation of Miss Harlowe's, with

the highest marks of civility and respect,

After some general talk of the times, and of the weather, and such nonfense as Englishmen generally make their introductory topics to conversation, the Colonel addressed

himself to Lord M. and to me, as follows:

I need not, my Lord, and Mr. Lovelace, as you know the relation I bear to the Harlowe family, make any apology for entering upon a subject, which, on account of that relation, you must think is the principal reason of the honour I have done myself in this visit.

Mis Plarlowe, Mis Clariffa Harlowe's affair, said Lord M. with his usual forward bluntness. That, Sir, is what you mean. She is, by all accounts, the most ex-

cellent woman in the world.

I am glad to hear that is your Lordship's opinion of her

It is every one's.

It is not only my opinion, Col. Morden (proceeded the praceing peer) but it is the opinion of all my family. Of my fifters, of my nieces, and of Mr. Lovelace himself.

Col. Would to heaven it had been always Mr. Love-

lace's opinion of her!

Lovel. You have been out of England, Colonel, a good many

many years. Perhaps you are not yet fully apprifed of all

the particulars of this cafe.

Col. I have been out of England, Sir, about feven years. My coufin Clary Harlowe was then about twelve years of are: But never was there at twenty fo discreet, fo prudent, and so excellent a creature. All that knew her, or faw her, admired her. Mind and person, never did I fee fuch promises of perfection in any young lady: And I am told, nor is it to be wondered at, that as the advanced to maturity, she more than justified and made good those promises. -Then, as to fortune - what her father, what her uncles, and what I myfelf intended to do for her, befides what her grandfather had done -There is not a finer fortune in the county, 13 vol.

Lovel. All this, Colonel, and more than this, is Miss Clariffa Harlowe; and had it not been for the implacable. ness and violence of her family, (all resolved to push her upon a match as unworthy of her, as hateful to her) the

had still been happy.

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Col. I own, Mr. Lovelace, the truth of what you observed just now, that I am not thoroughly acquainted with all that has passed between you and my cousin. But permit me to lay, that when I first heard that you made your addresses to her, I knew but of one objection against you. That, indeed, a very great one: And upon a letter fent me, I gave her my free opinion upon the subject (c). But had it not been for that, I own, that in my private mind, here could not have been a more fuitable match : For you are a gallant gentleman, graceful in your person, easy and genteel in your deportment, and in your family, fortunes, and expectations happy as a man can with to be. Then ! he knowlege I had of you in Italy (altho' give me leave o fay, your conduct there was not wholly unexceptionble) convinces me, that you are brave: And few gentlenen come up to you in wit and vivacity. Your educaion has given you great advantages; your manners are enlaging, and you have travelled; and I know, if you'll xcuse me, you make better observations than you are goerned by. All these qualifications make it not at all furpring, that a young lady should love you : And that this love baniot You have been out of England 328 .q ,111 .loV (6)

joined to that indifcreet warmth wherewith my couffel friends would have forced her inclinations in favour of men who are far your inferiors in the qualities I have named should throw her upon your protection: But then, if there were thefe two ftrong motives, the one to induce, the other to impel her, let me alk you, Sir, If the were not doubly intitled to generous usage from a man whom the chose for her protector; and whom, let me take the liberty to fay, the could to amply reward for the protection he was to afford her ?

Lovel. Miss Clarissa Harlowe was intitled, Sir, to the best usage that man could give her! I have no scruple to own it. I will always do her the juffice the fo well deferves. II know what will be your inference; and have only to fay, That time past cannot be recalled. Perhaps min the inters and drughters of others

I wish it could.

The Colonel then in a very manly strain set forth the wickedness of attempting a woman of virtue, and character. He faid, that men had generally too many advantages over the weakness, credulity, and inexperience of the fair fex, who were too apt to be hurried into acts precipitation by their reading inflaming novels, and ide romances; that his coulin, however, he was fure, was above the reach of common feduction, or to be influenced to the rashness her parents accused her of, by weaker mo tives than their violence, and the most solemn promises on my part: But, nevertheless, baving those motives, and her prudence (eminent as it was) being rather the effect of constitution than experience (a fine advantage, however, he faid, to ground an unblameable future life upon the might not be apprehensive of bad designs, in a man she loved: It was, therefore, a very heinous thing to about the confidence of fuch a lady. The work work

He was going on in this trite manner: But, interrupting him, I faid; These general observations, Colonel, perhap, fuit not this particular cafe. But you yourfelf are a man of gallantry; and, possibly, were you to be put to the question, might not be able to vindicate every action of

your life, any more thand. nadnut with yet illiv I

Cal. You are welcome, Sir, to put what questions you hale y received from her implacable relation please to me. And, I thank God, I can both own and be

ashamed of my errors.

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Lord M. looked at me; but as the Colonel did not by his manner feem to intend a reflexion, I had no occasion to take it for one; especially as I can as readily own my errors, as he, or any man can his, whether assumed of them or not

He proceeded. As you feem to call upon me, Mr. Lovelace, I will tell you (without boafting of it) what has been my general practice, till lately, that I hope I

have reformed it a good deal.

I have taken liberties, which the Laws of Morality will by no means justify; and once I should have thought myfelf warranted to cut the throat of any young fellow, who should make as free with a fifter of mine; as I have made with the fifters and daughters of others. But then I took care never to promife any thing I intended not to perform. A modest ear should as soon have heard downright obscenity from my lips, as matrimony, if I had not intended it. Young ladies are generally ready enough to believe we mean honourably, if they love us; and it would look like a frange affront to their virtue and charms, that it should be supposed needful to put the question whether in your address you mean a wife. But when once a man makes a promise, I think it ought to be performed; and a woman is well warranted to appeal to every one against the perfidy of a deceiver; and is always fure to have the world of her fide.

Now, Sir, continued he, I believe you have so much honour as to own, that you could not have made way to so eminent a virtue, without promising marriage; and that very explicitly and solemnly—

I know very well, Colonel, interrupted I, all you would fay—You will excuse me, I am sure, that I break in upon you, when you find it is to answer the end you drive at.

I own to you then, that I have acted very unworthily by Miss Clarissa Harlowe; and I'll tell you further, that I heartily repeat of my ingratitude and baseness to her. Nay, I will say still further, that I am so grouly culpable as to her, that even to plead, that the abuses and affronts I daily received from her implacable relations, were in any manner

Miss Clariffa Harlowe,

manner a provocation to me to act vilely by her, would be a mean and low attempt to excuse myself-So low and fo mean, that it would doubly condemn me. And if we can fay worse, speak it, and say the say the

He look'd upon Lord M. and then upon me, two three times. And my Lord faid, My kinfman speaks who he thinks, I'll answer for him.

Lovel. I do, Sir; and what can I fay more? And

what further, in your opinion, can be done?

Col. Done! Sir? Why, Sir, (in a haughty tone he fpoke) I need not tell you that reparation follows reper tance. And I hope you make no scruple of justifying your fincerity as to the one, by the other. It of od of the

I hefitated (for I relished not the manner of his speed) and his haughty accent) as undetermined whether to take

proper notice of it, or not. ad the standard of by the ad

Col. Let me put this question to you, Mr. Lovelace :-Is it true, as I have heard it is, That you would many my coufin, if the would have you?-What fay you, Siri-

This wound me up a peg higher?

Lovel. Some questions, as they may be put, imply on mands, Colonel. I would be glad to know how I am total yours? And what is to be the end of your interrogatories!

Col. My questions are not meant by me as command Mr. Lovelace. The end is, to prevail upon a gentlema to act like a gentleman, and a man of honour. aming

Lovel. (brifkly) And by what arguments, Sir, do to

propose to prevail upon me? ... to make tady existing

Col. By what arguments, Sir, prevail upon a gentlement to act like a gentleman! - I am surprised at That question Lovel. Why fo, Sir? How Les has a soig a so n from Mr. Lovelace.

Col. WHY so, Sir, (angrily)-Let me-

Lovel. (interrupting) I don't choose, Colonel, to bete peated upon, in that accent, a ser called and will be

Lord M. Come, come, gentlemen, I beg of you to be willing to understand one another. You young gentlemen took say as benoined both are fo warm -

Col. Not I, my Lord-I am neither very young, nor unduly warm. Your nephew, my Lord, can make me be every thing he would have me to be.

Lovel

Lovel. And that shall be, whatever you please to be, olonel.

Col. (fiercely) The choice be yours, Mr. Lovelace. riend or foe! as you do or are willing to do justice to

ne of the finest women in the world.

Lord M. I guess'd from both your characters, what ould be the case when you met. Let me interpose, genemen, and beg you but to understand one another. You th shoot at one mark; and if you are patient, will both tit. Let me beg of you, Colonel, to give no chalcan be done?

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Col. Challenges, my Lord!-They are things I ever as readier to accept than to offer. But does your Lordip think, that a man fo nearly related as I have the hoour to be to the most accomplished woman on earth-Lord M. (interrupting) We all allow the excellencies the lady-And we shall all take it as the greatest honour be ally'd to her that can be conferred upon us.

Con So you ought, my lord! A perfect Chamont ! thought I (a). 3150 1 25 ,501

Lord M. So we ought, Colonel! And so we do! - And ay let every one do as he ought! - and no more than he bt; and you, Colonel, let me tell you, will not be I would be glad to know how I am, what

Lovel. (coolly) Come, come, Col. Morden, don't let s dispute, whatever you intend to make of it, go farr than with you and me. You deliver yourfelf in very th terms. Higher than ever I was talked to in my life. there, beneath this roof, 'twould be inexculable for to take that notice of it, which perhaps it would beme me to take elsewhere.

Col. This is spoken as I wish the man to speak, whom should be pleased to call my friend, if all his actions re of a piece; and as I would have the man fpeak, om I would think it worth my while to call my foe. ove a man of spirit, as I love my foul. But, Mr. Lovee, as my Lord thinks we aim at one mark, let me fay, I were we permitted to be alone for fix minutes, I dare , we should foon understand one another perfectly well, And he moved to the door.

every thing he would have me to be

Lovel on I my level - I ain deither top court 4) See Otway's Orphan. The set medican most melecit

Lovel. I am intirely of your opinion, Sir, and will at

tend wou nob pay isn

My Lord rung, and stept between us; Colonel, return, I befeech you, faid he; for he had flept out of the room. while my Lord held me-Nephew, you shall not go out,

The bell, and my Lord's railed voice, brought in Mow. bray, and Clements, my lord's gentleman; the former in his careless way, with his hands behind him, What's the

matter. Bobby? What's the matter, my Lord?

Only, only, only, stammer'd the agitated peer, these young gentlemen are, are, are - roung gentlemen, that's all -Pray, Colonel Morden (who again entered the room, with a fedater aspect) let this cause have a fair tryal, I befeech you.

Col. With all my heart, my Lord.

Mowbray whisper'd me, What is the cause, Bobby ?-Shall I take the gentleman to talk, for thee, my boy

Not for the world, whilpered I. The Colonel is a gen-tleman, and I defire you'll not fay one word.

Well, well, well, Bobby, I have done. I can turn thee loofe to the best man upon God's earth, that's all, Bobby; strutting off to the other end of the room.

Col. I am forry, my Lord, I should give your Lordship

the least uneafiness. I came not with such a delign.

Lord M. Indeed, Colonel, I thought you did, by your taking fire so quickly. I am glad to hear you say you did not. How foon a little fark kindles into a flame; especially when it meets with fuch combustible spirits!

Col. If I had had the least thought of proceeding to extremities, I am fure Mr. Lovelace would have given me the honour of a meeting where I should have been less an intruder; but I came with an amicable intention; To reconcile differences, rather than to widen them.

Lovel. Well then, Col. Morden, let us enter upon the fubject in your own way. I don't know the man I should fooner choose to be upon terms with, than one whom Mis Clarissa Harlowe so much respects. But I cannot bear to be treated either in word or accent, in a menacing way.

Lord M. Well, well, well, gentlemen, this is some what like. Angry men make to themselves beds of nettles, and when they lie down in them, are uneasy with every body.

ody. But I hope you are friends. Let me hear you av ou are. - I am persuaded, Colonel, that you don't know Il this unhappy story. You don't know how desirous ny kiniman is, as well as all of us, to have this matter nd happily. You don't know, do you, Colonel, that Ir. Lovelace, at all our requests, is disposed to marry the

col. At all your requests, my Lord ?- I should have oped, that Mr. Loveiace was disposed to do justice, for e fake of justice; and when, at the same time, the doing

justice, was doing himself the highest honour.

Mowbray lifted up his before half-closed eyes to the olonel, and glanced them upon me. 1 (People 1978) of the

Lovel. This is in very high language, Colonel. nov does

Mowbr. By my foul, I thought for ven Ils di W 160

Col. High language, Mr. Lovelace? Is it not just lan-

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Shall I take the confleman to Lovel. It is, Colonel. And I think, the man that does nour to Miss Clarissa Harlowe, does me honour. Bury vertheless, there is a manner in speaking, that may be ble to exception, where the words, without that man-old r, can bear none moni and to bue radio and or the gains with

Cal. Your observation in the general is undoubtedly h; but if you have the value for my coufin, that you

you have, you must needs think - beabal An

Lovel. You must allow me, Sir, to interrupt you-Ir ave the value I say I have—I hope, Sir, when I say I ve that value, there is no room for that if, pronounced you pronounced it with an emphasis. bed bed I'll

Col. You have broken in upon me twice, Mr. Lovelace. m as little accustomed to be broken in upon, as you are

be repeated upon. Aldering

norader, but I came with an Lord M. Two barrels of gunpowder, by my connce; What a devil will it fignify talking, if thus you to blow one another up at every wry word?

lovel. No man of honour, my Lord, will be easy to e his veracity called in question, though but by impli-

on.

be treated either in word on ol. Had you heard me out, Mr. Lovelace, you would e found, that my if was rather an if of inference, than bubt. But 'tis, really, a strange liberty gentlemen of

free principles take who at the fame time that they would refent unto death the imputation of being capable of telling an untruth to a Man, will not feruple to break thro' the most folemn oaths and promises to a Woman. I must assure you, Mr. Lovelace, that I always made a conscience of my vows and promises. The the soul is an all the

Lovel. You did right, Colonel. But let me tell you Sir, that you know not the man you talk to, if you ima gine he is not able to rife to a proper refentment, whe he fees his generous confessions taken for a mark of bale

spiritedness.

Col. (warmly, and with a fneer) Far be it from me Mr. Lovelace, to impute to you the baseness of spirit vot speak of; for what would that be, but to imagine, that a man who has done a very flagrant injury, is not ready to shew his bravery in defending it-

Mowbr. This is damn'd fevere, Colonel. It is, by love. I could not take fo much at the hands of any man breath

ing as Mr. Lovelace before this took at yours.

Cal. Who are You, Sir? What pretence have you to interpose in a cause where there is an acknowleded gold on one fide, and the honour of a confiderable family wounded in the tenderest part by that guilt on the other?

Mowbr. (wbifpering to the Colonel.) My dear child, you will oblige me highly, if you will give me the opportunity of answering your question. And was going out

The Colonel was held in by my Lord. And I brought

in Mowbray.

Col. Pray, my good Lord, let me attend this officious gentleman. I beseech you do. I will wait upon your Lord

thip in three minutes, depend upon it.

Lovel. Mowbray, is this acting like a friend by me, to suppose me incapable of answering for myself? Am shall a man of honour and bravery, as I know Colonel Morden to be, (rash as perhaps in this visit he has shewn himself) have it to say, that he comes to my Lord M's house, in a manner naked as to attendants and friends, and shall not for That reason be rather borne with, than infulted? This moment, my dear Mowbray, leave us You have really no concern in this bufiness; and if you are my friend, I defire you'll ask the Colonel pardon for interfering in it in the manner you have done. Mowbr.

Movobr. Well, well, Bob; thou shale be arbiter in this matter. I know I have no business in it—And, Colonel, (bolding out his band) I leave you to one who knows how to defend his own cause, as well as any man in England.

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Col. (taking Morobray's band, at Lord M's request) You need not tell me that, Mr. Mowbray. I have no doubt of Mr. Lovelace's ability to defend his own cause, were it a cause to be desended. And let me tell you, Mr. Lovelace, that I am associated to think, that a brave man, and a generous man, as you have appeared to be in two or three instances that you have given in the little knowlege I have of you, should be capable of acting as you have done by the most excellent of her sex.

Lord M. Well, but, gentlemen, now Mr. Mowbray is gone; and you have both shewn instances of courage and generosity to boot, let me desire you to lay your heads together amicably, and think whether there be any thing to be done to make all end happily for the lady?

Lovel. But hold, my Lord, let me fay one thing, now Mowbray is gone; and that is, that I think a gentleman ought not to put up tamely one or two fevere things that the Colonel has faid.

Lord M. What the devil canft thou mean? I thought all had been over. Why, thou hast nothing to do, but to confirm to the Colonel, that thou art willing to marry Miss Harlowe, if she will have thee:

Col. Mr. Lovelace will not scruple to say That, I suppose, notwithstanding all that has passed: But if you think, Mr. Lovelace, I have said any thing I should not have said, I suppose it is this: That the man who has shewn so little of the Thing Honour, to a defenceless unprotected woman, ought not to stand so nicely upon the empty name of it, with a man who is expostulating with him upon it. I am forry to have cause to say this, Mr. Lovelace; but I would on the same occasion repeat it to a King in all his glory, and surrounded by all his guards.

Lord M. But what is all this, but more facks upon the mill? more coals upon the fire? You have a mind to quarrel both of you, I see that. Are you not willing, Nephew, are you not most willing, to marry this lady, if she can be prevailed upon to have you?

Vol. VII. F Lovel.

Louel. Damn me, my Lord, if I'd marry an Empres upon fuch treatment as this. In the a name iney aid to

Lord M. Why now, Bob, thou art more choleric than the Colonel. It was bis turn just now. And now you fee he is cool, you are all gunpowder. 40 (it as as itum ma l

Lovel. I own the Colonel has many advantages over me; but, perhaps, there is one advantage he has not, if nves are not Love, rionour,

it were put to the tryal.

Col. I came not hither, as I faid before, to feek the occasion: But if it be offered me, I won't refuse it And fince we find we disturb my good Lord M. I'll take my leave, and will go home by the way of St. Alban's and

Lovel. I'll see you part of the way, with all my heart, sounding off a del

Colonel.

Col. I accept your civility very chearfully, Mr. Loveput thus lace.

Lord M. (interposing again, as we were both for going out) And what will this do, gentlemen? Suppose you kill one another, will the matter be better'd or worsted by that? Will the lady be made happier or unhappier, do you think by either or both of your deaths? Your characters are too well known to make fresh instances of the courage of either needful. And, I think, if the honour of the lady is your view, Colonel, it can be no other way to effectually promoted, as by marriage. And, Sir, if you would use your interest with her, it is very probable, that you may fucceed, tho' no body elfe can.

Lovel. I think, my Lord, I have faid all that a man can fay (fince what is paffed cannot be recalled) and you fee Col. Morden rifes in proportion to my coolness, all it is necessary for me to affert myself, or even be would de-

spife me.

Lord M. Let me alk you, Colonel; Have you any way, any method, that you think reasonable and honourable to propose, to bring about a reconciliation with the lady! That is what we all wish for. And I can tell you, Sir, it is not a little owing to her family, and to their implacable usage of her, that her resentments are heighten'd against my kiniman; who, however, has used her vilely; but is willing to repair her wrongs.for Sur whom does a

Lavel. Not, my Lord, for the fake of her family; nor for this gentleman's haughty behaviour; but for ber own fake, and in full fense of the wrongs I have done her.

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Col. As to my haughty behaviour, as you call it, Sir, I am mistaken if you would not have gone beyond it in the like case, of a relation so meritorious, and so unworthily injured. And, Sir, let me tell you, that if your motives are not Love, Honour, and Justice, and if they have the least tincture of mean Compassion for ber, or of an unchearful assent on your part, I am sure it will neither be desired or accepted by a person of my cousin's merit and sense; nor shall I wish that it should.

bouel. Don't think, Colonel, that I am meanly compounding off a debate, that I should as willingly go thro' with you as to eat or drink, if I have the occasion given me for it: But thus much I will tell you, That my Lord, that Lady Sarah Sadleir, Lady Betty Lawrance, my two cousins Montague, and myself, have written to her in the most solemn and sincere manner, to offer her such terms, as no one but herself would resule, and this long enough before Col. Morden's arrival was dreamt of.

Gal. What reason, Sir, may I alk, does she give, against listening to so powerful a mediation, and to such offers?

Col. It looks like capitulating, or elfelace, who have as good an opinion of your spirit as man
can have. And what, pray, is the part I act, and my monatives for it? Are they not, in desiring that justice may be
adone to my cousin Clarissa Harlowe, that I seek to establish
the honour of Mrs. Louelace, if matters can once be
brought to bear?

Lovel. Were she to honour me with her acceptance of That name, Mr. Morden, I should not want you or any man to affert the honour of Mrs. Lovelace.

Cal. I believe it: But till she bas honoured you with that acceptance, she is nearer to me than to you, Mr. Lovelace. And I speak this, only to shew you, that in the part I take, I mean rather to deserve your thanks than your displeasure, tho against yourself, were there occasion. Nor ought you to take it amiss, if you rightly weigh the matter: For, Sir, whom does a lady want protection against, but

her injurers? And who has been her greatest injurer ?-Till, therefore, the becomes intitled to your protection, as your wife, you yourself cannot refuse me some merit in wishing to have justice done my coufin. But, Sir, you was going to fay, that if it were not to look like capitulating, you would hint the realons my coufin gives against accepting fuch an honourable mediation?

I then told him of my fincere offers of marriage

made no difficulty, I faid, to own my apprehenlions, that my unhappy behaviour to her, had greatly affected her: But that it was the implacableness of her friends that had thrown her into despair, and given her a contempt for life.' I told him, 'That she had been so good, as to fend me a letter to divert me from a vifit

my heart was fet upon making her: A letter, on which I built great hopes, because she assured me in it, that

the was going to her father's; and that I might fee her there, when the was received, if it were not my own

Col. Is it possible? And were you, Sir, thus earnest

And did she send you such a letter?

Lord M. confirmed both; and also, that, in obedience to her defires, and that intimation, I had come down without the fatisfaction I had proposed to myself in seeing her.

It is very true, Colonel, faid I: And I should have told you This before: But your heat made me decline it; for, as I faid, it had an appearance of meanly capitulating with you. An abjectness of heart, of which had I been depable. I should have despited myself as much as I might

have expected you would despile me.

Lord M. proposed to enter into the proof of all this: He faid, in his phraseological way, That one flory was good, till another was beard: That the Harlowe family and I, twas true, had behaved like fo many Orfons to one another; and that they had been very free with all our family besides: That nevertheless, for the lady's sake, more than for theirs, or even for mine (he could tell me) he would do greater things for me, than they could alk, if the could be brought to have me: And that this he wanted to declare, and would fooner have declared, if he could have brought us fooner to patience, and a good understanding. ent Sec Vol. V. p. 147, 250, 352, 350,

The Colonel made excuses for his warmth, on the score

of his affection to his coufin.

My regard for her, made me readily admit them: And fo a fresh bottle of Burgundy, and another of Champagne, being put upon the table, we sat down in good humour, after all this blustering, in order to enter closer into the particulars of the case: Which I undertook, at both their desires, to do.

But thele things must be the subject of another letter, which shall immediately follow this, if it do not accom-

pany it.

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Mean time you will observe, That a bad cause gives a man great disadvantages: For I myself think, that the interrogatories put to me with so much spirit by the Colonel, made me look cursedly mean; at the same time that it gave him a superiority which I know not how to allow to the best man in Europe. So that, literally speaking, as a good man would infer, guist is its own punisher; in that it makes the most losty spirit look like the miscreant he is—A good man, I say: So, Jack, prolepisally, I add, Thou hast no right to make the observation.

to her defires, and the interfer that come down with out the farisfaction had brode to mylethin feeing her:

blot aved Mr. Lovel Ace. In Continuation. 211

Tuesday Afternoon, Aug. 29.

Went back in this part of our conversation to the day that I was obliged to come down to attend my Lord, in the dangerous illness which some feared would have been his last.

I told the Colonel What earnest letters I had written to a particular friend, to engage him to prevail upon the lady not to slip a day that had been proposed for the private celebration of our nuptials; and of my letters (a) written to herself on that subject; for I had stept to my closet, and setched down all the letters and draughts and copies of letters relating to this affair.

I read to him 'feveral passages in the copies of those letters, which, thou wilt remember, make not a little to my honour. And I told him, 'That I wished I had F3 kept

⁽a) See Vol. V. p. 347, 250, 352, 354.

kept copies of those to my friend on the same occasion; by which he would have seen how much in earnest I was in my professions to her, altho she would not answer one of them. And thou may it remember, that one of those sour letters accounted to herself, why I was definous she should remain where I had left her (a).

I then proceeded to give him an account of the visit made by Lady Sarah and Lady Betty to Lord M. and me, in order to induce me to do her justice. Of my readiness to comply with their desires; and of their high opinion of her merit. Of the visit made to Miss Howe by my cousins Montague, in the name of us all, to ingage her interest with her friend in my behalf. Of my conversation with Miss Howe, at a private assemblee, to whom I gave the same assurances, and belought her interest with her friend.

I then read the copy of the letter, (tho' fo much to my disadvantage) which was written to her by Miss Charlotte Mon ague, Aug. 1. (b) intreating her alliance in the names

of all our family

This made him ready to think, that his fair coufin carried her references against me too far. He did not imagine, he said, that either myself or our family had been so much in earnest.

So thou feed, Belford, that it is but gloffing over one part of a flory, and omitting another, that will make a bad cause a good one at any time. What an admirable Lawyer should I have made! And what a poor hand would this charming creature, with all her innocence, have made of it in a court of justice against a man who had so much to say, and to show for himself.

I then hinted at the generous annual tender which Lord M. and his fifters made to his fair coufin, in apprehension that the might fuffer by her friends implacableness.

And this also the Colonel highly applauded, and was pleased to lament the unhappy misunderstanding between the two families, which had made the Harlowes less fond of an alliance with a family of so much honour as this inflance shewed ours to be.

I then told him, 'That having, by my friend [meaning thee] 'who was admitted into her presence (and who had always been an admirer of her virtues, and had given me such advice from time to time in relation to her as I wished I had followed) been assured, that a visit from me would be very disagreeable to her, I once more resolved to try what a letter would do; and that accordingly, on the 7th of August, I wrote her one.

This, Colonel, is the copy of it. I was then out of humour with my Lord M. and the Ladies of my family.

You will therefore read it to yourfelf (a).

This letter gave him high fatisfaction. You write here, Mr. Lovelace, from your heart. "Tis a letter full of penitence and acknowlegement. Your requell is reasonable,—To be forgiven only as you shall appear to deserve it after a time of probation, which you leave to her to fix. Pray, Sir, did she return an answer to this letter?

She did, but with reluctance, I own, and not till I had declared, by my friend, that if I could not procure one, I would go up to town, and throw myfelf at her feet.

I wish I might be permitted to see it, Sir, or to hear such parts of it read, as you shall think proper.

Turning over my papers. Here it is, Sir (b). I will

make no scruple to put it into your hands.

This is very obliging, Mr. Lovelace.

He read it. My charming cousin!—How strong her resentments!—Yet how charitable her wishes! Good God! that such an excellent creature!—But, Mr. Lovelace, it is to your regret, as much as to mine, I doubt not.—

Interrupting him, I fwore that it was.

So it ought, faid he. Nor do I wonder that it should be so. I shall tell you by-and by, proceeded he, how much she suffers with her friends, by falle and villainous reports. But, Sir, will you permit me to take with me these two letters? I shall make use of them to the advantage of you both.

I told him, I would oblige him with all my heart. And this he took very kindly, as he had reason, and put them in his pocket-book, promising to return them in a few days.

I then told him, 'That upon this refusal, I took upon
F 4 myself

⁽a) See Vol. VI. p. 346.

⁽b) See Vol. VI. p. 356.

myfelf to go to town, in hopes to move her in my fayour; and that, tho' I went without giving her notice of my intention, yet had the got some notion of my coming, and fo contrived to be out of the way : And at last, when the found I was fully determined at all events to see her, before I went abroad,' [which I shall do, faid I, if I cannot prevail upon her herfert me the letter I have already mentioned to you defiring me to fulpend my purpoled wifit : And that for a reason which amazes and confounds me, because I don't find there is any thing in it; And yet I never knew her once differse with her word; for the always made it a maxim, that it was not lawful to do evil that good might come of it: And yet in this letter, for no reason in the world but to avoid feeing me (to gratify a humour only) has the fent me out of town, depending upon the affurance the had given me.

Col. This is indeed surprising But I cannot believe that my coufin, for fuch an end only, or indeed for any end, according to the character I hear of her should stoop

To make use of such an artifice; in sion so sum stad I

Lovel. This, Colonel, is the thing that aftonishes me; and yet, see here! — This is the letter she wrote meroway, Sir, 'tis her own hand along and beabar stellar Col. I see it is; and a charming hand it is as mire.

Lovel. You observe, Colonel, that all her hopes of reconciliation with her parents are from you. Wou are her dear bleffed friend! She always talked of you with de-

light. Would to heaven I had come to England before fhe left Harlowe-Place. Nothing of this had then hap-pened. Not a man of those whom I have heard that her friends proposed for her, should have had her. Nor you, Mr. Lovelace, unless I had found you to be the man every one who fees you, must wish you to be: And if you had been that man, no one living should I have preferred to you for fuch an excellence and bounded in the wife; And faith, I

wished it most cordially not to arm's : it's aril thered .

The Colonel read the letter twice over, and then returned it to me. 'Tis all a mystery, said he: I can make

nothing of it. For, alas beher friends are as averse to a reconciliation as ever hw. Inow 1

Lord M. I could not have thought it. But don't you think there is formething very favourable to my nephew in this letter?—Something that looks as if the lady would comply at last? heards may be stored that

Gol, Let me die if I know what to make of it. This letter is very different from her preceding one I-You re-

turned an answer to it, Mr. Lovelace

Lovel Amanswer, Colonel! No doubt of it. And an answer full of transport. I told her, " I would directly fet out for Lord M's, in obedience to her will. I told her. that I would confent to any thing the thould command, in order to promote this happy reconciliation, I told her, that it should be my hourly study, to the end of my life, to deserve a goodness so transcendent. But I cannot forbear faying, that I am not a little shocked and furprised, if nothing more be meant by it than to get me

into the country without feeing her.

Calu That can't be the thing, depend upon it, Sir. There must be more in it than That, For were that all, the multirelinit you would foon be undeceived, and that you would then most probably refume your intention-Unless, indeed, she depended upon seeing me in the interim, as the knew I was arrived. But I own, I know not what to make of it. Only that she does me a great deal of honour, if it be me that the calls her bleffed friend, whom the always loved and bonoured. Indeed, I ever loved her: And if I die unmarried and without children, shall be as kind to her, as her grandfather was. And the rather, as I fear that there is too much of envy and felf-love in the refentments her brother and fifter endeavour to keep up in her father and mother against her. But I shall know better how to judge of This, when my coulin James comes from Edinburgh; and he is every hour expected.

But let me afk you, Mr. Lovelace, What is the name of your friend, who is admitted to easily into my coulin's

presence de la it not Belford, pray fine

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Lovel. It is, Sir; a man of honour, and a great admirer of your fair confin. solwit, restel

Was I right, as to the fift, Jack? The last I have fuch

fuch firing proof of, that it makes me question the first; fince the would not have been out of the way of my intended vifit but for thee.

Col. Are you fure, Sir, that Mr. Belford is a man of

honour latte! fla

Lovel I can Iwear for him, Colonel. What makes you

put this question?

Col. Only this: That an officious pragmatical novice has been tent up to inquire into my cousin's life and convertation: And, would you believe it! the frequent visits of this gentleman have been interpreted basely to her dis-reputation?—Read that letter, Mr. Lovelace, and you will be shocked at every part of it.

This curfed letter, no doubt, is from the young Levite. whom thou, lack, describeds, as making inquiry of Mrs. Smith about Miss Harlowe's character and vinters (a).

I believe I was a quarter of an hour in reading it: For I made it, the not a short one, fix times as long as it is, by the additions of oaths and curies to every pedantic line. Lord M too helped to lengthen it, by the like execrations And thou, Jack, wilt have as much reason to curse

You cannot but fee, faid the Colonel, when I had done reading it, that this fellow has been officious in his malevolence; for what he fays is mere hearfay, and that hearfay conjectural scandal without fact, or the appearance of fact, to support it; so that an unprejudiced eye, upon the face of the letter, would condemn the writer of it, as I did, and acquit my coufin. But yet, such is the spirit by which the rest of my relations are governed, that they run away with the belief of the world it infinuates, and the dear creature has had thocking letters upon it; the pedant's hints are taken; and a voyage to one of the colonies has been proposed to her, as the only way to avoid Mr. Belford and you. I have not feen these letters indeed; but they took a pride in repeating some of their contents, which must have cut the poor foul to the heart; and these, joined to her former sufferings-What have you not, Mr. Lovelace, to answer for?

Lovel. Who the devil could have expected fuch confequences as there? Who could have believed there could be

be parents fo implacable? Brother and fifter fo envious? And, give me leave to fay, a lady to immoveably fixed against the only means that could be taken to put all right

with every body?-And what now can be done?

Lord M. I have great hopes, that Col. Morden may vet prevail upon his coufin. And by her last letter, it runs in my mind, that the has fome thoughts of forgiving all that's past. Do you think, Colonel, if there should not be such a thing as a reconciliation going forward at present, that her letter may not imply, that if we could bring fuch a thing to bear with her friends, she would be reconciled to Mr. Lovelace?

Col. Such an artifice would better become the Italian fubtlety than the English simplicity. Your Lordship has

been in Italy, I prefume?

Lovel. My Lord has read Boccacio, perhaps, and that's as well, as to the hint he gives, which may be borrowed from one of that author's stories. But Miss Clariffa Harlowe is above all artifice. She must have some meaning

I cannot fathom.

Col. Well, my Lord, I can only fay, That I will make fome use of the letters Mr. Lovelace has obliged me with: And after I have had some talk with my cousin James, who is hourly expected; and when I have difpatched two or three affairs that press upon me; I will pay my respects to my dear consin; and shall then be able to form a better judgment of things. Mean time I will write to her; for I have fent to inquire about her, and find the wants confolation.

Lovel. If you favour me, Colonel, with the damned letter of that fellow Brand, for a day or two, you will

oblige me.

Cal. I will. But remember, the man is a parson, Mr. Lovelace; an innocent one too, they fay. Elfe I had been at him before now. And these college novices, who think they know every thing in their cloyders, and that all learning lies in books, make difmal figures when they come into the world among men and quomen. HALLO, THE LAND

Lord M. Brand! Brand! It should have been Fire-

brand, I think in my conscience!

Thus ended this doughty conference.

I cannot say, Jack, but I am greatly taken with Col. Morden: He is brave and generous, and knows the world; and then his contempt of the parsons is a certain sign that he is one of Urania most aved aved now cread ad take

We parted with great civility; Lord Man (not a little pleased that we did, and as greatly taken with the Colonel) repeated his wish, after the Colonel was gone, that he had arrived in time to save the lady; if that would have done it.

I wish so too. For by my soul, Jack, I am every day more and more uneasy about her. But I hope she is not so ill as I am told she is.

fo ill as I am told the is. only (mid nevig rettel a) wold I inclose this Fire-Brand's letter, as my Lord calls him.
I reckon it will rouse all thy phlegm into yengeance all it.

I know not what to advise as to shewing it to the lady Yet, perhaps, the will be able to reap more fatisfaction than concern from it, knowing her own innocence; in that it will give her to hope, that her friends treatment of her, is owing as much to mifrepresentation, as to their own natural implacableness. Such a mind as her's all know, would be glad to find out the shadow of a reason for the shocking letters the Colonel fays they have fent her, and for their proposal to her, of going to some one of the com flonies. (Confound them all—But if I begin to curse, I shall never have done) — Then it may put her upon such a desence, as she might be glad of an opportunity to make, and to flame them for their monftrons credulity-But this I leave to thy own fat-headed prudence—Only it vexes me to the heart, that even foundal and calumny should dere to furmife the bare possibility of any man's sharing the fayours of a lady, whom now methinks I could worthin with a veneration due only to a divinity of of and and and one no

Charlotte and her fifter could not help weeping at the bale aspersion: When, when, faid Patty, lifting up her hands, will this fweet lady's sufferings be at an end?—Oh

coufin Lovelace

And thus am I blamed for every one's faults!—When her brutal father curses her, it is I. I upbraid her with her severe mother. Her stapid uncle's implacableness is all mine. Her brother's virulence, and her lister's spite and envy, are intirely owing to me. This rascal Brand's letter is of my writing—O Jack, what a wretch is thy Lovelace

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cannot fay, lacks deno ain greatly taken with RATTERNED Without a letter! - This damned fellow Will is returned without a letter ! Yet the rafeal tells me that he hears you have been writing to me thefe two days! established the word fluin offw to the brust not brished that we did, and as greatly tak all to inches all both

barro fend a man and horse on purpose has I did! MV imagination chained to the belly of the Beatt, in order to keep pace with him! Now he is got to this place; Now to that; Now to London; Now to thee.

Now (a letter given him) whip and four upon the return! This town just entered, not staying to bair : That village passed by ! Leaves the wind behind him; in a foamnow not what to advide as ishor brie nem thewir gni

MAnd in this way did he actually enter Lord M.'s courtthe wing her own innocence; in bray

The reverberating pavement brought me down The letter, Will! The letter, dog! The letter, Sirrah

No letter. Sir! - Then wildly flaring round me. hits clenched, and grinning like a maniac. Confound the for a doe, and him that lent thee without one !- This mo ment out of my fight, or I'll featter thy flupid brains thro the air matching from his holfters a pittol, while the raf cal threw himself from the foaming beatt, and run to avoid the fare, which I wished with all my foul thou hadft been within the reach of me, to have met with.

But, to be as meek as a lamb to one who has me at his mercy, and can wring and torture my foul as he pleases. What early thou mean to fend back my variet without a letter? 1 will fend away by day dawn another fellow upon another beaft for what thou haft written; and I charge thee on thy allegiance, that thou dispatch him not back empty-handed.

eards, will this fweet lady's inderings be at an end ?

LETTER

Mr. BRAND, To JOHN HARLOWE, Efq.

(gaibesserq odvari belolant) cablenels is all

Worthy Sir, my very good Friend and Patron,

Arrived in town yellerday, after a tolerable pleasant journey (confidering the hot weather and dufty roads).

were mother.

I put up at the Bull and Gate in Holborn, and hastened to Covent garden. I soon found the house where the unhappy lady lodges. And, in the back shop, had a good deal of discourse (a) with Mrs. Smith, (her landlady) whom I sound to be so highly preposses to take my intended in the law it would not answer your defires to take my informations altegether from her, and being obliged to at tend my pation; who, to my sorrow, a long it is beauti

I find wants much waiting upon, and is another fort of man than he was at college: For, Sir, (inter nos) benows change manners. For the aforefaid causes I thought it would best answer all the ends of the commission you honoured me with, to engage, in the defired scrutiny, the wife of a particular friend, who lives almost over against the house where she lodges, and who is a gentlewoman of character and sobriety, a mother of children, and one who knows the world well.

To her I applied myself, therefore, and gave her a short history of the case, and desired she would very particularly enquire into the conduct of the unhappy young lady; her present way of life and subsistence; her wisters, her imployments, and such-like; for these, Sir, you know, are

the things whereof you wished to be informed. I said bad

Accordingly, Sir, I waited upon the gentlewoman afore-faid, this day; and, to my very great trouble (because I know it will be to yours, and likewise to all your worthy family's) I must say, that I do find things look a little more darkly, than I hoped they would. For, alas! Sir, the gentlewoman's report turns not out so favourable for Miss's reputation, as I wished, as you wished, and as every one of her friends wished. But so it is throughout the world, that one false step generally brings on another; and peradventure a worse, and a still worse; till the poor lined soul, (a very sit epithet of the divine Quarles's!) is quite entangled, and, (without infinite mercy) lost for ever.

It feems, Sir, the is, notwithstanding, in a very ill state of health. In this, both gentlewomen (that is to fay, Mrs. Smith her landlady, and my friend's wife) agree. Yet he goes often out in a chair, to prayers, (as it is faid). But

Man execute the comme

⁽a) Vol. VI. p. 353.

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my friend's wife tells me, that nothing is more common in London, than that the frequenting of the church at morning prayers, is made the presence and rover for private affiguation. What a fad thing is this! that what was defigned for rubolfome nouriflement to the poer foul, should be turned into rank poifon! But as Mr. Daniel de Foe, an ingenious man, tho a different, observes (But indeed it is an old proverb; only I think he was the first that put it into verse)

ment to God never had a boule of pray'n, four smay but I

Yet, to do the lady justice, no-body comes home with her. Nor, indeed can they, because she goes forward and backward in a fedan or chair (as they call it). But then there is a gendeman of no good character (an incimado of Mr. Lovelace's) who is a constant visiter of her, and of the people of the house, whom he regales and execut, and has (of consequence) their high good words.

Thave hereupon taken the trouble (for I love to be enall in any commission I undertake) to inquire particularly
about this gentleman, as he is called (albeit I hold no
man so but by his actions: For, as Juvenal says,

315 Ver Nobilitanfola eft, atque unita mintu) as themale

And this I did before I would fit down to write to you.

His name is Belford. He has a paternal effate of upwards of 1000 pounds by the year; and is now in mourning for an uncle who left him very confiderably befides. He bears a very profligate character as to women (for I enquired particularly about That), and is Mr. Lovelace's more especial private, with whom he holds a regular correspondence; and has been often seen with Miss (tête à tête) at the window: In no bad way, indeed: But my friend's wife is of opinion, that all is not as it should be. And, indeed, it is mighty strange to me, if Miss be so notable a penisent (as is represented) and if she have such an aversion to Mr. Lovelace, that she will admit his privade into ber retirements, and see no other company.

I understand, from Mrs. Smith, that Mr. Hickman was to fee her fome time ago, from Mis Howe; and I am told, by unother hand (You fee, Sir, how diligent I have been to execute the commissions you had given me) that he

had no extraordinary opinion of this Belford, at first; tho they were feen together one morning by the opposite neighbour, at breakfast with Mis: And another time this Belford was observed to watch Mr. Hickman's coming from her; so that, as it should seem, he was mighty zealous to ingratiate himself with Mr. Hickman; no doubt, to engage him to make a favourable report to Miss Howe of the intimacy he was admitted into by her unhappy friend; who, (as she is very ill) may mean no harm in allowing his vitis (for he, it seems, brought to her, or recommended, at least, the doctor and apothecary that attend her): But I think, upon the whole, it looketh not well;

I am forry, Sir, I cannot give you a better account of the young lady's prudence. But, what shall we say?

as hivenal observes.

One thing I am afraid of; which is, That Miss may be under necessities; and that this Belford (who, as Mrs. Smith owns, has offered ber money, which she, at the time, refused) may find an opportunity to take advantage of those necessities: And it is well observed by the poet, that

od (: cho Bene farmafam poteris fermare puellame so tal name bad son lie v Nunc prece, mune sound forma perita fuir nic

And this Belford (who is a bold man, and has, as they fay, the look of one) may make good that of Horace (with whose writings you are to well acquainted; nobody better)

Andax omnia perpeti, I I I I Gens bumana ruit per vetitum nefas. M

Forgive me, Sir, for what I am going to write: Butil you could prevail upon the rest of your family, to join in the scheme which you, and her virtuous filer. Miss Anbella, and the archdeacon, and I, once talked of, (which is, to persuade the unhappy young lady to go, in some creditable manner, to some one of the foreign colonies it might save not only her own eredit and reputation, but the reputation and credit of all her samily, and a great deal of were attent moreover. For it is my humble opinion, that you will hardly, any of you, injoy yourselves while this long innocent) young lady is in the way of being so frequently heard of by you. And this would put her out of the sway both of

(a) See Letter V. of this Vol. p. 144

this Belford and of that Lovelace, and it might, peradventure, prevent as much evil as feandal.

You will forgive me, Sir, for this my plainness. Oxid

pleads for me.

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of his her to that, as it thould feem be was might

And I have no view but that of approving myfelf a zealous well-wilber to all your worthy family (whereto I owe a great number of obligations) and very particularly, Sir, Your obliged and bumble Servant,

beba Wedn. Aug. 9. ELIAS BRAND.

P. S. I shall give you further bines when I come down (which will be in a few days;) and who my informants were; but by these you will be see, that I have been very assiduous (for the time) in the task you set me upon. Hash January and hash says a second of the task you set

The length of my letter you will excuse ; for I need not tell you, Sir, what narrative, complex, and conversation letters, (such a one as mine) require. Every one to his talent. Letter-writing is mine, mine) require. Every one to his talent. Letter-writing is mine, at the University, on that account. But this I should not have taken upon me to mention; only in defence of the length of my letter; for nobody writes shorter, or pithier, when the subject is upon common forms only—But in apologizing for my prolizity, I am adding to the fault, (if it were one, which, however, I cannot think it to be, the subject considered : But this I have faid before in other words :) So. Sir, if you will excuse my poffcript, I am sure you will not find fault with my letter.

I think I have nothing to add until I have the honour of attending who is writings you are to well sequenced; cobody better

LETTERXXVI

Mr. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, Ele: am going to write:

Wednesday night, Aug 39

TT was lucky enough that our two fervants met at Han-I hah's (a), which gave them to good an opportunity of exchanging their letters time enough for each to return

to his mafter early in the day.

Thou doil well to brag of thy capacity for managing fervants, and to let up for correcting our poets in their characters of this class of people (b), when, like a mad. man, thou canst beat their teeth out, and attempt to shoot them thro the head, for not bringing to thee what they had no power to obtain. The bloom aids bak

(a) The windmill, near Slough. (b) See Letter V. of this Vol. p. 23.

You well observe (a) that you would have made thorough pac'd Lawyer. The whole of the conversation. piece between you and the Colonel, affords a convincing proof, that there is a black and a white fide to every cause But what must the conscience of a partial whitener of the oron caufe, or blackener of another's, tell him, while he's throwing dust in the eyes of his judges, and all the time knows his own guilt?

The Colonel, I fee, is far from being a faultless man: But while he fought not to carry his point by breach of faith, he has an excuse which thou hast not an But with rea fpect to him, and to us all. I can now, with deteftation of fome of my own actions, feet that the taking advantage of another person's good opinion of us, to injure (perhaps to ruin) that other, is the most ungenerous wickedness that

can be committed.

alked with her as Intercepted Man acting thus by man, we should not be at a loss to give fuch actions a name: But is it not doubly and trebly aggravated, when such advantage is taken of an inexperienced and innocent young creature, whom we pretent to love above all the women in the world; and when me feal our pretences by the most folemn vows and protestations of inviolable honour, that we can invent for beriled

I fee that this gentleman is the best match thou ever coulded have had, upon all accounts: His spirit such as other impetuous one as thy own; foon taking fire c vindictive; and only differing in This, that the cause he in gages in is a just one. But, commend me to honest brus Mowbray, who, before he knew the cause, offers his swent in thy behalf against a man who had taken the injured side, and whom he had never feen before a sai to sail diw

As foon as I had run thro' your letters, and that incerdiary Brand's (by the latter of which I faw to what caule a great deal of this last implacableness of the Harlowe h mily is owing) I took coach to Smith's, altho I had been come from thence but about an hour, and had taken leave of the lady for the night; bashiw work made blot bad an

I fent down for Mrs. Lovick, and defired her in the fel place, to acquaint the lady (who was busied in her close that I had letters from Berks: In which I was informed

(a) Water VI. p. 353. See

that the interview between Col. Morden and Mr. Lovelace had ended without ill confequences; that the Colonel intended to write to her very foon, and was interesting himfelf mean while in her favour, with her relations a that I hoped, that this agreeable news would be a means of giving her good-rest ; and I would wait upon her in the morn ing, by the time she should return from prayers, with all the particulars.

She fent me word, that the thould be glad to fee me in the morning; and was highly obliged to me for the good

news I had fent her up. for diduction

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I then, in the back-shop, read to Mrs. Lovick and to Mrs. Smith, Brand's letter, and asked them. If they could guels at the man's informant? They were not at a loss, Mrs. Smith having feen the fame fellow Brand who had talked with her, as I mentioned in a former (a), come out of a milliner's shop over-against them; which milliner, she faid, had also been lately very inquisitive about the lady.

A wanted no further hint; but, bidding them take no notice to the lady of what I had read, I that over the way, and alking for the miltrefs of the house, the came to me.

Retiring with her, at her invitation, into her parlour, I defired to know, if the was acquainted with a young country clergy man of the name of Brand. She hefitatingly, feeing me in some emotion, owned, that she had some small knowlege of the gentleman. Just then came in her husband, who is, it feems, a petty officer in the excise, and not an illbehaved man, who owned a fuller knowlege of him.

biol have the copy of a letter, faid I, from this Brand, in which he has taken great liberties with my character, and with That of the most unblameable lady in the world, which he grounds upon informations that you, Madam, have given him. And then I read to them feveral passages in his letter; and asked, What foundation she had for giving

that fellow fuch impressions of either of us?

They knew not what to answer: But, at last, said, that he had told them how wickedly the young lady had run away from her parents: What worthy and nich people they were: In what favour bestood with them, and that they had imployed him to inquire after her behaviour, vifiters, &c. They

(a) See p. rea.

They faid, That indeed they knew very little of the young lady; but that [Curfe upon their cenforiousness] it was but too natural to think, that where a lady had given way to a delution, and taken fo wrong a step, she would not stop there: That the most facred places and things were but too often made a cloak for bad actions That Mr. Brand had been informed perhaps by some enemy of mine) that I was a man of very free principles, and an intimado, as he calls it, of the man who had ruined her. And that their coulin Barker, a mantua-maker, who lodged up one pair of flairs, had often from her window, feen me with the lady in her chamber, talking very earnessly together: And that Mr. Brand being unable to account for her admitting my wifits, and knowing I was but a new acquaintance of hers, and an old one of Mr. Lovelace's thought himself obliged to lay these matters before he friends 18900

This was the fum and substance of their tale. O how curled the cenforioufnels of this plaguy triumvirate! A parfon a milliner, and a mantoa-maker! The two later not more by business led to adorn the person, than gene rally by feandat to destroy the reputations of those they have a mind to exercise their talents upon !

The two women took great pains to perfuade me, the they were people of conscience :- Of consequence, I wa them, too much addicted, I doubted, to censure other people who pretended not to their strictness; for that had ever found cenforiousness, narrowness, and unchartableness to prevail too much with those who affected be thought more pious than their neighbours.

That was not them, they faid, and that they had in inquired into the lady's character and manner of life, a were very much concerned to think any thing they ha faid should be made use of against her : And as they her from Mrs. Smith, that the was not likely to live love they should be forry the should go out of the world all ferer by their means, or with an ill opinion of them, the trangers to her. The hulband offered to write, if I please to Mr. Brand, in vindication of the lady; and the two women faid, they should be glad to wait upon her in perfon, to beg her pardon for any thing the had reason

take amis from them; because they were now convinced that there was not fuch another young lady in the world.

I told them, That the least said of the affair to the lady That the was in her present circumstances, was best. That she was fond of taking all occasions to find excuses for her relations on their implacableness to her; That therefore I should take some notice to her of the uncharitable and weak furmizes which gave birth to so vile a scandal. But that I would have him, Mr. Walton, (for that is the husband's name) write to his acquaintance Brand, as foon as possible, as he had offered .- And fo I left them.

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(on t take Mr. Bertord, To Robert Loverace, Efg.

a society of the same of the lady, whom I left chearful and ferene.

She thanked me for my communication of the preced-I read to her such parts of your letters as I rould read to her; and I thought it was a good test to disream, in what one could and could not read to a woman of so fine a mind; fince four parts out of fix of thy letters, which I thought entertaining as I read them to myfelf, appeared to me, when I would have read them to her, most bominable stuff, and gave me a very contemptible idea of thy talents, and of my own judgment,

She was far from rejoicing, as I had done, at the difppointment her letter gave you when explained quadi ad

She faid, the meant only an innocent allegory, that might arry instruction and warning to you, when the meaning as taken, as well as answer her own hopes for the time. It las run off in a hurry. She was afraid, it was not quite ight in ber. But hoped the end would excuse, if it could otjustify, the means. And then she again expressed a good eal of apprehension, lest you should still take it into our head to moleft her, when her time, the fays, is to lort, that she wants every moment of it; repeating what he had once faid before, That when the wrote, the was ill, that she believed, she should not have lived till now:

If the had thought the flould, the must have thought of an expedient that would have better answered her intentions: hinting at a removal out of the knowlege of us both.

But the was much pleafed that the conference between you and Colonel Morden ended to amicably, after two or three such violent fallies, as I acquainted her you had had between you; and faid, the must absolutely depend mon the promise I had given her to use my utmost endeavour to prevent further mischief on her account north nov 1sti

She was pleafed with the justice you did her character them not only levere, but cruel, Suffering niluo rad of

She was glad to hear, that he had to kind an opinion of

I was under an unnecessary concern, how to break to her, that I had the copy of Brand's vile letter: University fary. I fay; for the took it just as you thought the world. as an excuse she wished to have for the implacableness of her friends; and begg'd I would let her read it herfelf: for, faid she, the contents cannot disturb me, be they that there are and baye been matriades this year that

I gave it her, and the read it to herfelf, a tear now and then ready to flart, and a figh fometimes interpoling

She gave me back the letter with great and surprime

calmnels, confidering the subject w 1909 and a

There was a time, faid the, and that not long line, when fuch a letter as this would have greatly pained me. But I hope, I have now got above all these things; for! can refer to your kind offices, and Miss Howe's, the juffice that will be done to my memory among my friends. There is a good and a bad light in which every thing that befals us, may be taken. If the human mind will bufy itel to make the worst of every disagreeable occurrence, it will never want woe. This letter, affecting as the subject of it is to my reputation, gives me more pleasure than pain, because I can gather from it, that had not my friends been prepoffessed by misinformed, or rath and officious persons, who are always at hand to flatter or footh the passions of the affluent, they could not have been fo immoveably determined a ainst me. But now, they are fufficiently cleans from ever, imputation of unforgiveness; for, while lap reared to them in the character of a vile hypocrite, pretending

tending to true penitence, yet giving up myfelf to profligate courses, how could I expect either their pardon or ithing at a removal out of the knowlede of us figuilald

But, Madam, faid I, you'll fee by the date of this letter. August o, that their severity, previous to that, cannot be

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where futh violent tallice as I acquainted but ye beluxe. It imports me much, replied the, on account of my prefent wishes, as to the office you are so kind to undertake. that you should not think harshly of my friends. I must own to you, that I have been apt fometimes myfelf to think them not only fevere, but cruel. Suffering minds will be partial to their own cause and merits. Knowing their own hearts, if fincere, they are apt to murmur when harfhly treated: But if they are not believed to be innocent by persons, who have a right to decide upon their conduct according to their own judgments, how can it be helped? Besides, Sir, How do you know, that there are not about my friends as well-meaning mifrepresenters as Mr. Brand really feems to be? But be this as it will, there is no doubt that there are and have been multitudes of persons, as innocent as myfelf, who have fuffered upon furmifes as little probable as those on which Mr. Brand founds his judgment. Your intimacy, Sir, with Mr. Lovelace, and Imay I fay?) a character which, it feems, you have been lets follicitous formerly about justifying, than perhaps you will be for the future; and your frequent visits to me, may well be thought to be questionable circumstances in my can refer to your kind offices, and Mils Howe's Bubnoo

I could only admire her in filence.

stablity you fee, Sir, proceeded the, how necessary it is for young people of our fex, to be careful of our company: And how much, at the fame time, it behoves young gendemen to be chary of their own reputation, were it only for the fake of fuch of ours, as they may mean honourably by; and who otherwise may suffer in their good names for being feen in their company to morning ve balts logger

Asto Mr. Brand, continued the he is to be pitied, and let me injoin you. Mr. Belford, not to take up any retentments against him which may be detrimental either to his person or his fortunes. Let his function and his good meaning plead for him. He will have concern enough,

when

when he finds every body whose displeature I now labour under, acquitting my memory of perverse guilt, and join.

ing in a general pity for me.

This, Lovelace, is the lady whose life thou hast curtailed in the blossom of it!— How many opportunities must thou have had of admiring her inestimable worth, yet couldst have thy senses so much absorbed in the Woman in her charming person, as to be blind to the Angel that shines out in such full glory in her mind? Indeed, I have ever thought myself, when blest with her convention, in the company of a real angel: And I am sure it would be impossible for me, were she to be as beautiful, and as crimsoned over with health as I have seen her, to have the least thought of Sex, when I heard her talk.

Thursday, three o'clock, Aug. 31.

On my re-visit to the lady, I found her almost as much a sufferer from joy, as she had sometimes been from gries: For she had just received a very kind letter from her cousin Morden; which she was so good as to communicate to me. As she had already begun to answer it, I begg'd leave to attend her in the evening, that I might not interrupt

her in it. 121 and proping the planter of the

The letter is a very tender one * * *

Here Mr. Belford gives the substance of it upon his me-

But, alas! all will be now too late. For the decree is certainly gone out. The world is unworthy of her!

LETTER XXVIII.

Colonel Morden, To Mils CL. HARLOWS.

DERMIT me to condole those missortunes, which have occasioned so unhappy a difference between you, and the rest of your family: And to offer my assistance, to enable you to make the best of what has happened.

You have fallen into most unworthy hands. The letter I wrote to you from Florence (a) I find, came too late to have its hoped-for effect. I am very forry it did: As I am that I did not come fooner to England in person.

But,

But, forgetting past things, let us look forward. I have been with Mr. Lovelace, and Lord M. I need not tell you, it seems, how desirous all the family are of the honour of an alliance with you; nor how exceedingly earnest the former is to make you all the reparation in his power.

I think, my dear toutin, that you cannot now do better than to give him the honour of your hand. He fays fach just and great things of your virtue, and so heartily condemns hanfelf, that I think there is great and honourable room for your forgiving him: And the more, as it feems you are determined against a legal profecution.

Your effectual forgiveness of him, it is evident to me, will accelerate a general reconciliation: For, at prefent, my other coufins cannot perfuade themselves, that he is in earnest to do you justice; or that you would refuse him,

if you believed he was.

But, my dear cousin, there may possibly be something in this affair, to which I may be a stranger. If there be, and you will acquaint me with it, all that a naturally warm heart can do in your behalf, shall be done.

Nothing but my endeavour to ferve you here has hitherto prevented me from affuring you of this by word of mouth: For I long to see you, after so many years ab-sence. I hope I shall be able, in my next visits to my several cousins, to set all right. Proud spirits, when convinced that they have carried refentments too high, want but a good excuse to condescend: And parents must always love the child they once loved.

Mean while, I beg the favour of a few lines, to know if you have reason to doubt Mr. Lovelace's sincerity. For my part, I can have none, if I am to judge from the conversation that passed yesterday between him and me, in

presence of Lord M.

You will be pleased to direct for me at your uncle Antony's

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Permit me, my dearest cousin, till I can procure a happy reconciliation between you and your father, and brother, and uncles, to supply the place to you of all those near relations, as well as that of

Your affectionate Kinsman, and bumble Serwant, WM. MORDEN.

Vol. VII.

LET-

life, nor apon the right, and gelt of the one, or to prefer the tracking

Mils CL. HARLOWE, To WM. MORDEN, Efgine

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wh

MOST heartily congratulate you, dear Sir, on your

I heard with much pleasure that you were come; but I was both afraid and ashamed, till you encouraged me by

a first notice, to address myself to you. of onivisoer to elder

How confoling is it to my wounded heart to find, that you have not been carried away by that tide of refent ment and displeasure, with which I have been so unhappily overwhelmed - But that, while my still nearer relations have not thought fit to examine into the truth of vile reports raifed against me, you have informed yourself (and generously eredited the information), that my error was owing more to my misfortune than my fault. and mend by

I have not the least reason to doubt Mr. Lovelace's fincerity in his offers of marriage: Nor that all his relations. are heartily desirous of ranking me among them. I have had noble instances of their esteem for me, on their apprehending that my father's displeasure must have subjected me to difficulties: And this, after I had absolutely refused their pressing folicitations in their kinsman's favour, as well

as bis own.

Nor think me, my dear cousin, blameable for refusing I had given Mr. Lovelace no reason to think mea weak creature. If I had, a man of his character might have thought himfelf warranted to endeavour to make ungenerous advantage of the weakness he had been able to inspire. The coniciousness of my own weakness (in that case) might have brought me to a composition with his wickedness.

I can indeed forgive him. But that is, because I think his crimes have fet me above him. Can I be above the man, Sir, to whom I shall give my hand and my vows; and with them a fanction to the most premeditated baseness? No, Sir, let me fay, that your coufin Clarissa, were she likely to live many years, and that (if the married not this man) in penury and want, despised and forsaken by all her friends, puts not fo high a value upon the conveniencies of life, life, nor upon life itself, as to feek to re-obtain the one, or to preferve the other, by giving fuch a fanction: A fanction. which (were she to perform ber duty) would reward the vio-

Nor is it to much from Pride, as from Principle, that I fay this. What, Sir, when Virtue, when Chaftity is the crown of a woman, and particularly of a Wife, thall your coufin floop to marry the man who could not form an attempt upon bers, but upon a prefumption, that she was capable of receiving his offered hand, when he had found himfelf mistaken in the vile opinion he had conceived of her? Hitherto he has not had reason to think me weak. Nor will I give him an inflance fo flagrant, that weak I am, in a point in which it would be criminal to be found weak.

One day, Sir, you will perhaps know all my ftory. But, whenever it is known, I beg, that the author of my calamities may not be vindictively fought after. He could not have been the author of them, but for a strange concurrence of unhappy causes. As the Law will not be able to reach him when I am gone, any other fort of vengeance terrifies me but to think of it : For, in fuch a case, should my friends be fafe, what honour would his death bring to my memory? If any of them should come to misfortune,

how would my fault be aggravated!

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God long preferve you, my dearest cousin, and bless you but in proportion to the consolation you have given me, in letting me know that you still love me; and that I have One near and dear relation who can pity and forgive me (and then will you be greatly bleffed); is the prayer of

thought hunt strainful and affectionate void the rous advantation and affectionate to infpire, rous advantage to infpire, rous advantage to infpire,

weaknefs (in that cafe) might have brought XXX conpedict with A wikedness.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Efq;

In answer to bis letters of August 26, 28-29.

incing g. guAct, cobjeud Re most premeditated bafeness?

Cannot but own, that I am cut to the heart by this Mis Harlowe's interpretation of her letter. She hight never to be forgiven. She, a meek person, and a penitent, and innocent, and pious, and I know not what, who can deceive with a foot in the grave!-

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Tis evident, that she sat down to write this letter with a design to mislead and deceive. And if she be capable of That, at such a crisis, she has as much need of God's forgiveness, as I have of bers: And, with all her cant of Charity and Charity, if she be not more sure of it, than I am of her real pardon; and if she take the thing in the light she ought to take it in; she will have a few darker moments yet to come than she seems to expect.

Lord M. himself, who is not one of those (to speak in his own phrase) who can penetrate a millstone, sees the deceit, and thinks it unworthy of her; tho my cousins Montague vindicate her. And no wonder: This cursed partial sex [I hate 'em all—by my soul, I hate 'em all!] will never allow any thing against an individual of it, where ours is concerned. And why? Because, if they censure deceit in another, they must condemn their own hearts.

She is to fend me a letter after she is in heaven, is she! The devil take such allegories; and the devil take thee for

calling this abfurdity an innocent artifice!

I insist upon it, that if a woman of her character, at such a critical time, is to be justified in such a deception, a man in sull health and vigour of body and mind, as I am, may be excused for all his stratagems and attempts against her. And, thank my stars, I can now sit me down with a quiet conscience on that score. By my soul, I can, Jack. Nor has any-body, who can acquit ber, a right to blame me. But with some, indeed, every-thing she does must be good, every-thing I do must be bad—And why? Because she has always taken care to coax the stupid misjudging world, like a woman: While I have constantly defied and despited its censures, like a man.

But, notwithstanding all, you may let her know from me, that I will not molest her, since my visits would be so shocking to her: And I hope she will take this into her consideration, as a piece of generosity, that she could hardly expect, after the deception she has put upon me. And let her further know, that if there be any-thing in my power, that will contribute either to her ease or honour, I will obey her, at the very first intimation, however disgraceful or detrimental to myself. All this, to make her unapprehensive, and that she may have nothing to pull her back.

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If her curled relations could be brought as chearfully to perform their parts, I'd answer life for life for her recovery.

But who, that has fo many ludicrous images raised in his mind by thy aukward penitence, can forbear laughing at thee? Spare, I beleech thee, dear Belford, for the future. all thy own aspirations, if thou wouldn't not dishonour vet to come than the feems to

those of an angel indeed.

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When I came to that passage, where thou fayst, that thou confiderest her (a) as one fent from heaven, to draw for the heart of me, I could not for an thee after her hour put thee out of my head, in the attitude of Dame Elizabeth Carteret, on her monument in Westminster-Abbey. If thou never observedit it, go thither on purpole; and there wilt thou fee this dame in effigie, with uplifted head and hand, the latter taken hold of by a Cupid every inch of stone, one clumfy foot listed up alfo. aiming, as the sculptor designed it, to ascend; but to executed, as would rather make one imagine, that the figure (without shoe or stocken, as it is, tho the rest of the body is robed) was looking up to its corn-cutter: Theother riveted to its native earth, bemired, like thee (immerfed thou calleft it), beyond the possibility of unsticking itself. Both figures, thou wilt find, feem to be in a contention, the bigger, whether it should pull down the lesser about its carsthe leffer (a chubby fat little variet, of a fourth part of the other's bigness, with wings not much larger than those of a butterfly) whether it should raise the larger to a heaven it points to, hardly big enough to contain the great toes like a woman: While I h of either.

Thou wilt fay, perhaps, that the dame's figure in fone may do credit, in the comparison, to thine, both in grain and shape, wooden as thou art all over. But that the lady, who, in every thing but in the trick she has played me so lately, is truly an angel, is but forrily represented by the fat flank'd Cupid. This I allow thee. But yet there is enough in thy afpirations, to strike my mind with a relemblance of thee and the lady to the figures on the wretched monument; for thou oughtest to remember, that, prepared as she may be to mount to her native skies, it is impossible for her to draw after her a heavy fellow, who has so much to repent of, and amend.

(a) See p. 83.

But

But now, to be ferious once more, let me tell you, Relford, that, if the lady be really fo ill as you write the is. it will become you (No Roman ftyle bere!) in a case so very affecting, to be a little less pointed and farcastic in your reflections. For, upon my foul, the matter begins to grate me moft confounded way laftylbebruon from HE M H

I am now to impatient to hear oftener of her, that I take the hint accidentally given me by our two fellows meeting at Slough, and resolve to go to our friend Doleman's at Ut. bridge: whose wife and fifter, as well as he, have so fre. quently pressed me to give them my company for a week or two: There shall I be within two hours ride if any. thing should happen to induce her to see me: For it will well become her piety, and avowed charity. Should the worst happen [The Lord of heaven and earth, however, avert that worst !] to give me that pardon from her lin. which she has not denied me by pen and ink. And as she withes my reformation. The knows not what good effects fuch an interview may have upon me. Tuo/god springed

I shall accordingly be at Doleman's to morrow morning, by eleven at furthest. My fellow will find me there at his return from you (with a letter, I hope). I shall have Joel with me likewise, that I may send the oftener, as matters fall out. Were I to be fill nearer, or in town, it would be impossible to with-hold myself from seeing her.

But, if the worst happen !- as, by your continual knelling. I know not what to think of it! - (Yet, once more, Heaven avert that worst !- How natural is it to pray, when one cannot help one's felf!)-THEN fay not, in so many dreadful words, what the event is-Only, that you advise me to take a trip to Paris: And that will stab me to the heart.

dam, faid the. What 100 vontone ?- Wirk I owick to

I so well approve of your generofity to poor Belton's fifter, that I have made Mowbray give up his legacy, as I do mine, towards her India Bonds. When I come to town. Tourville shall do the like; and we will buy each a ring, to wear in memory of the honest fellow, with our own money, that we may perform his will, as well as our own.

My fellow rides the rest of the night. I charge you, lack, if you would fave his life, that you fend him not

back empty-handed.

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But now, to be ferious once more; fet me tell you, Bellord, that hxxxxdy A fall To T alyo write their

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efq;

rate gun, togin che mutter begins to grate

WHEN I concluded my last, I hoped, that my next attendance upon this surprising lady would furnish me with some particulars as agreeable as now could be hoped for from the declining way she is in, by reason of the welcome letter she had received from her cousin Morden. But it proved quite otherwise to me, the not to berfelf; for I think I never was more shocked in my life than on the occasion I shall mention presently.

When I attended her about seven in the evening, she told me, that she had found herself since I went in a very petulant way. Strange, she said, that the pleasure she had received from her cousin's letter should have had such an effect upon her. But she had given way to a comparative humour, as she might call it, and thought it very hard, that her nearer relations had not taken the methods with her, which her cousin Morden had begun with; by inquiring into her merit or demerit, and giving her cause a fair audit before condemnation.

She had hardly faid this, when she started, and a blush overspread her face, on hearing, as I also did, a fort of lumbering noise upon the stairs, as if a large trunk were bringing up between two people: And, looking upon me with an eye of concern, Blunderers! said she, they have brought in something two hours before the time. Don't be surprised, Sir: It is all to save you trouble.

Before I could speak, in came Mrs. Smith: O Madam, said she, What have you done?—Mrs. Lovick, entering, made the same exclamation. Lord have mercy upon me, Madam, cry'd I, what have you done!—For, she stepping at the instant to the door, the women told me, it was a cossin.— O Lovelace! that thou hadst been there at the moment!—Thou, the causer of all these shocking scenes! Surely thou couldst not have been less affected than I, who have no guilt, as to ber, to answer for.

With an intrepidity of a piece with the preparation, having directed them to carry it into her bedchamber, the

returned to us: They were not to have brought it in till after dark, faid she—Pray, excuse me, Mr. Belford: And don't you, Mrs. Lovick, be concerned: Nor you, Mrs. Smith. Why should you? There is nothing more in it. than the unufualness of the thing. Why may we not be as reasonably shocked at going to the church where are the monuments of our ancestors, with whose dust we even hope our dust shall be one day mingled, as to be moved at

such a fight as this?

We all remaining filent, the women having their aprons at their eyes-Why this concern for nothing at all, faid the?-If I am to be blamed for any-thing, it is for thewing too much folicitude, as it may be thought, for this earthly part. I love to do every-thing for myself that I can do. I ever did. Every other material point is fo far done and taken care of, that I have had leifure for things of leffer moment. Minutenesses may be observed, where greater articles are not neglected for them. I might have had this to order, perhaps, when less fit to order it. I have no mother, no lifter, no Mrs. Norton, no Miss Howe, near me. Some of you must have seen this in a few days, if not now; perhaps have had the friendly trouble of directing it. And what is the difference of a few days to you, when I am gratified, rather than discomposed by it?-I shall not die the sooner for such a preparation.-Should not every-body make their will, that has any-thing to bequeath? And who, that makes a will, should be afraid of a coffin?-My dear friends (to the women). I have considered these things; do not give me reason to think you have not, with such an object before you, as you have had in me, for weeks.

How reasonable was all this !- It shewed, indeed, that, the herfelt had well confidered of it. But yet we could not help being shocked at the thoughts of the coffin thus brought in: The lovely person before our eyes, who is

in all likelihood fo foon to fill it.

We were all filent still, the women in grief, I in a manner stunned. She would not ask me, she said; but would be glad, fince it had thus earlier than she had intended been brought in, that her two good friends would walk in and look upon it. They would be lefs shocked, when it was made

made more familiar to their eye, than while their thoughts ran large upon it. Don't you lead back, faid she, a starting steed to the object he is apt to start at, in order to familiarize him to it, and cure his starting? The same reason will hold in this case. Come, my good friends, I will lead you in.

I took my leave; telling her she had done wrong, very wrong; and ought not, by any means, to have such an

object before her.

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The women followed her in.- 'Tis a strange Sex! Nothing is too shocking for them to look upon, or see acted,

that has but Novelty and Curiofity in it.

Down I posted; got a chair; and was carried home, extremely shocked and discomposed: Yet, weighing the lady's arguments, I know not why I was so affected—ex-

cept, as she faid, at the unusualness of the thing.

While I waited for a chair, Mrs. Smith came down, and told me, that there were devices and inscriptions upon the lid. Lord bless me! Is a cossin a proper subject to display fancy upon?—But these great minds cannot avoid doing extraordinary things!

LETTER XXXII.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efq:

ed of gridt-von sail tall alle Friday Morn. Sept. 1.

IT is furprising, that I, a man, should be so much affected as I was, at such an object as is the subject of my former letter; who also, in my late uncle's case, and poor Belton's, had the like before me, and the directing of it: When she, a woman, of so weak and tender a frame, who was to fill it (so soon, perhaps, to fill it!) could give orders about it, and draw out the devices upon it, and explain them with so little concern as the women tell me she did to them last night, after I was gone.

I really was ill, and restless all night. Thou wert the subject of my execration, as she of my admiration, all the time I was quite awake: And, when I dozed, I dreamt of nothing but of slying hour-glasses, deaths heads, spades, mattocks, and Eternity; the hint of her devices (as given:

me by Mrs. Smith) running in my head.

5. However,

However, not being able to keep away from Smith's. I went thither about feven. The lady was just gone out: She had flept better, I found, than I, tho' her folemn repofitory was under her window not far from her bed-fide.

I was prevailed upon by Mrs. Smith and her nurse Shelburne (Mrs. Lovick being abroad with her) to go up and look at the devices. Mrs. Lovick has fince shewn me a copy of the draught by which all was ordered. And I

will give thee a sketch of the symbols.

The principal device, neatly etched on a plate of white metal, is a crowned ferpent, with its tail in its mouth. forming a ring, the emblem of Eternity, and in the circle made by it is this inscription:

CLARISSA HARLOWE. APRIL X.

Then the year] ÆTAT. XIX.

For ornaments: At top, an hour-glass winged. At bottom, an urn.

Under the hour-glass, on another plate this inscription:

HERE the wicked cease from troubling: And HERE the weary be at reft. Job iii. 17.

Over the urn, near the bottom:

Turn again unto thy rest, O my soul! For the Lord hath rewarded thee: And why? Thou hast delivered my foul from death; mine eyes from tears; and my feet from falling. Pf. cxvi. 7, 8.

Over this text is the head of a white lily fnapt short off, and just falling from the stalk; and this infcription over

that, between the principal plate and the lily:

- The days of man are but as grafs. For he flourisheth as a flower of the field: For, as foon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. Pf. ciii. 15, 16.

She excused herself to the women, on the score of her youth, and being used to draw for her needleworks, for having shewn more fancy than would perhaps be thought fuitable on fo folemn an occasion.

The date, April 10. she accounted for, as not being able

to tell what her clofing-day would be; and as That was the fatal day of her leaving her father's house.

She discharged the undertaker's bill, after I was gone, with as much chearfulness as she could ever have paid for the cloaths she sold to purchase this her palace: For such she called it; respecting upon herself for the expensiveness of it, saying, That they might observe in ber, that pride lest not poor mortals to the last: But indeed she did not know but her father would permit it, when surnished, to be carried down to be deposited with her ancestors; and, in that case, she ought not to discredit them in her last appearance.

It is covered with fine black cloth, and lined with white fatten; foon, she said, to be tarnished by viler earth than

any it could be covered by.

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The burial-dress was brought home with it. The women had curiosity enough, I suppose, to see her open That, if she did open it. — And, perhaps, thou wouldst have been glad to have been present, to have admired it too!

Mrs. Lovick said, she took the liberty to blame her; and wished the removal of such an object from her bed-chamber, at least: And was so affected with the noble answer she made upon it, that she entered it down, the moment she lest her.

To persons in health, said she, this sight may be shocking; and the preparation, and my unconcernedness in it, may appear affected: But to me, who have had fo gradual a weaning-time from the world, and so much reason not to love it, I must fay, I dwell on, I indulge (and, strictly speaking, I enjoy) the thoughts of death. For, believe me (looking fledfastly at the awful receptacle): Believe what at this instant I feel to be most true. That there is fuch a vast superiority of weight and importance in the thought of death, and its hoped for happy confequences, that it in a manner annihilates all other confiderations and concerns. Believe me, my good friends, it does what nothing else can do; It teaches me, by strengthening in me the force of the divinest example, to forgive the injuries I have received; and shuts out the remembrance of past evils from my foul. Ine date, April

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And now let me ask thee, Lovelace, Dost thou think, that, when the time shall come that thou shalt be obliged to launch into the boundless ocean of Eternity, thou wilt be able (any more than poor Belton was) to act thy part with such true heroism, as this sweet and tender blossom of a woman has manifested, and continues to manifest!

O no! it cannot be!— And why cannot it be?— The reason is evident: She has no wilful errors to look back upon with self-reproach—and her mind is strengthened by the consolations which flow from that religious rectitude which has been the guide of all her actions; and which has taught her rather to choose to be a sufferer, than an aggressor!

This was the support of the divine Socrates, as thou hast read. When led to execution, his wife lamenting that he should suffer being innocent, Thou fool, said he, wouldst

thou wish me to be guilty?

LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, E/q;

Friday, Sept. 1.

men had correctly endingly.

HOW aftonishing, in the midst of such affecting scenes, is thy mirth on what thou callest my own aspirations? Never, surely, was there such another man in this world, thy talents and thy levity taken together!—Surely, what I shall send thee with this will affect thee. If not, nothing can, till thy own hour come: — And heavy will then thy reslections be!

I am glad, however, that thou enablest me to assure the lady, that thou wilt no more molest her; that is to say, in other words, That, after having ruined her fortunes, and all her worldly prospects, thou wilt be so gracious, as to

let her lie down and die in peace.

Thy giving up to poor Belton's fifter the little legacy, and thy undertaking to make Mowbray and Tourville follow thy example, is, I must say to thy honour, of a piece with thy generosity to thy Rose-bud and her Johnny; and to a number of other good actions, in pecuniary matters; altho' thy Rose-bud's is, I believe, the only instance where a pretty woman was concerned, of such a disinterested bounty.

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Upon my faith, Lovelace, I love to praise thee; and often and often, as thou knowest, have I studied for occafions to do it: Insomuch that when for the life of me I could not think of any-thing done by thee that deserved it, I have taken pains to applaud the not ungraceful manner in which thou hast performed actions that merited the gallows.

Now thou art so near, I will dispatch my servant to thee, if occasion requires. But, I fear, I shall soon give thee the news thou apprehendest. For I am just now sent for by Mrs. Smith; who has ordered the messenger to tell me, that she knew not if the lady will be alive when I

come.

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Friday, Sept. 1. two o' clock, at Smith's.

I could not close my letter in such an uncertainty as must have added to your impatience. For you have, on several occasions, convinced me, that the suspense you love to give would be the greatest torment to you that you could receive. A common case with all aggressive and violent spirits, I believe. I will just mention then (your servant waiting here till I have written), that the lady has had two very severe sits: In the last of which, whill she lay, they sent to the doctor, and Mr. Goddard, who both advised, that a messenger should be dispatched for me, as her executor; being doubtful, whether, if she had a third, it would not carry her off.

She was tolerably recovered by the time I came; and the doctor made her promise before me, that she would not attempt any more, while so weak, to go abroad; for, by Mrs. Lovick's description, who attended her, the shortness of her breath, her extreme weakness, and the fervor of her devotions when at church, were contraries, which, pulling different ways (the soul aspiring, the body sinking)

tore her tender frame in pieces. I want of sent out

So much for the present. I shall detain Will. no longer, than just to beg, that you will send me back this pacquet, and the last. Your memory is so good, that once reading is all you ever give, or need to give, to any-thing. And who but ourselves can make out our characters, were you inclined to let any-body see what passes between us? If I

cannot be obliged, I shall be tempted to with-hold what I write, till I have time to take a copy of it (a).

A letter from Miss Howe is just now brought by a particular messenger, who says he must carry back a few lines in return. But, as the lady is just retired to lie down, the man is to call again by-and-by.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq. Uxbridge, Sept. 1. twelve o' clock at night.

Send you the papers with this. You must account to me honestly and fairly when I see you for the earnestness with which you write for them. And then also will we talk about the contents of your last dispatch, and about some of your fevere and unfriendly reflections.

Mean time, whatever thou dost, don't let the wonderful creature leave us! Set before her the fin of her preparation, as if the thought the could depart when the pleafed. She'll persuade herself, at this rate, that she has nothing to do, when all is ready, but to lie down, and go to fleep: And fuch a lively fancy as hers will make a reality of a jest at any time.

A jest, I call all that has passed between her and me; a mere jest to die for !- For has she not, from first to last, infinitely more triumphed over me, than fuffered from me?

Would the facred regard I have for her purity, even for her personal as well as intellectual purity, permit, I could prove this as clear as the fun. Therefore tell the dear creature, she must not be wicked in her piety. There is a too much, as well as a too little, even in righteousnels. Perhaps the does not think of that. - O that the would have permitted my attendance, as obligingly as she does of thine!—The dear foul used to love humour. I remember the time that she knew how to smile at a piece of apropos humour. And, let me tell thee, a smile upon the lips must have had its correspondent chearfulnesses in a heart so fincere as hers.

on ever give, or need to give, to the (a) It may not be amiss to observe, that Mr. Belford's folicitude to get back his letters, was owing to his defire of fulfilling the lady's wishes, that he would furnish Miss Howe with materials to vindicate her memory.

Tell the doctor, I will make over all my possessions, and all my reversions, to him, if he will but prolong her life for one twelvementh to come. But for one twelvementh, Jack! — He will lose all his reputation with me, and I shall treat him as Belton did his doctor, if he cannot do this for me, on so young a subject. But Nineteen, Belford!—Nineteen cannot so soon die of grief, if the doctor deserve that name; and so blooming and so sine a consti-

tution as she had but three or four months ago!

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But what need the doctor have asked her leave to write to her friends? Could he not have done it, without letting her know any-thing of the matter? That was one of the likeliest means that could be thought of, to bring some of them about her, since she is so desirous to see them. At least, it would have induced them to send up her favourite Norton. But these plaguy solemn fellows are great traders in parade: And, for the hearts of them, cannot get out of it, be the occasion what it will. They'll cram down your throat their poisonous drugs by wholesale, without asking you a question; and have the assurance to own it to be prescribing: But, when they are to do good, they are to ask your consent.

How the dear creature's character rises in every line of thy letters!—But it is owing to the uncommon occasions she has met with that she blazes out upon us with such a meridian lustre!—How, but for those occasions, could her noble sentiments, her prudent consideration, her forgiving spirit, her exalted benevolence, and her equanimity in view of the most shocking prospects (which set her in a light so superior to all her sex, and even to the philoso-

phers of antiquity) have been manifested?

I know thou wilt think I am going to claim some merit to myself, for having given her such opportunities of signalizing her virtues. But I am not; for, if I did, I must share that merit with her implacable relations, who would justly be intitled to two thirds of it, at least: And my soul disdains a partnership in any-thing with such a family.

But this I mention as an answer to thy reproaches, that I could be so little edified by perfections, to which, thou supposes, I was for so long together daily and hourly a personal witness— When, admirable as she was in all she

faid, and in all the did, occasion had not at that time rice pened, and called forth, those amazing perfections which now assorbly and confound me. to eyest and told lie saw

Hence it is, that I admire her more than ever I did and that my love for her is less perfonal as I may lay, more intellectual, than ever I thought it could be to woman.

Hence also it is, that I am confident (would it please the Fates to spare her, and make her mine) I could love her with a purity that would draw on my own FUTURES as well as insure ben TEMPOR AU happiness.— And hence, by necessary consequence, shall I be the most miserable of

all men, if Lam deprived of her are not doint and that flum

Thou severely reflectest upon me for my levity in the Abbey instance. And I will be ingenuous enough to own, that as thou seest not my heart, there may be passages in every one of my letters, which (the melancholy occasions considered) deserve thy most pointed rebukes. But, faith, Jack, thou art such a tragi-comical mortal, with thy leaden aspirations at one time, and thy slying hour glasses and dreaming terrors at another, that, as Prior says, What serious is, thou turn's to farce; and it is impossible to keep within the bounds of decorum or gravity, when one reads what thou writest.

But to restrain myself (for my constitutional gaiety was ready to run away with me again) I will repeat, I must ever repeat, that I am most egregiously affected with the circumstances of the case: And, were this paragon actually to quit the world, should never enjoy myself one hour together, tho' I were to live to the age of Methusalem.

Indeed it is to this deep concern, that my very levity is owing: For I struggle and struggle, and try to buffet down these reslections as they rise; and when I cannot do it, I am forced, as I have often said, to try to make myself laugh, that I may not cry; for one or other I must do: And is it not philosophy carried to the highest pitch, for a man to conquer such tumults of soul as I am sometimes agitated by, and, in the very height of the storm, to be able to quaver out an horse-laugh?

Your Seneca's, your Epictetus's, and the rest of your soical tribe, with all their apathy-nonsense, could not

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come up to this. They could forbear wry faces: Bodily pains they could well enough feem to support; and that was all: But the pangs of their own smitten-down souls they could not laugh over, the they could at the sollies of others. They read grave lectures; but they were grave. This high point of philosophy, to laugh and be merry in the midst of the most soul-harrowing woes, when the heart-strings are just bursting assunder, was reserved for thy Lovelace.

There is fomething owing to constitution, I own; and that this is the laughing-time of my life. For what a woe must that be, which for an hour together can mortify a man of six or seven and twenty, in high blood and spirits, of a naturally gay disposition, who can sing, dance, and scribble, and take and give delight in them all?—But then my grief, as my joy, is sharper-pointed than most other mens; and, like what Dolly Welby once told me, describing the parturient throes, if there were not lucid intervals—if they did not come and go—there would be no bearing them.

90 90

AFTER all, as I am so little distant from the dear creature, and as she is so very ill, I think I cannot excuse myself from making her one visit. Nevertheless, if I thought her so near—(What word shall I use, that my soul is not shocked at!) and that she would be too much discombosed by a visit; I would not think of it. — Yet how can I bear the recollection, that, when she last went from me her innocence so triumphant over my premeditated guilt, as was enough to reconcile her to life, and to set her above the sense of injuries so nobly sustained) that she should then depart with an incurable fracture in her heart; and that that should be the last time I should ever see her!—How, how can I bear this ressection!

O Jack! how my conscience, that gives edge even to hy blunt reflections, tears me!—Even this moment would give the world to push the cruel reproacher from me by one gay intervention!—Sick of myself!— Sick of the renembrance of my vile plots; and of my light, my momenary ecstasy (Villainous burglar, felon, thief, that I was!) which has brought upon me such durable and such beavy

remorfe!

remorfe! what would I give that I had not been guilty of fuch barbarous and ungrateful perfidy to the most excellent of God's creatures ! and a sham add a swoll

I would end, methinks, with one sprightlier line but it will not be .- Let me tell thee then, and rejoice at me, that Mile Howe had wer man I that Mile His work it it

Colored tingin double again Inexpressibly miferable olo

honed misapprehensions between him and me; and had likewise privxxxx c.A. a.or rr 13 L of react

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, E/a; Sat. morning, Sept. 2.

HAVE some little pleasure given me by thine, just now brought me. I see now, that thou hast a little humanity left. Would to heaven, for the dear lady's fake. as well as for thy own, that thou hadft romaged it up from all the dark forgotten corners of thy foul a little fooner!

The lady is alive, and ferene, and calm, and has all her noble intellects clear and strong: But Nineteen will not however fave her. She fays, she will now content herself with her closet-duties, and the visits of the parish-minister; and will not attempt to go out. Nor, indeed, will she, I am afraid, ever walk up or down a pair of stairs again.

I am forry at my foul to have this to fay: But it would and order test

be a folly to flatter thee.

As to thy feeing her, I believe the least hint of that fort,

now, would cut off fome hours of her life.

What has contributed to her ferenity, it feems, is, That, taking the alarm her fits gave her, she has intirely finished, and figned and fealed, her last will: Which she had deferred doing till this time, in hopes, as she said, of some good news from Harlowe-Place; which would have occa-

fioned the alteration of some passages in it.

Miss Howe's letter was not given her till four in the afternoon, yesterday; at what time the messenger returned for an answer. She admitted him to her presence in the dining-room, ill as she then was; and would have written a few lines, as defired by Miss Howe; but, not being able to hold a pen, she bid the messenger tell her, that she hoped to be well enough to write a long letter by the next day's post; and would not now detain him.

Satur-

ming need ton ben I ten Saturday, fix in the Afternoon.

I CALLED just now, and found the lady writing to Miss Howe. She made me a melancholy compliment, that she shewed me not Miss Howe's letter, because I should soon have that and all her papers before me. But she told me, that Miss Howe had very considerately obviated to Colonel Morden several things which might have occasioned misapprehensions between him and me; and had likewise put a lighter construction, for the sake of peace, on some of your actions, than they deserved.

She added, That her cousin Morden was warmly engaged in her favour with her friends: And one good piece of news Miss Howe's letter contained; that her father would give up some matters, which (appertaining to her of right) would make my executorship the easier in some

particulars that had given her a little pain.

She owned she had been obliged to leave off (in the let-

ter she was writing) thro' weakness.

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Will fays, he shall reach you to-night. I shall send in the morning; and if I find her not worse, will ride to Edgware, and return in the afternoon.

LETTER XXXVI.

Miss Howe, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

My dearest Friend,

I Am at length returned to this place; and had intended to wait on you in London: But my mamma is very ill—Alas! my dear, she is very ill indeed — And you are likewise very ill — I see that by yours of the 25th — What shall I do, if I lose two such near, and dear, and tender friends? She was taken ill yesterday at our last stage in our return home—And has a violent surfeit and sever, and the doctors are doubtful about her.

If she should die, how will all my pertnesses to her sly in my face!—Why, why, did I ever vex her?—She says I have been all duty and obedience!—She kindly forgets all my faults, and remembers every-thing I have been so happy as to oblige her in. And this cuts me to the heart.

I see, I see, my dear, you are very bad—And I cannot bear it. Do, my beloved Miss Harlowe, if you can be

better,

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better, do, for my fake, be better; and fend me word of it.

Let the bearer bring me a line. Befure you fend me a line. If I lose you, my more than lister, and lose my mamma, I shall distrust my own conduct, and will not marry. And why should I?—Creeping, cringing in courtship:—O my dear, these men are a vile race of Reptiles in our day, and mere Bears in their own. See in Lovelace all that was defirable in figure, in birth, and in fortune: But in his heart a devil!—See in Hickman—Indeed, my dear, I cannot tell what any-body can see in Hickman, to be always preaching in his favour. And is it to be expected, that I, who could hardly bear controll from a mother, should take it from a husband?—From one too, who has neither more wit, nor more understanding, than myself? Yet He to be my instructor!-So he will, I suppose; but more by the insolence of his will, than by the ment of his counsel. It is in vain to think of it - I cannot be a wife to any man breathing whom I at present know.-This I the rather mention now, because, on my mother's danger, I know you will be for prefling me the fooner to throw myfelf into another fort of protection, should I be deprived of her. But no more of this subject, or indeed of any other; for I am obliged to attend my mamma, who cannot bear me out of her fight.

Wednesday, Aug. 30.

My mother, Heaven be praised! has had a fine night, and is much better. Her sever has yielded to medicine! And now I can write once more with freedom and ease to you, in hopes that you also are better. If this be granted to my prayers, I shall again be happy. I write with still the more alacrity, as I have an opportunity given me to touch upon a subject in which you are nearly concerned.

You must know then, my dear, that your cousin Morden has been here with me. He told me of an interview he had on Monday at Lord M's with Lovelace; and asked me abundance of questions about you, and about that villainous man.

I could have raised a fine slame between them if I would: But, observing that he is a man of very lively passions, and believing you would be miserable if anything should happen to him from a quarrel with a man who

is known to have fo many advantages at his fword, I made not the worst of the subjects we talked of. But, as I could not tell untruths in his favour, you must think I said enough to make him curse the wretch.

I don't find, well as they all used to respect Colonel Morden, that he has influence enough upon them to bring

them to any terms of reconciliation.

What can they mean by it!—But your brother is come home, it feems: So, The honour of the house—The re-

putation of the family, is all the cry!

The Colonel is exceedingly out of humour with them all. Yet has he not hitherto, it seems, seen your brutal brother.—I told him how ill you were, and communicated to him some of the contents of your letter. He admired you, cursed Lovelace, and raved against all your family.—He declared, that they were all unworthy of you.

At his earnest request, I permitted him to take some brief notes of such of the contents of your letter to me, as I thought I could read to him; and, particularly, of

your melancholy conclusion (a).

He says, That none of your friends think you so ill as you are; nor will believe it.—He is sure they all love

you, and that dearly too.

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If they do, their present hardness of heart will be the subject of everlasting remorfe to them should you be taken from us — But now it seems (barbarous wretches!)

you are to suffer within an inch of your life.

He asked me questions about Mr. Belford: And when he had heard what I had to say of that gentleman, and his disinterested services to you, he raved at some villainous surmises thrown out against you by that officious pedant, Brand: Who, but for his gown, I find, would come off

poorly enough between your coufin and Lovelace.

He was so uneasy about you himself, that on Thursday the 24th he sent up an honest serious man (b), one Alston, a gentleman farmer, to inquire of your condition, your visiters, &c. who brought him word, that you was very ill, and was put to great streights to support yourself: But as this was told him by the gentlewoman of the house where you lodge, who it seems mingled with it some tart,

tho' deserved, reflections upon your relations cruelty, it was not credited by them ? And I myfelf hope it cannot be true: for furely you could not be so unjust, I will say to my friendship, as to suffer any inconveniencies for want of money. I think I could not forgive you, if it were fo.

The Colonel (as one of your trustees) is refolved to fee you put into possession of your estate: And in the mean time, he has actually engaged them to remit to him, for you, the produce of it accrued fince your grandfather death (a very confiderable fum); and propoles himfelf to attend you with it. But, by a hint he dropt. I find you had disappointed some people's littleness by not writing to them for money and supplies of fince they were determined to diffress you, and to put you at defiance out that

Like all the reft !- I hope I may fay that without offence.

Your cousin imagines, that before a reconciliation takes place, they will infift, that you shall make such a will, as to that estate, as they shall approve of : But he declares, he will not go out of England till he has feen in flice done you by every-body; and that you shall not be imthere were any thing a cooper briefly vd rather no belog

By relation or foe, should he not have faid? - For

friend will not impose upon a friend, val or ei tadT) va

So, my dear, you are to buy your peace, if some people

were to have their wills how and lawoiled y mo?-

Your cousin [not I, my dear, tho' it was always my opinion (a) I fays, that the whole family is too rich to be either bumble, considerate, or contented. And as for himself, he has an ample fortune, he fays, and thinks of leaving it wholly to you are the moon it the expension of the

Had this villain Lovelace confulted his worldly in terest only, what a fortune would he have had in you, even altho' your marrying him had deprived you of your

paternal share?

If that I hipsed might be cone. I the I am obliged to leave off here. But having a good deal still to write, and my mother better. I will pursue the subject in another letter, altho' I fend both together. I need not fay how much I am, and will ever be, at aid 19 1

Your affectionate, &c.

and it for helman and helman to Anna Hows.

the deferved, reflections upon your relations cruelty, it was not credited WXXX Aug I ByTh Top Hit Lannot be

Mis Howe, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE,

The Colonel thought fit once to speak it to the praise of Lovelace's generosity, that (as a man of honour ought) he took to himself all the blame, and acquitted you of the consequences of the precipitate step you had taken; since, he said, as you loved him, and was in his power, he must have had advantages, which he would not have had, if you had continued at your father's, or at any friend's.

Mighty generous, I said (were it as he supposed) in such insolent reflecters, the best of them; who pretend to clear reputations, which never had been sullied, but by salling into their dirty acquaintance! But in this case, I added, that there was no need of any-thing but the strictest truth, to demonstrate Lovelace to be the blackest of villains, You the brightest of innocents.

This he catch'd at; and fwore, that could he find, that there were any-thing uncommon or barbarous in the feduction, as one of your letters had indeed feemed to imply (That is to fay, my dear, any-thing worse than perjury, breach of faith, and abuse of a generous confidence!—Sorry fellows!) he would avenge his cousin to the utmost.

I urged your apprehensions on this head from your last letter to me: But he seemed capable of taking what I know to be real greatness of soul, in an unworthy sense: For he mentioned directly upon it, the expectation your friends had, that you should (previous to any reconciliation with them) appear in a court of justice against the villain — If you could do it with the advantage to yourself that I hinted might be done.

And truly, if I would have heard him, he had indelicacy enough to have gone into the nature of the proof of the crime upon which they wanted to have Lovelace arraigned: Yet this is a gentleman improved by travel and learning!—Upon my word, my dear, I, who have been accommed to the most delicate conversation ever since I

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had the honour to know you, despise this Sex, from the

gentleman to the peafant.

Upon the whole, I find that Mr. Morden has a very flender notion of womens virtue, in particular cases: For which reason I put him down, tho' your favourite, as one who is not intitled to cast the first stone.

I never knew a man who deserved to be well thought of himself for his morals, who had a slight opinion of the virtue of our Sex in general. For if from the difference of temperament and education, modesty, chastity, and piety too (and these from principle) are not to be found in our Sex preserably to the other, I should think it a sign of a much worse nature in ours.

He even hinted (as from your relations indeed) that it is impossible but there must be some will where there is much love. These sort of reslections are enough to make a woman, who has at heart her own honour and the honour of her Sex, to look about her, and consider what he is doing when she enters into an intimacy with these wretches; since it is plain, that whenever she throws herself into the power of a man, and leaves for him her parents or guardians, every-body will believe it to be owing more to her good luck than to her discretion, if there be not an end of her virtue: And let the man be ever such a villain to her, she must take into her own bosom a share

I am writing to general cases. You, my dear, are out of the question. Your story, as I have heretofore said, will afford a warning, as well as an example (a): For whose it that will not infer, That if a person of your fortune, character, and merit, could not escape ruin, after she had put herself into the power of her byæna, what can a

thoughtless, fond, giddy creature expect?

Every man, they will say, is not a LOVELACE.—True: But then, neither is every woman a CLARISSA.—And allow for the one and the other, the example must be of general use.

of Mr. Belford, for an office that we both hope he will have no occasion to act in (nor any-body else) for many, very many years to come. He was at first startled at its

of his guilty baseness.

But, upon hearing your reasons, which had satisfied me, he only said, That such an appointment, were it to take place, would exceedingly affect his other cousins.

He told me, he had a copy of Lovelace's letter to you, imploring your pardon, and offering to undergo any penance to procure it (a); and also of your answer to it (b).

I find he is willing to hope, that a marriage between you may still take place; which, he fays, will heal up all breaches.

I would have written much more :- On the following particulars especially; to wit, Of the wretched man's hunting you out of your lodgings: Of your relations strange implacableness (I am in haste, and cannot think of a word you would like better, just now): Of your last letter to Lovelace, to divert him from pursuing you: Of your aunt Hervey's penitential conversation with Mrs. Norton: Of Mr. Wyerley's renewed address: Of your lessons in Hickman's behalf, so approveable, were the man more so than he is: But indeed I am offended with him at this inflant, and have been these two days: - Of your filter's transportation-project: - And of twenty and twenty other things:-But am obliged to leave off, to attend my two cousins Spilsworth, and my cousin Herbert, who are come to visit us on account of my mother's illness .- I will therefore dispatch these by Rogers; and if my mother gets well foon (as I hope she will) I am resolved to see you in town, and tell you every-thing that now is upon my mind; and particularly, mingling my foul with yours, how much I am, and will ever be, my dearest dear friend,

Your affectionate

ANNA HOWE.

Let Rogers bring one line, I pray you. I thought to have fent him this afternoon, but he cannot fet out till to-morrow morning early.

I cannot express how much your staggering lines, and your conclusion, affect me!

(a) See Vol. vi. p. 346. (b) See Vol. vi. p. 356.

VOL. VII.

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LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efg;

Sunday Evening, Sept. 3.

Wonder not at the impatience your fervant tells me you express to hear from me. I was defigning to write you a long letter, and was just returned from Smith's for that purpose; but, fince you are so urgent, you must be contented with a short one.

I attended the lady this morning, just before I set out for Edgware. She was fo ill over-night, that she was obliged to leave her letter to Miss Howe unfinished: But early this morning she made an end of it, and had just fealed it up as I came. She was so fatigued with writing, that she told me she would lie down after I was gone, and

endeavour to recruit her spirits.

They had fent for Mr. Goddard, when the was foil last night; and not being able to see him out of her own chamber, he, for the first time, saw her bouse, as she calls it. He was extremely shocked and concerned at it; and chid Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick for not perfuading her to have such an object removed from her bedchamber: And when they excused themselves on the little authority it was reasonable to suppose they must have with a lady fo much their fuperior, he reflected warmly on those who had more authority, and who left her to proceed in fuch a shocking and solemn whimfy, as he called it.

It is placed near the window, like a harpfichord, tho' covered over to the ground: And when she is so ill, that the cannot well go to her closet, the writes and reads upon it, as others would upon a desk or table. But (only as she was fo ill last night) she chooses not to see any-body in

that apartment.

I went to Edgware; and, returning in the evening, at tended her again. She had a letter brought her from Mrs. Norton (a long one, as it feems by its bulk) just before I came. But she had not opened it; and faid, That as she was pretty calm and composed, she was afraid to look into the contents, left she should be ruffled; expecting, now, to hear of nothing that could do her good or give her pleasure

pleasure from that good woman's dear bard-bearted neighbours, as she called her own relations.

Seeing her so weak and ill, I withdrew; nor did she defire me to tarry, as fometimes she does, when I make

a motion to depart.

By Mrs. Smith I had some hints, as I went away, that the had appropriated that evening to some offices, that were to fave trouble, as she called it, after her departure; and had been giving her nurse, and Mrs. Lovick, and Mrs. Smith, orders about what she would have done when the was gone; and I believe they were of a very delicate and affecting nature; but Mrs. Smith descended not to particulars, the letter to Milis Howe unfigrally

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The Doctor had been with her, as well as Mr. Goddard; and they both joined with great earnefiness to persuade her to have her bouse removed out of her light: But she affured them, that it gave her pleafure and spirits; and, being a necessary preparation, she wondered they should be surprised at it, when she had not any of her family about her, or any old acquaintance, on whose care and exactness in these punctilio's, as she called them, she could rely a not shiro I and has diffed and blito B

The Doctor told Mrs. Smith, that he believed fire would hold out long enough for any of her friends to have notice of her state, and to see her, and hardly longer; and since he could not find, that she had any certainty of hearing from or feeing her cousin Morden (which made it plain, that her relations continued inflexible) he would go home. and write a letter to her father, take it as she would.

She had spent great part of the day in intense devotions; and to-morrow morning she is to have with her the same clergyman who has often attended her; from

whose hands she will again receive the Sacrament. Thou feest, Lovelace, that all is preparing, that all will be ready; and I am to attend her to-morrow afternoon. to take some instructions from her in relation to my part in the office to be performed for her. And thus, omitting the particulars of a fine conversation between her and Mrs. Lovick, which the latter acquainted me with, as well as another between her and the Doctor and Apothecary, which I had a defign this evening to give you, they being

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of a very affecting nature, I have yielded to your impaseakly solidays a durch ad given a more favoural

I shall dispatch Harry to morrow morning early with her letter to Mifs Howe ! An offer the took very kindly; as the is extremely folicitous to leffen that young lady's apprehensions for her on not hearing from her by Saturday's post: And yet, to write the truth, how can her apprehensions be lessened? install

THE TAKE IN THE WAXXXXIII WOMEN

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Miss Howe.

Saturday, Sept. 2.

Write, my beloved Miss Howe, tho' very ill still: But I could not by the return of your messenger; for I

was then unable to hold a pen.

Your mother's illness (as by the first part of your letter) gave me great diffress for you, till I read further: You bewail it as it becomes a daughter fo fenfible. May you be bleffed in each other for many, very many, happy years to come! I doubt not, that even this fudden and grievous indisposition, by the frame it has put you in, and the apprehension it has given you of losing so dear a mother, will contribute to the happiness I wish you: For, alas! my dear, we never know how to value the bleffings we enjoy, till we are in danger of losing them, or have actually loft them: And then, what would we give to have them restored to us?

What, I wonder, has again happened between you and Mr. Hickman? Altho' I know it not, I dare fay it is owing to some pretty petulance, to some half-ungenerous advantage taken of his obligingness and assiduity. Will you never, my dear, give the weight You and all our Sex ought to give to the qualities of fobriety and regularity of life and manners in that Sex? Must bold creatures, and forward spirits, for ever, and by the best and wisest of us, as well as by the indifcreetest, be the most kindly used?

My dear friends know not, that I have actually suffered

within less than an inch of my life.

Poor Mr. Brand! He meant well, I believe. - I am afraid all will turn heavily upon him, when he probably thought, that he was taking the best method to oblige:

But were he not to have been so light of belief, and so weakly officious; but had given a more favourable, and, it would be strange if I could not say, a juster report; things would have been, nevertheless, exactly as they are.

I must lay down my pen. I am very ill. I believe I shall be better by-and-by. The bad writing would betray me, altho' I had a mind to keep from you, what the event mult foon of and depretent one benood flum trees

Now I resume my trembling pen. Excuse the un-

steady writing. It will be so -

I have wanted no money: So don't be angry about fuch a trifle as money. Yet am I glad of what you incline me to hope, that my friends will give up the produce, of my grandfather's estate since it has been in their hands: Because, knowing it to be my right, and that they could not want it, I had already disposed of a good part of it; and could only hope they would be willing to give it up at my last request. And now how rich shall I think myfelf in this my last stage! - And yet I did not want before - Indeed I did not - For who, that has many fu-

perfluities, can be faid to want?

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Do not, my dear friend, be concerned that I call it my last stage; for what is even the long life which in high health we wish for? What, but, as we go along, a life of apprehension, sometimes for our friends, oftener for ourselves? And at last, when arrived at the old age we covet, one heavy loss or deprivation having succeeded another, we see ourselves stript, as I may say, of every-one we loved; and find ourselves exposed, as uncompanionable poor creatures, to the flights, to the contempts, of jostling youth, who want to push us off the stage, in hopes to possess what we have :—And, superadded to all, our own infirmities every day increasing: Of themselves enough to make the life we wished-for the greatest disease of all! Don't you remember the lines of Howard, which once you read to me in my ivy-bower (a)?

(a) These are the lines the lady refers to:

From death we rose to life: 'Tis but the same, Thro' life to pass again from whence we came.

With In the disposition of what belongs to me, I have endeavoured to do every thing in the justest and best manner I could think of; putting myself in my relations places, and, in the greater points, ordering my matters as if no

mifunderstanding had happened on substant from saleson

I hope they will not think much of some bequests where wanted; and where due from my gratitude: But if they should, what is done, is done; and I cannot now help it. Yet I must repeat, that I hope, I hope, I have pleased every one of them. For I would not, on any account, have it thought, that, in my last disposition, any-thing undaughterly, unsisterly, or unlike a kinswoman, should have had place in a mind that is so truly free (as I will presume to say) from all resentment, that it now overslows with gratitude and blessings for the good I have received, althoit be not all that my heart wished to receive. Were it even an hardship that I was not savoured with more, what is it but an hardship of half a year, against the most indulgent goodness of eighteen years and an half, that ever was shewn to a daughter?

My cousin, you tell me, thinks I was off my guard, and that I was taken at some advantage. Indeed, my dear, I was not. Indeed I gave no room for advantage to be taken of me. I hope, one day, that will be seen, if I have the justice done me which Mr. Belford af-

fures me of.

I should hope, that my cousin has not taken the liberties which you, by an observation (not unjust) feem to charge him with. For it is sad to think, that the generality of that Sex should make so light of crimes, which they justly hold so unpardonable in their own most intimate relations of ours—Yet cannot commit them without

With shame we see our Passions can prevail,
Where Reason, Certainty, and Virtue sail.
Honour, that empty name! can death despise:
Scorn'd Love, to death, as to a resuge, sies;
And Sorrow waits for death with longing eyes.
Hore triumphs o'er the thoughts of death; and Fats
Cheats sools, and flatters the unfortunate.
We sear to lose, what a small time must waste,
Till life itself grows the disease at last.
Begging for life, we beg for more decay,
And to be long a dying only pray.

doing fuch injuries to other families and individuals, as they think themselves obliged to refent unto death, when offered to their own families.

But we women are too often to blame on this head; fince the most virtuous among us seldom make wirtue the test of their approbation of the other: Infomuch that a man may glory in his wickedness of this fort without being rejected on that account, even to the faces of women of unquestionable virtue. Hence it is, that a libertine feldom thinks himself concerned so much as to save appearances: And what is it not that our Sex fuffers in their opinions on this very fcore? And what have I, more than many others, to answer for on this very account, in the world's eye by o woo in rada" memmelan its mon ivel

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May my flory be a warning to all, how they prefer a libertine to a man of true honour; and how they permit themselves to be missed (where they mean the best) by the specious, yet foolish hope of subduing riveted habits. and, as I may fay, of altering natures! - The more foolish, as experience might convince us, that there is hardly one in ten, of even tolerably happy marriages, in which the wife keeps the hold in the hufband's affections, which the had in the lower's. What influence then can the hope to have over the morals of an avowed libertine, who marries perhaps for conveniency, who despises the tie, and whom, it is too probable, nothing but old age, or fickness, or disease (the consequence of ruinous riot) can reclaim?

I am very glad you gave my couf-

Sunday morning (Sept. 3.) fix o'clock.

HITHER I had written, and was forced to quit my pen. And fo much weaker and worse I grew, that had I refumed it, to have closed here, it must have been with such trembling unsteadiness, that it would have given you more concern for me, than the delay of fending it away by last night's post can do: So I deferred it, to see how it would please God to deal with me. And I find myself, after a better night than I expected, lively and clear; and hope to give you a proof that I do, in the continuation of my letter, which I will purfue as currently as if I had not left off.

I am glad you so considerately gave my cousin Morden favourable impressions of Mr. Belford; since, otherwise, fome misunderstanding might have happened between them: For altho' I hope this gentleman is an altered man, and in time will be a reformed one, yet is he one of those high spirits that has been accustomed to resent imaginary indignities to bimself, when, I believe, he has not been studious to avoid giving real offences to others; men of this cast acting as if they thought all the world was made to

bear with them, and they with no-body in it.

Mr. Lovelace, you tell me, thought fit to intrust my coufin with the copy of his letter of penitence to me, and with my answer to it, rejecting him and his suit: And Mr. Belford moreover acquaints me, how much concerned Mr. Lovelace is for his baseness, and how freely he accused himself to my cousin. This shews, that the true bravery of spirit is to be above doing a vile action; and that nothing subjects the human mind to such meannesses, as to be guilty of wilful wrongs to our fellow-creatures. How low, how fordid, are the submissions which elaborate baseness compels! That that wretch could treat me as he did, and then could so poorly creep to me to be forgiven, and to be allowed to endeavour to repair crimes fo wilful, to black, and fo premeditated! How my foul despited him for his meanness on a certain occasion, of which you will one day be informed (a)! And him whom one's heart despises, it is far from being difficult to reject, had one ever so partially favoured him once.

Yet am I glad this violent spirit can thus creep; that, like a poisonous serpent, he can thus coil himself, and hide his head in his own narrow circlets; because this stooping, this abasement, gives me hope that no further

mischief will ensue.

All my apprehension is, what may happen when I am gone; lest then my cousin, or any other of my family, should endeavour to avenge me, and risk their own more

precious lives on that account.

If that part of Cain's curse were Mr. Lovelace's, To be a fugitive and vagabond in the earth; that is to say, if it meant no more harm to him, than that he should be obliged to travel, as it seems he intends (tho' I wish him no

⁽a) Meaning his meditated fecond violence (See Vol. v. Letter 50.) and his succeeding letters to her, supplicating her pardon.

ill in his travels) and I could know it; then should I be easy in the hop'd for safety of my friends from his skilful violence. Oh that I could hear he was a thousand miles off!

When I began this letter, I did not think I could have run to such a length. But it to You, my dearest friend, and you have a title to the spirits you raise and support; for they are no longer mine, and will subside the moment

I cease writing to you.

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But what do you bid me hope for, when you tell me, that if your mother's health will permit, you will fee me in town? I bope your mother's health will be perfected as you wish; but I dare not promise myself so great a favour; so great a blessing, I will call it—And, indeed, I

know not if I should be able to bear it now!

Yet one comfort it is in your power to give me; and that is, Let me know, and very speedily it must be if you wish to oblige me, that all matters are made up between you and Mr. Hickman; to whom, I see, you are resolved, with all your bravery of spirit, to owe a multitude of obligations for his patience with your slightiness. Think of this, my dear proud friend! and think, likewise, of what I have often told you, That PRIDE, in man or woman, is an extreme that hardly ever fails, sooner or later, to bring forth its mortifying CONTRARY.

May You, my dear Miss Howe, have no discomforts, but what you make to yourself! Those, as it will be in your own power to lessen them, ought to be your own punishment if you do not. As there is no such thing as persect happiness here, since the busy mind will make to itself evils, were it to find none, you will pardon this limited wish, strange as it may appear till you consider it: For to wish you no infelicities, either within or without you, were to wish you what can never happen in this world; and what, perhaps, ought not to be wished for, if by a wish one could give one's friend such an exemption; since we are not to live here always.

We must not, in short, expect, that our roses will grow without thorns: But then they are useful and instructive thorns; which, by pricking the singers of the too hasty plucker, teach suture caution, at the same time that they

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add sweets, and poignancy too, to enjoyments which are not over-easily attained.

God for ever bless you, and all you love and honour, and reward you here and hereafter for your kindness to Your ever-obliged and affectionate

CLARISSA HARLOWE!

LETTER XL.

Mrs. Norton, To Mifs CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[In Answer to bers of Thursday, Aug. 24.]

Thursday, Aug. 31.

I Had written sooner, my dearest young lady, but that I have been endeavouring, ever since the receipt of your last letter, to obtain a private audience of your mother, in hopes of leave to communicate it to her. But last night I was surprised by an invitation to breakfast at Harlowe-Place this morning: And the chariot came early

to fetch me: An honour I did not expect.

When I came, I found there was to be a meeting of all your family with Colonel Morden at Harlowe-Place; and it was proposed by your mother, and consented to, that I should be present. Your cousin, I understand, had with difficulty brought this meeting to bear; for your brother had before industriously avoided all conversation with him on the affecting subject; urging, That it was not necessary to talk to Mr. Morden upon it, who, being a remoter relation than themselves, had no business to make himself a judge of their conduct to their daughter, their niece, and their sister; especially as he had declared himself in her favour; adding, That he should hardly have patience to be questioned by him on that head.

I was in hopes, that your mamma would have given me an opportunity of talking with her alone before the company met; but she seemed studiously to avoid it: I

dare fay, however, not with her inclination.

I was ordered in just before Mr. Morden came; and was bid to fit down: —Which I did in the window.

The Colonel, when he came, began the discourse, by renewing, as he called it, his solicitations in your favour.

He

He fer before them your penitence; your ill health; your virtue, tho' once betrayed, and basely used: He then read to them Mr. Lovelace's letter, a most contrite one indeed (a); and your bigh-soul'd answer (b); for that was what he justly called it; and he treated as it deserved Mr. Brand's officious information (of which I had before heard he had made them ashamed) by representations sounded upon inquiries made by Mr. Alston (c), whom he procured to go up on purpose to acquaint himself with your manner of life, and what was meant by the visits of that Mr. Belford.

He then told them, That he had the day before waited upon Miss Howe, and had been shewn a letter from you to her (d), and permitted to take some memorandums from it, in which you appeared, both by hand-writing and the contents, to be so very ill, that it seemed doubtful to him, if it were possible for you to get over it. And when he read to them that passage, where you ask Miss Howe, 'What can be done for you now, were your friends to be ever so savourable? and wish, for their sakes, more than for your own, that they would still reselect;' and then say, 'You are very ill—You must drop your pen—And ask excuse for your crooked writing; and take, as it were, a last sarewel of Miss Howe; 'Adicu, my dear, adicu,' are your words;

O my child! my child! faid your mamma, weeping,

and clasping her hands.

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Dear Madam, faid your brother, be so good as to think you have more children than this ingrateful one.

Yet your fifter seemed affected.

Your uncle Harlowe wiping his eyes, O coufin, faid he, if one thought the poor girl was really fo ill—

She must, said your uncle Antony. This is written to her private friend. God forbid she should be quite lost!

Your uncle Harlowe wish'd they did not carry their re-

fentments too far.

I begged for God's fake, wringing my hands, and with a bended knee, that they would permit me to go up to you; engaging to give them a faithful account of the way H 6 vou

⁽a) See Vol. vi. p. 346. (b) See Vol. vi. p. 356. (c) See p. 37. of this Vol. (d) See p. 67.

you were in. But I was chidden by your brother; and this occasioned some angry words between him and Mr. Morden.

I believe, Sir, I believe, Madam, said your sister to her father and mother, we need not trouble my cousin to read any more. It does but grieve and disturb you. My sister Clary seems to be ill: I think, if Mrs. Norton were permitted to go up to her, it would be right. Wickedly as she has acted, if she be truly penitent—

Here she stopt; and every one being silent, I stood up once more, and besought them to let me go: And then I offered to read a passage or two in your letter to me of the 24th. But I was taken up again by your brother; and this occasioned still higher words between the Colonel and him.

Your mamma, hoping to gain upon your inflexible brother, and to divert the anger of the two gentlemen from each other, proposed that the Colonel should proceed in reading the minutes he had taken from your letter.

He accordingly read, 'Of your resuming your pen:
That you thought you had taken your last farewel;
and the rest of that very affecting passage, in which you
are obliged to break off more than once, and afterwards
to take an airing in a chair.' Your brother and sister were affected at this; and he had recourse to his snussbox. And where you comfort Miss Howe, and say, 'You shall be happy;' It is more, said he, than she will let any-body else be.

Your fister called you Sweet soul; but with a low voice: Then grew hard-hearted again; yet said, No-body could help being affected by your pathetic grief—but that it was your talent.

The Colonel then went on to the good effect your airing had upon you; to your good wishes to Miss Howe, and Mr. Hickman; and to your concluding sentence, That when the happy life you wish her comes to be wound up, she may be as calm and as easy at quitting it, as you hope in God you shall be. Your mamma could not stand this, but retired to a corner of the room, and sobb'd, and wept. Your father, for a few minutes, could not speak, tho' he seemed inclined to say something.

Your uncles were also both affected :- But your brother

went round to each; and again reminded your mamma, that she had other children: What was there, he said, in what was read, but the result of the talent you had of moving the passions? And he blamed them for choosing to hear read what they knew their abused indulgence could not be proof against.

This fet Mr. Morden up again: Fie upon you, cousin Harlowe, said he! — I fee plainly to whom it is owing, that all relationship and ties of blood with regard to this sweet sufferer are laid aside. Such rigors as these make it difficult for a sliding virtue ever to recover itself.

Your brother pretended the honour of the family; and declared, that no child ought to be forgiven, who abandoned the most indulgent of parents, against warning, against the light of knowlege, as you had done.

But, Sir and Ladies, faid I, rising from my seat in the window, and humbly turning round to each, If I may be permitted to speak, my dear Miss asks only for a blessing: She begs not to be received to favour: She is very ill, and asks only for a last blessing.

Come, come, goody Norton (I need not tell you who faid this) you are up again with your lamentables!—A good woman, as you are, to forgive fo readily a crime that has been as difgraceful to your part in her education, as to her family, is a weakness that would induce one to suspect your virtue, if you were to be encounter'd by a temptation properly adapted.

By some such charitable logic as this, said Mr. Morden, is my cousin Arabella captivated, I doubt not. If to be uncharitable and unforgiving, is to give a proof of virtue, You, Mr. James Harlowe, are the most virtuous young man in the world.

I knew how it would be, replied your brother in a paffion, if I met Mr. Morden upon this business. I would have declined it: But you, Sir, to his father, would not permit me so to do. But, Sir, turning to the Colonel, in no other presence—

Then, cousin James, interrupted the other gentleman, that which is your protection, it seems, is mine. I am not used to bear desiances thus—You are my cousin, Sir—and the son and nephew of persons as dear as near to me—There he paused—

Are

Are we, faid your father, to be made still more un! happy among ourselves, when the villain lives that ought to be the object of every-one's resentment who has either

a value for the family, or for this ingrateful girl?

That's the man, said your cousin, whom last Monday, as you know, I went purposely to make the object of mine. But what could I say, when I sound him so willing to repair his crime? — And I give it as my opinion, and have written accordingly to my poor cousin, that it is best for all round, that his offer should be accepted: And let me tell you —

Tell me nothing, said your father, quite enraged, of that very vile fellow! I have a riveted hatred to him. I would rather see the rebel die a hundred deaths, were it possible, than that she should give such a villain as him a

relation to my family.

Well, but there is no room to think, said your mamma, that she will give us such a relation, my dear. The poor girl will lessen, I fear, the number of our relations; not increase it. If she be so ill as we are told she is, let us fend Mrs. Norton up to her—That's the least we can do—Let us take her, however, out of the hands of that Belford.

Both your uncles supported this motion; the latter part

of it especially.

Your brother observed, in his ill-natured way, what a fine piece of consistency it was, in you, to refuse the vile injurer, and the amends he offered; yet to throw yourself upon the protection of his fast friend.

Miss Harlowe was apprehensive, she said, that you would leave all you could leave to that pert creature Miss

Howe (So she called her) if you should die.

O do not, do not suppose that, my Bella, said your poor mother: I cannot think of parting with my Clary—With all her faults, she is my child—Her reasons for her conduct are not heard. It would break my heart to lose her.—I think, my dear, to your papa, none so sit as I, if you will give me leave, to go up. And Mrs. Norton shall accompany me.

This was a sweet motion; and your father paused upon it. Mr Morden offered his service to escort her. Your uncles seemed to approve of it. But your brother dash'd all.

I hope,

I hope, Sir, said he, to his father; I hope, Madam, to his mother, that you will not endeavour to recover a faulty daughter, by losing an unculpable son. I do declare, that if ever my sister Clary darkens these doors again, I never will. I will set out, Madam, the same hour you go to London (on such an errand) to Edinburgh; and there I will reside; and try to forget, that I have relations in England so near and so dear, as you are now all to me.

Good God, said the Colonel! What a declaration is this!—And suppose, Sir, and suppose, Madam (turning to your father and mother) this should be the case, Whether is it better, think you, that you should lose for ever such a daughter as my cousin Clary, or that your son should go to Edinburgh, and reside there upon an estate which

will be the better for his residence upon it?-

Your brother's passionate behaviour hereupon is hardly to be described. He resented it, as promoting an alienation of the affection of the family to him. And to such a height were resentments carried, every-one siding with him, that the Colonel, with hands and eyes listed up, cried out, What hearts of slint am I related to!—O cousin Harlowe, to your father, Are you resolved to have but one daughter? Are you, Madam, to be taught by a son who has no bowels, to forget that you are a mother?

The Colonel turned from them to draw out his handkerchief, and could not for a minute speak. The eyes of every-one, but the hard-hearted brother, caught tears

from his.

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But then turning to them (with the more indignation, as it seemed, as he had been obliged to shew a humanity, which, however, no brave heart should be ashamed of) I leave ye all, said he, sit company for one another. I will never open my lips to any of you more upon this subject. I will instantly make my will, and in me shall the dear creature have the father, uncle, brother, she has lost. I will prevail upon her to take the tour of France and Italy with me; nor shall she return till ye know the value of such a daughter.

And faying this, he hurried out of the room, went into

the court-yard, and ordered his horfe.

Mr. Antony Harlowe went to him there, just as he was mounting;

mounting; and faid, He hoped he should find him cooler in the evening (for he till then had lodged at his house) and that then they would converse calmly; and every-one. mean time, would weigh all matters well-But the angry gentleman faid, Coufin Harlowe, I shall endeavour to difcharge the obligations I owe to your civility, fince I have been in England: But I have been so treated by that hotheaded young man (who, as far as I know, has done more to ruin his fifter than Lovelace himself, and this with the approbation of you all) that I will not again enter into your doors, or theirs. My servants shall have orders, whither to bring what belongs to me from your house. I will see my dear cousin Clary as soon as I can. And so God bless you all together! Only this one word to your nephew, if you please, That he wants to be taught the difference between courage and blufter; and it is happy for him, perhaps, that I am bis kinfman; tho' I am forry he is mine.

I wondered to hear your uncle, on his return to them all, repeat this; because of the consequences it may be attended with, tho' I hope it will not have bad ones: —Yet it was considered as a fort of challenge, and so it consirmed every-body in your brother's favour; and Miss Harlowe forgot not to inveigh against that error which had brought on all these evils.

I took the liberty again, but with fear and trembling,

to defire leave to attend you.

Before any other person could answer, your brother said, He supposed I looked upon myself to be my own mistress. Did I want their consents, and courtship, to go up? If he might speak his mind, we were sittest to be together.—Yet he wish'd I would not trouble my head about their family-matters, till I was desired so to do:

But don't you know, brother, said Miss Harlowe, that the error of any branch of a samily, splits that samily all in pieces, and makes not only every common friend and acquaintance, but even ferwants, judges over both?—This is one of the blessed effects of my sister Clary's fault!

There never was a creature fo criminal, faid your father, looking with displeasure at me, who had not some

weak heads to pity and fide with her.

I wept. Your mamma was so good as to take me by the hand: Come, good woman, said she, come along with me. You have too much reason to be afflicted at what

afflicts Us, to want additions to your grief.

But, my dearest young lady, I was more touched for your sake than for my own: For I have been low in the world for a great number of years; and, of consequence, must have been accustomed to snubs and rebuffs from the affluent. But I hope, that patience is written as legibly on my forehead, as haughtiness on that of any of my obligers.

Your mamma led me to her chamber; and there we fat and wept together for several minutes, without being able to speak either of us one word to the other. At last she broke silence; asking me, If you were really and indeed

fo ill, as it was faid you were?

I answered in the affirmative; and would have shewn

her your last letter; but she declined seeing it.

I would fain have procured from her the favour of a line to you, with her bleffing. I asked what was intended by your brother and sister? Would nothing satisfy them but your final reprobation? — I infinuated, how easy it would be, did not your duty and humility govern you, to make yourself independent as to circumstances; but that nothing but a Bleffing, a last Bleffing, was requested by you. And many other things I urged in your behalf. The following brief repetition of what she was pleased to say, in answer to my pleas, will give you a notion of it all; and of the present situation of things.

She faid, 'She was very unhappy! She had lost the 'little authority she once had over her other children, 'thro' one child's failing; and all influence over Mr. 'Harlowe, and his brothers. Your father, she said, had 'besought her to leave it to him to take his own methods 'with you; and (as she valued him) to take no step in 'your favour unknown to him and your uncles: Yet she 'owned, that they were too much governed by your brother. They would, however, give way in time, she

knew, to a reconciliation: They designed no other;

' for they all still loved you.

'Your brother and fifter, the owned, were very jealous of your coming into favour again: Yet, could but

' Mr. Morden have kept his temper, and frood her fon's

first fallies, who had carried his resentment so high, (having always had the family grandeur in view) that he knew not how to descend, the conferences, so abruptly broken off just now, would have ended more happily; for that she had reason to think, that a few concessions on your part, with regard to your grandstather's estate, and your cousin's engaging for your submission, as from proper motives, would have softened them all.

'Mr. Brand's account of your intimacy with the friend of the obnoxious man, she said, had, for the time, very unhappy effects; for she had (before that) gained some ground: But afterwards dared not, nor indeed had inclination, to open her lips in your behalf. Your continued intimacy with that Mr. Belford was wholly un-

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accountable, and as wholly inexcuseable.

'What made the wish'd-for reconciliation, she said, more difficult, was, first, that you yourself acknowleged yourself dishonoured; and it was too well known, that it was your own sault that you ever were in the power of so great a profligate; of consequence, that their and your disgrace could not be greater than it was: Yet, that you refused to prosecute the wretch. Next, that the pardon and blessing hoped for must probably be attended with your marriage to the man they hate, and who hates them as much: Very disagreeable circumstances, she said, I must allow, to found a reconciliation upon.

'As to her own part, she must needs say, That if there

formed man, the letter her cousin Morden had read to them, from him to you, and the justice (as she hoped it was) he did your character, tho' to his own condemnation (his family and fortunes being unexceptionable) and all his relations earnest to be related to you, were arguments that would have weight with her, could they have any with your father and uncles.'

were any hope, that Mr. Lovelace would become a re-

To my plea of your illness, 'She could not but flatter 'herself, she answered, that it was from lowness of spirits, 'and temporary dejection. A young creature, she said, 'fo very considerate as you naturally were, and fallen so 'low,

low, must have enough of that. Should they lose you, which God forbid! the scene would then indeed be sadly changed; for then those who now most resented, would be most grieved; all your fine qualities would rise to their remembrance, and your unhappy error would be quite forgotten.

She wished you would put yourfelf into your coufin's protection intirely, and have nothing more to say to

Mr. Belford. The on bearing I do agonion

And I would recommend it to your most serious confideration, my dear Miss Clary, whether now, as your cousin (who is your trustee for your grandsather's estate) is come, you should not give over all thoughts of Mr. Lovelace's intimate friend for your executor; more especially, as that gentleman's interfering in the concerns of your family, should the sad event take place (which my heart akes but to think of) might be attended with those consequences which you are so desirous, in other cases, to obviate and prevent. And suppose, my dear young lady, you were to write one letter more to each of your uncles, to let them know how ill you are?—And to ask their advice, and offer to be governed by it, in relation to the disposition of your estate and effects?

I find they will fend you up a large part of what has been received from that estate, since it was yours; together with your current cash, which you lest behind you. And this by your cousin Morden, for fear you should have contracted debts which may make you uneasy.

They feem to expect, that you will wish to live at your grandfather's house, in a private manner, if your cousin prevail not upon you to go abroad for a year or two.

Friday morning.

BETTY was with me just now. She tells me, that your cousin Morden is so much displeased with them all, that he has refused to lodge any more at your uncle Antony's; and has even taken up with inconvenient lodgings, till he is provided with others to his mind. This very much concerns them; and they repent their violent treatment of him: And the more, as he is resolved, he says, to make you his heir general, and his full and whole executrix.

What noble fortunes still, my dearest young lady, await

you! I am thoroughly convinced, if it please God to preferve your life and your health, that every-body will soon be reconciled to you, and that you will see many happy

days.

Your mamma wished me not to attend you as yet, because she hopes that I may give myself that pleasure soon with every-body's good liking, and even at their desire. Your cousin Morden's reconciliation with them, which they are very desirous of, I am ready to hope, will include theirs with you.

But if that should happen which I so much dread, and I not with you, I should never forgive myself. Let me, therefore, my dearest young lady, desire you to command my attendance, if you sind any danger, and if you wish me peace of mind; and no consideration shall with hold

me.

I hear, that Miss Howe has obtained leave from her mother to see you; and intends next week to go to town for that purpose; and (as it is believed) to buy cloaths

for her approaching nuptials.

Mr. Hickman's mother-in-law is lately dead. Her jointure of 600 l. a year is fallen in to him; and she has moreover, as an acknowlegement of his good behaviour to her, left him all she was worth, which was very considerable, a few legacies excepted to her own relations.

These good men are uniformly good: Indeed could not else be good; and never fare the worse for being so. All the world agrees, he will make that fine young lady an excellent husband. And I am sorry they are not as much agreed in her making him an excellent wise. But I hope a lady of her principles would not encourage his address, if, whether she at present loves him or not, she thought she could not love him; or if she preserved any other man to him.

Mr. Pocock undertakes to deliver This; but fears it

will be Saturday night first, if not Sunday morning.

May the Almighty protect and bless you! I long to see you—My dearest young lady, I long to see you; and to fold you once more to my fond heart. I dare to say, happy days are coming. Be but chearful. Give way to hope.

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Whether for this world, or the other, you must be happy. Wish to live, however, were it only because you are so well sitted in mind to make every-one happy who has the honour to know you. What signifies this transitory eclipse? You are as near perfection, by all I have heard, as any creature in this world can be: For here is your glory: You are brightened and purished, as I may say, by your sufferings!—How I long to hear your whole sad yet instructive story from your own lips!

For Miss Howe's sake, who, in her new engagements, will so much want you; for your cousin Morden's sake; for your mother's sake, if I must go no further in your family; and yet I can say, for all their sakes; and for my sake, my dearest young lady; let your resumed and accustomed magnanimity bear you up. You have many things to do, which I know not the person who will do, if you leave us.

Join your prayers then to mine, that God will spare you to a world that wants you and your example; and, altho' your days may seem to have been numbered, who knows, but that, with the good King Hezekiah, you may have them prolonged? Which God grant, if it be his blessed will, to the prayers of

Your JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER XLI.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efq;

Monday, Sept. 4.

THE lady would not read the letter she had from Mrs. Norton, till she had received the Communion, for fear it should contain any-thing that might disturb that happy calm, which she had been endeavouring to obtain for it. And when that solemn office was over, she was so composed, she said, that she thought she could receive any news, however affecting, with tranquillity.

Nevertheless, in reading it, she was forced to leave off several times thro' weakness and a dimness in her sight, of which she complained; if I may say complained; for so easy and soft were her complaints, that they could hardly

be called fuch.

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She was very much affected at divers parts of this letter.
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She wept several times, and figh'd often. Mrs. Lovick told me, that these were the gentle exclamations she broke out into, as she read:—Her unkind, her cruel brother!—How unsisterly!—Poor dear woman! seeming to speak of Mrs. Norton. Her kind cousin!—O these staming spirits!—And then reslecting upon herself more than once,—What a deep error is mine!—What evils have I been the occasion of!—

When I was admitted to her presence, I have received, said she, a long and not very pleasing letter from my dear Mrs. Norton: It will soon be in your hands. I am advised against appointing you to the office you have so kindly accepted: But you must resent nothing of these things. My choice will have an odd appearance to them:

But it is now too late to alter it, if I would a say anyon

I would fain write an answer to it, continued she: But I have no distinct sight, Mr. Belford, no steadiness of singers.—This mistiness, however, will perhaps be gone by-and-by—Then turning to Mrs. Lovick, I don't think I am dying yet—not actually dying, Mrs. Lovick—For I have no bodily pain—No numbresses; no signs of immediate death, I think—And my breath, which used of late to be so short, is now tolerable—My head clear, my intellects free—I think I cannot be dying yet—I shall have agonies, I doubt—Life will not give up so blessedly easy, I fear—Yet how merciful is the Almighty, to give his poor creature such a sweet serenity!—'Tis what I have prayed for!—What encouragement, Mrs. Lovick, so near one's dissolution, to have it to hope, that one's prayer are answered!

Mrs. Smith, as well as Mrs. Lovick, was with her. They were both in tears; nor had I, any more than they, power to fay a word in answer: Yet she spoke all this, as well as what follows, with a surprising composure of mind and countenance.

But, Mr. Belford, said she, assuming a still sprightlier air and accent, let me talk a little to you, while I am thus able to say what I have to say.

Mrs. Lovick, don't leave us; for the women were rifing to go—Pray fit down; and do you, Mrs. Smith, it

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down too.—Dame Shelbourne, take this key, and open that upper drawer. I will move to it.

She did, with trembling knees. Here, Mr. Belford, is my will. It is witnessed by three persons of Mr. Smith's

acquaintance.

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I dare to hope, that my cousin Morden will give you assistance, if you request it of him. My cousin Morden continues his affection for me: But as I have not seen him, I leave all the trouble upon you, Mr. Belford. This deed may want forms; and it does, no doubt: But the less, as I have my grandfather's will almost by heart, and have often enough heard that canvassed. I will lay it by itself in this corner; putting it at the further end of the drawer.

She then took up a parcel of letters, inclosed in one cover, sealed with three seals of black wax: This, said she, I sealed up last night. The cover, Sir, will let you know what is to be done with what it incloses. This is the superscription (holding it close to her eyes, and rubbing them); As soon as I am certainly dead, this to be broke open by Mr. Belford.—Here, Sir, I put it (placing it by the will).—These solded papers are letters and copies of letters, disposed according to their dates. Miss Howe will do with those as you and she shall think sit. If I receive any more, or more come when I cannot receive them, they may be put into this drawer (pulling out and pushing in the looking-glass drawer) [You'll be so kind as to observe that, Mrs. Lovick, and dame Shelburne] to be given to Mr. Belford, be they from whom they will.

Here, Sir, proceeded she, I put the keys of my apparel (putting them into the drawers with her papers). All is in order, and the inventory upon them, and an account of what I have disposed of: So that no-body need to ask

Mrs. Smith any questions.

There will be no immediate need to open or inspect the trunks which contain my wearing apparel. Mrs. Norton will open them, or order somebody to do it for her, in your presence. Mrs. Lovick; for so I have directed in my will. They may be sealed up now: I shall never more have occasion to open them.

She then, tho' I expostulated to the contrary, caused

me to feal them up with my feal.

After

After this, she locked the drawer where were her papers; first taking out her book of *Meditations*, as she called it; saying, She should, perhaps, have use for that; and then desired me to take the key of that drawer; for she should have no further occasion for that neither.

All this in so composed and chearful a manner, that we

were equally surprised and affected with it.

You can witness for me, Mrs. Smith, and so can you, Mrs. Lovick, proceeded she, if any one ask after my life and conversation, since you have known me, that I have been very orderly; have kept good hours, and never have lain out of your house, but when I was in prison; and then, you know, I could not help it.

O Lovelace! that thou hadft heard her, or feen her, unknown to herfelf, on this occasion!—Not one of us

could speak a word.

I shall leave the world in perfect charity, proceeded she. And turning towards the women, Don't be so much concerned for me, my good friends. This is all but needful

preparation; and I shall be very happy.

Then again rubbing her eyes, which she said were misty, and looking more intently round upon each, particularly on me—God bless you all, said she! how kindly are you concerned for me!—Who says, I am friendless? Who says, I am abandoned, and among strangers?—Good Mr. Belford, don't be so generously humane!—Indeed (putting her handkerchief to her charming eyes) you will make me less happy, than I am sure you wish me to be.

While we were thus folemnly engaged, a servant came with a letter from her cousin Morden:—Then, said she,

he is not come himself!

She broke it open; but every line, she said, appeared two to her: So that, being unable to read it herself, she desired I would read it to her. I did so; and wish'd it were more consolatory to her: But she was all patient attention; tears, however, often trickling down her cheeks. By the date, it was written yesterday; and this is the substance of it.

He tells her, 'That the Thursday before he had procured a general meeting of her principal relations, at her father's; tho' not without difficulty, her haughty brother brother opposing it, and, when met, rendering all his endeavours to reconcile them to her ineffectual. He cenfures him, as the most ungovernable young man he ever knew: Some great sickness, he says, some heavy missortune, is wanted to bring him to a knowlege of himself, and of what is due from him to others; and he wishes, that he were not ber brother, and bis cousin. Nor does he spare her father and uncles, for being so implicitly led by him.

He tells her, 'That he parted with them all in high displeasure, and thought never more to darken any of their doors: That he declared as much to her two uncles, who came to him on Saturday, to try to accommodate with him; and who found him preparing to go to London to attend her; and that, notwithstanding their pressing intreaties, he determined so to do, and not to go with them to Harlowe-Place, or to either of their own houses; and accordingly dismissed them with such an answer.

But that her noble letter, as he calls it, of Aug. 31. (a) being brought him about an hour after their departure; he thought it might affect them as much as it did him; and give them the exalted opinion of her virtue and honour, which was so well deserved; and at the same time convince them of what they made such difficulty to believe; to wit, that you, and all your relations, were solutives to obtain the honour of her alliance, on her own terms: And that this induced him to turn his horse's head back to her uncle Antony's, instead of forward towards London.

'That accordingly arriving there, and finding her two uncles together, he read to them the affecting letter; which left neither of the three a dry eye: That the abfent, as is usual in such cases, bearing all the load, they accused her brother and sister; and besought him to put off his journey to town, till he could carry with him the blessings which she had formerly in vain solicited for; and (as they hoped) the happy tidings of a general reconciliation.

That not doubting but his vifit would be the more welcome to her, if these good ends could be obtained, Vol. VII.

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⁽a) See Letter xxix. p. 122.

he the more readily complied with their defires. But not being willing to subject himself to the possibility of receiving fresh insults from her brother, he had given her uncles a copy of her letter, for the family to assemble upon; and desired to know, as soon as possible, the result of their deliberations

He tells her, that he shall bring her up the accounts relating to the produce of her grandfather's estate, and adjust them with her; having actually in his hands the

arrears due to her from it.

'He highly applauds the noble manner in which she refents your usage of her. It is impossible, he owns, that
you can either deserve her, or to be forgiven. But as
you do justice to her virtue, and offer to make her all
the reparation now in your power; and as she is so very
earnest with him not to resent that usage; and declares,
that you could not have been the author of her calamities but through a strange concurrence of unhappy causes;
and as he is not at a loss to know how to place to a proper account that strange concurrence; he desires her not

to be apprehensive of any vindictive measures from him.

Nevertheless (as may be expected) he inveighs against

you; as he finds, that she gave you no advantage over

her. But he forbears to enter further into this subject, he says, till he has the honour to see her; and the ra-

ther, as she seems so much determined against you. However, he cannot but say, that he thinks you a gallant

man, and a man of fenfe; and that you have the repu-

tation of being thought a generous man in every instance but where the Sex is concerned. In fuch, he owns, that

you have taken inexcufable liberties. And he is forry

to fay, that there are very few young men of fortune but who allow themselves in the same. Both Sexes, he ob-

ferves, too much love to have each other in their power:
Yet he hardly ever knew man or woman who was very

fond of power, make a right use of it.

'If she be so absolutely determined against marrying you, as she declares she is, he hopes, he says, to prevail upon her to take (as soon as her health will permit) a

' little tour abroad with him, as what will probably esta-

bliff it; fince traveling is certainly the best physic for

all those disorders which owe their rise to grief and disappointment. An absence of two or three years will endear her to every one, on her return, and every-one to her.

'He expresses his impatience to see her. He will set out, he says, the moment he knows the result of her family's determination; which he doubts not will be fa-

vourable. Nor will he wait long for that.'

When I had read the letter thro' to the languishing lady, And so, my friends, said she, have I heard of a patient who actually died, while sive or six principal physicians were in a consultation; and not agreed upon what name to give to his distemper. The patient was an Emperor: The Emperor Joseph, I think.

I asked, If I should write to her cousin, as he knew not

how ill she was, to hasten up. down a down a down

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By no means, she said; since, if he were not already set out, she was persuaded that she should be so low by the time he could receive my letter, and come, that his presence would but discompose and hurry ber, and afflict him.

I hope, however, she is not so very near her end. And without saying any more to her, when I retired, I wrote to Colonel Morden, that if he expects to see his beloved cousin alive, he must lose no time in setting out. I sent this letter by his own servant.

Dr. H. sent away his letter to her father by a particular

hand this morning.

Mrs. Walton the milaner has also just now acquainted Mrs. Smith, that her husband had a letter brought by a special messenger from parson Brand, within this half-hour, inclosing the copy of one he had written to Mr. John Harlowe, recanting his officious one.

And as all these, and the copy of the lady's letter to Col. Morden, will be with them pretty much at a time, the devil's in the samily if they are not struck with a remorse that shall burst open the double-barred doors of their hearts.

Will, engages to reach you with this (late as it will be) before you go to rest. He begs that I will testify for him the hour and the minute I shall give it him. It is just half an hour after ten.

I pretend to be (now by use) the swiftest short-hand writer

in England, next to yourfelf. But were matter to arise every hour to write upon, and I had nothing else to do, I cannot write so fast as you expect. And let it be remembered, that your servants cannot bring letters or messages before they are written or sent.

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XLII.

Dr. H. To JAMES HARLOWE, Senior, Esq; SIR, London, Sept. 4.

IF I may judge of the hearts of other parents by my own, I cannot doubt but you will take it well to be informed, that you have yet an opportunity to fave yourself and family great future regret, by dispatching hither some one of it, with your last bleffing, and your last

dy's, to the most excellent of her fex.

I have fome reason to believe, Sir, that she has been represented to you in a very different light from the true one. And this it is that induces me to acquaint you, that I think her, on the best grounds, absolutely irreproachable in all her conduct which has passed under my eye, or come to my ear; and that her very missortunes are made glorious to her, and honourable to all that are related to her, by the use she has made of them; and by the patience and resignation with which she supports herself in a painful, lingering, and dispiriting decay; and by the greatness of mind with which she views her approaching dissolution. And all this from proper motives; from motives in which a dying faint might glory.

She knows not that I write. I must indeed acknowlege, that I offered to do so, some days ago, and that very pressingly: Nor did she refuse me from obstinacy — She seems not to know what that is—But desired me to forbear for two days only, in hopes that her newly-arrived cousin, who, as she heard, was soliciting for her, would be able

to succeed in her favour.

I hope I shall not be thought an officious man on this occasion: But if I am, I cannot help it; being driven to write, by a kind of parental and irresistible impulse.

But, Sir, whatever you do, or permit to be done, must

be

be speedily done; for she cannot, I verily think, live a week: And how long of that short space she may enjoy her admirable intellects, to take comfort in the favours you may think proper to confer upon her, cannot be faid. I am, SIR,

Your most bumble Servant,

LETTER XLIII.

Mr. BELFORD, To WILLIAM MORDEN, E/q;

London, Sept. 4. THE urgency of the case, and the opportunity by your fervant, will fufficiently apologize for this trouble from a stranger to your person; who, however, is not a stranger to your merit.

I understand you are imploying your good offices with Miss Clarissa Harlowe's parents, and other relations, to reconcile them to the most meritorious daughter and kinf-

woman, that ever family had to boast of.

Generously as this is intended by you, we here have too much reason to think all your solicitudes on this head will be unnecessary: For, it is the opinion of every one who has the honour of being admitted to her presence, that she cannot live over three days: So that if you wish to see her alive you must lose no time to come up.

She knows not that I write. I had done it fooner, if I had had the least doubt that before now she would not have received from you some news of the happy effects of your kind mediation in her behalf. I am, Sir,

Your most bumble Servant, . That i offered to do to forme days ago, and to a

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq. [In Answer to Letter xli. p. 165.]

Uxbridge, Tuesday morn. between 4 and 5.

ND can it be, that this admirable creature will fo foon leave this curfed world? For curfed I shall think it. and more curfed myself, when she is gone. O Jack! thou.

who canst sit so cool, and, like Addison's Angel, direct, and even enjoy, the storm, that tears up my happiness by the roots, blame me not for my impatience, however unreasonable! If thou knewest, that already I feel the torments of the damned, in the remorse that wrings my heart, on looking back upon my past actions by her, thou wouldst not be the devil thou art, to halloo on a worrying conscience, which, without thy merciless aggravations, is altogether intolerable.

I know not what I write, nor what I would write. When the company that used to delight me is as uneasy to me as my reflections are painful, and I can neither help nor divert myself, must not every servant about me partake in

a perturbation fo fincere?

Shall I give thee a faint picture of the horrible uneafiness with which my mind struggles? And faint indeed it must be; for nothing but outrageous madness can exceed it; and that only in the apprehension of others; since, as to the sufferer, it is certain, that actual distraction (take it out of its lucid intervals) must be an infinitely more happy state than the suspense and anxieties that bring it on.

Forbidden to attend the dear creature, yet longing to fee her, I would give the world to be admitted once more to her beloved prefence. I ride towards London three or four times a day, resolving pro and con. twenty times in two or three miles; and at last ride back; and in view of Uxbridge, loathing even the kind friend and hospitable house, turn my horse's head again towards the town, and resolve to gratify my humour, let her take it as she will; but, at the very entrance of it, after infinite canvasings, once more alter my mind, dreading to offend and shock her, lest by that means I should curtail a life so precious.

Yesterday, in particular, to give you an idea of the strength of that impatience which I cannot avoid suffering to break out upon my servants, I had no sooner dispatched Will, than I took horse to meet him on his return.

In order to give him time, I loiter'd about on the road, riding up this lane to the one highway, down that to the other, just as my horse pointed; all the way cursing my very being; and tho' so lately looking down upon all the world.

world, wishing to change conditions with the poorest beggar that cried to me for charity as I rode by him—and throwing him money, in hopes to obtain by his prayers

the bleffing my heart pants after.

After I had fauntered-about an hour or two (which feemed three or four tedious ones) fearing I had flipt the fellow, I inquired at every turnpike, whether a servant in such a livery had not passed thro' in his return from London, on a full gallop (for woe had been to the dog, had I met him on a fluggish trot!). And left I should miss him at one end of Kenfington, as he might take either the Acton or Hamersmith road; or at the other, as he might come thro' the Park, or not; how many score times. did I ride backwards and forwards from the palace to the Gore, making myself the subject of observation to all pasfengers, whether on horseback or on foot; who, no doubt,... wondered to fee a well-dreffed and well-mounted man, fometimes ambling, fometimes prancing (as the beaft had more fire than his mafter) backwards and forwards in foshort a compass!

Yet all this time, tho' longing to espy the fellow, did I dread to meet him, lest he should be charged with fatal

tidings.

When at distance I saw any man galloping towards me, my resemblance-forming fancy immediately made it to be him; and then my heart bounded to my mouth, as if it would have choaked me. But when the person's nearer approach undeceived me, how did I curse the varlet's delay, and thee by turns; and how ready was I to draw my pistol at the stranger, for having the impudence to gallop; which none but my messenger, I thought, had either right or reason to do! For all the business of the world, I am ready to imagine, should stand still on an occasion so melancholy, and so interesting to myself. Nay, for this week past, I could cut the throat of any man or woman I see laugh, while I am in such dejection of mind.

I am now convinced, that the wretches who fly from a heavy scene, labour under ten times more distress in the intermediate suspense and apprehension, than they can do who are present at it, and see and know the worst; so much greater are the evils we dread than those we see!—

And so able is fancy or imagination, the more immediate offspring of the soul, to outdo fact, let the subject be ei-

ther joyous or grievous.

And hence, as I conceive, it is, that all pleasures are greater in the expedicion, or in the respection, than in fruition; as all pains, which press heavy upon both parts of that unequal union by which frail mortality holds its precarious tenure, generally are most acute in the present tense: For how easy sit upon the respection the heaviest missiontunes, especially when surmounted!—But most easy, I confess, those in which Body has more concern than Soul. This, however, is a point of philosophy I have neither time nor head just now to weigh: So take it as it falls from a madman's pen.

Woe be to either of the wretches who shall bring me the fatal news that she is no more! For it is but too likely that a shriek-owl so hated will never whoot or scream again; unless the shock, that will probably disorder my whole frame on so sad an occasion (by unsteadying my hand) shall divert my aim from his head, heart, or bow-

els, if it turn not against my own.

But, furely, she will not, she cannot yet die! Such a matchless excellence,

-whose mind

Contains a world, and seems for all things fram'd,

could not be lent to be fo foon demanded back again!

But may it not be, that thou, Belford, art in a plot with the dear creature (who will not let me attend her to convince myself) in order to work up my soul to the deepest remorse and penitence; and that, when she is convinced of the sincerity of both, and when my mind is made such wax, as to be sit to take what impression she pleases to give it, she will then raise me up with the joy-ful tidings of her returning health and acceptance of me?

What would I give to have it so! And when the happiness of hundreds, as well as the peace and reconciliation of several eminent families, depend upon her restoration

and happiness, why should it not be so?

But let me presume it will. Let me indulge my former hope, however improbable.—I will; and enjoy it too. And

let me tell thee how ecstatic my delight would be on the

unravelling of such a plot as this!

Do, dear Belford, let it be so!—And, O my dearest, and ever-dear Clarissa, keep me no longer in this cruel suspense; in which I suffer a thousand times more than ever I made thee suffer. Nor fear thou that I will resent, or recede, on an eclaircissement so desirable: For I will adore thee for ever, and, without reproaching thee for the pangs thou hast tortured me with, confess thee as much my superior in noble and generous contrivances, as thou art in virtue and honour!

But, once more — Should the worst happen — say not what that worst is—and I am gone from this hated island—Gone for ever—And may eternal — But I am crazed al-

ready—and will therefore conclude myfelf,

Thine more than my own,

(And no great compliment neither)

R. L.

LETTER XLV.

Mr. Belford, To Robert Lovelace, Esq; Tuesday, 5. Sept. 9 in the morn. at Mr. Smith's.

WHEN I read yours of this morning, I could not help pitying you for the account you give of the dreadful anxiety and suspense you labour under. I wish from my heart all were to end as you are so willing to hope: But it will not be; and your suspense, if the worst part of your torment, as you say it is, will soon be over; but, alas! in a way you wish not.

I attended the lady just now. She is extremely ill: Yet is she aiming at an answer to her Mrs. Norton's letter, which she began yesterday in her own chamber, and has written a good deal; but in a hand not like her own fine one, as Mrs. Lovick tells me, but much larger, and the

lines crooked.

THE AMERICAN KO.

I have accepted of the offer of a room adjoining to the widow Lovick's, till I fee how matters go; but unknown to the lady; and I shall go home every night, for a few hours:— I would not lose a sentence that I could gain

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from hips to instructive, nor the opportunity of receiving

any command from her, for an ellate.

In this my new apartment, I now write, and shall continue to write, as occasions offer, that I may be the more circumstantial: But I depend upon the return of my letters, or copies of them, on demand, that I may have together all that relates to this affecting story; which I shall reperuse with melancholy pleasure to the end of my life.

I think I will fend thee Brand's letter to Mr. John Harlowe, recanting his base surmizes. It is a matchless piece of pedantry; and may perhaps a little divert thy deep charrin: Some time hence at least it may, is not now.

What wretched creatures are there in the world! What strangely mixed characters! — So sensible and so soolish at the same time! What a various, what a foolish creature is man!—

Three o'clock

to colling asoft

The lady has just finished her letter, and has entertained Mrs. Lovick, Mrs. Smith, and me, with a noble discourse on the vanity and brevity of life, which I cannot do justice to in the repetition: And indeed I am so grieved for her, that, ill as she is, my intellects are not half so clear as hers.

A few things which made the strongest impression upon me, as well from the fentiments themselves, as from her manner of uttering them, I remember. She intro-

duced them thus:

I am thinking, said she, what a gradual and happy death God Almighty (Blessed be his name!) affords me! Who would have thought, that, suffering what I have suffered, and abandoned as I have been, with such a tender education as I have had, I should be so long a dying!—But see how by little and little it has come to this. I was first taken off from the power of walking! Then I took a coach—A coach grew too violent an exercise: Then I took a chair.— The prison was a large Death-stribe upon me—I should have suffered longer else!—Next, I was unable to go to Church; then to go up or down stairs; Now hardly can move from one room to another; and a less room will soon hold me.—My eyes begin to fail me, so that at times I cannot see to read distinctly; and now I can hardly write, or hold a pen.—Next, I presume, I

shall know no-body, nor be able to thank any of you: I therefore now once more thank you, Mrs. Lovick, and you, Mrs. Smith, and you, Mr. Belford, while I can thank you, for all your kindness to me. And thus by little and little, in such a gradual sensible death as I am blessed with, God dies away in us, as I may say, all human satisfactions, in order to subdue his poor creatures to Himself.

Thou mayst guess how affected we all were at this moving account of her progressive weakness. We heard it with wet eyes; for what with the womens example, and what with her moving eloquence, I could no more help it than they. But we were filent nevertheless; and she went

on, applying herfelf to me.

O Mr. Belford! This is a poor transitory life in its best enjoyments. We flutter about here and there, with all our vanities about us, like painted butterslies, for a gay, but a very short season, till at last we lay ourselves down in a quiescent state, and turn into vile worms: And who knows in what form, or to what condition, we shall rise.

again ? A to high a factor

I wish you would permit me, a young creature, just turned of Nineteen years of age, blooming and healthy as I was a few months ago, now nipt by the cold hand of death, to influence you, in these my last bours, to a life of regularity and repentance for any past evils you may have : been guilty of. For, believe me, Sir, that now, in this. last stage, very few things will bear the test, or be passed? as laudable, if pardonable, at our own Bar, much less at a more tremendous one, in all we have done, or delighted in, even in a life not very offensive neither, as we may think! - Ought we not then to study in our full day, before the dark hours approach, so to live, as may afford reflections that will foften the agony of the last moments : when they come, and let in upon the departing foul a ray of Divine Mercy to illuminate its passage into an awful! eternity?

She was ready to faint, and, choosing to lie down, I withdrew, I need not fay, with a melancholy heart: And when I was got to my new-taken apartment, my heart: was still more affected by the fight of the solemn letter the admirable lady had so lately finished. It was communi-

cated to me by Mrs. Lovick; who had it to copy for me; but it was not to be delivered to me till after her departure. However, I trespassed so far, as to prevail upon the widow to let me take a copy of it; which I did directly in character.

I fend it inclosed. If thou canst read it, and thy heart not bleed at thy eyes, thy remorse can hardly be so deep

as thou haft inclined me to think it is, the wind to

the belowed dainy house - All these prospects and Les which ulvaxx in Rrd ab TroTreBo Anth

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Mrs. Norton.

In Answer to Letter xl. p. 154. (a).

My dearest Mrs. NORTON, Is the Tanky best a stante

Am afraid I shall not be able to write all that is upon my mind to say to you upon the subject of your last.

Yet I will try.

As to my friends, and as to the fad breakfasting, I cannot help being afflicted for them. What, alas! has not my mother, in particular, suffered by my rashness!—Yet to allow so much for a son!—so little for a daughter!—But all now will soon be over, as to me. I hope they will bury all their resentments in my grave.

As to your advice in relation to Mr. Belford, let me only say, that the unhappy reprobation I have met with, and my short time, must be my apology now.—I wish I could have written to my mother and my uncles, as you advise. And yet, favours come so slowly from them!—

The granting of one request only now remains as a defirable from them. Which nevertheless, when granted, I shall not be sensible of. It is, that they will be pleased to permit my remains to be laid with those of my ancestors—Placed at the seet of my dear grandsather, as I have mentioned in my will. This, however, as they please. For, after all, this vile body ought not so much to engage my cares. It is a weakness—But let it be called a natural weakness, and I shall be excused; especially when a reverential gratitude shall be known to be the foundation of it. You know, my dear woman, how my grandsather loved

⁽a) Begun on Monday Sept. 4. and by piecemeal finished on Tuesday; but not sent till the Thursday following.

loved me. And you know how much I honoured him, and that from my very infancy to the hour of his death. How often fince, have I wished, that he had not loved me fo well!

I wish not now, at the writing of this, to see even my cousin Morden. O my blessed woman! My dear maternal friend! I am entering upon a better tour, than to France or Italy either!—Or even than to settle at my once beloved dairy-house!—All these prospects and pleasures, which used to be so agreeable to me in health, how poor seem they to me now!—

Indeed, indeed, my dear mamma Norton, I shall be happy! I know I shall!---I have charming forebodings of happiness already!---Tell all my dear friends, for their comfort, that I shall!---Who would not bear the punishments I have borne, to have the prospects and assurances I rejoice in!--- Assurances I might not bave bad, were all

my own wishes to have been granted me land you of all

Neither do I want to see even you, my dear Mrs. Norton. Nevertheless, I must, in justice to my own gratitude, declare, that there was a time, that your presence and comfortings would have been balm to my wounded mind, could you have been permitted to come, without incurring displeasure from those whose esteem it is necesfary for you to cultivate and preferve. But were you now. even by consent, and with reconciliatory tidings, to come. it would but add to your grief: And the fight of one I fo dearly love, fo happily fraught with good news, might but draw me back to wishes I have had great fruggles to get above. And let me tell you for your comfort, that I have not left undone, any-thing that ought to be done, either respecting mind or person; no, not to the minutest preparation: So that nothing is left for you to do for me. Every one has her direction, as to the last offices .-- And my desk. that I now write upon --- O my dearest Mrs. Norton, All is provided !--All is ready! And all will be as decent, as it should be I will enough a heart who we had a bac consistent

And pray let my Miss Howe know, that by the time you will receive This, and she your signification of the contents of it, it will, in all probability, be too late for her to do me the inestimable favour, as I should once have thought

thought it, to see me. God will have no rivals in the bearts of those he fanctifies. By various methods he deadens all other sensations, or rather absorbs them all in the love of Him.

I shall nevertheless love you, my mamma Norton, and my Miss Howe, whose love to me has passed the love of women, to my latest hour!---But yet, I am now above the quick sense of those pleasures, which once most delighted me: And once more I say, that I do not wish to see objects so dear to me, which might bring me back again into sense, and rival my Supreme Love.

Twice have I been forced to leave off. I wished, that my last writing might be to You, or to Miss Howe, if it

might not be to my dearest ma----- ma Unant insmen

Mumma, I would have wrote---Is the word distinct?--My eyes are so misty!---If, when I apply to you, I break
off in half-words, do you supply them---The kindest are
your due.--- Besure take the kindest, to fill up chasms
with, if any chasms there be-----

ANOTHER breaking off! --- But the new day feems to rife upon me with healing in its wings. I have gotten, I think, a recruit of firength: Spirits, I blefs God, I have not of late wanted.

Let my dearest Miss Howe purchase her wedding garments—And may all temporal blessings attend the charming preparation!—Blessings will, I make no question, notwithstanding the little cloudinesses that Mr. Hickman encounters with now-and-then, which are but prognostics of a future golden day to him: For her heart is good, and her head not wrong—But great merit is coy, and that coyness has not always its foundation in pride: But, if it should seem to be pride, take off the skin-deep covering, and, in her, it is noble dissidence, and a love that wants but to be assured!

Tell Mr. Hickman I write this, and write it, as I believe, with my last pen; and bid him bear a little at first, and forbear; and all the future will be crowning gratitude, and rewarding love: For Miss Howe has great sense, fine judgment, and exalted generosity; and can such a one

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be ingrateful or easy under those obligations which his affiduity and obligingness (when he shall be so happy as

to call her his) will lay her under to him!

As for me, never bride was so teady as I am. My wedding garments are bought—And the not sine or gawdy to the fight, the not adorned with jewels, and set off with gold and silver (for I have no beholders eyes to wish to glitter in) yet will they be the easiest, the bappiest suit, that ever bridal maiden wore—for they are such as carry with them a security against all those anxieties, pains, and perturbations, which sometimes succeed to the most promising outsettings.

And now, my dear Mrs. Norton, do I wish for no other.

O hasten, good God, if it be thy blessed will, the happy moment that I am to be decked out in this all-quieting garb! And sustain, comfort, bless, and protect with the all-shadowing wing of thy mercy, my dear parents, my uncles, my brother, my fister, my cousin Morden, my ever-dear and ever-kind Miss Howe, my good Mrs. Norton, and every deserving person to whom they wish well! is the ardent prayer, first and last, of every beginning hour, as the clock tells it me (Hours now are days, nay years) of

Your now not forrowing or afflicted, but happy

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XLVII.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Efq;

Wedn. morn. Sept. 6. half an hour after three.

Am not the favage which you and my worst enemies think me. My soul is too much penetrated by the contents of the letter which you inclosed in your last, to say one word more to it, than that my heart has bled over it from every vein!—I will say from the subject.—But what other can I choose, that will not be as grievous, and lead into the same?

I could quarrel with all the world; with thee, as well as the rest; obliging as thou supposest thyself for writing to me hourly. How daredst thou (tho' unknown to her) to presume to take an apartment under the same roof with her? --- I cannot bear to think, that thou shouldst

shouldst be seen at all hours passing to and repassing from her apartments, while I, who have so much reason to call her mine, and once was preferred by her to all the world, am forced to keep aloof, and hardly dare to enter the city where she is!

If there be any-thing in Brand's letter that will divert me, hasten it to me. But nothing now will ever divert me, will ever again give me joy or pleasure! I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep. I am sick of all the world.

Surely it will be better when all is over—when I know the worst the fates can do against me—Yet how shall I bear that worst?—O Belford, Belford! write it not to me; but, if it must happen, get somebody else to write; for I shall curse the pen, the hand, the head, and the heart, employed in communicating to me the fatal tidings. But what is this saying, when already I curse the whole world

except her-Myfelf most?

In fine, I am a most miserable being. Life is a burden to me. I would not bear it upon these terms for one week more, let what would be my lot; for already is there a hell begun in my own mind. Never more mention to me, let ber or who will fay it, the prison - I cannot bear it-May damnation feize quick the accurfed woman, who could fet death upon taking that large stride, as the dear creature calls it !- I had no hand in it! But her relations, her implacable relations, have done the business. All else would have been got over. Never persuade me but it The fire of youth, and the violence of passion, would have pleaded for me to good purpose, with an individual of a Sex, which loves to be addressed with passionate ardor, even to tumult, had it not been for that cruelty and unforgivingness, which (the object and the penitence confidered) have no example, and have aggravated the heinousness of my faults.

Unable to rest, tho' I went not to bed till two, I difpatch this ere the day dawn—Who knows what this night,

this difmal night, may have produced!

I must after my messenger. I have told the variet I will meet him, perhaps at Knightsbridge, perhaps in Piccadilly; and I trust not myself with pistols, not only on his account, but my own: For pistols are too ready a mischief.

I hope thou hast a letter ready for him. He goes to thy lodgings first: For surely thou wilt not presume to take thy rest in an apartment near hers. If he miss thee there, he slies to Smith's, and brings me word whether in being, or not.

I shall look for him thro' the air as I ride, as well as on horseback; for if the prince of it serve me, as well as I have served bim, he will bring the dog by his ears, like another Habakkuk, to my saddle-bow, with the tidings

that my heart pants after, asker restad an this tryls

ready I cerie the whole world

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Nothing but the excruciating pangs the condemned foul feels, at its entrance into the eternity of the torments we are taught to fear, can exceed what I now feel, and have felt for almost this week past; and mayst thou have a spice of those, if thou hast not a letter ready written for

Thy LOVELACE.

LETTER XLVIII.

Mr. Belford. In Continuation.

Tuesday, Sept. 5. six o' clock.

The lady remains exceedingly weak and ill. Her intellects, nevertheless, continue clear and strong, and her piety and patience are without example. Every one thinks this night will be her last. What a shocking thing is that to say of such an excellence! She will not, however, send away her letter to her Norton, as yet. She endeavoured in vain to superscribe it: So desired me to do it. Her singers will not hold her pen with the requisite steadiness. She has, I fear, written and read her last!

Eight o'clock.

SHE is somewhat better than she was. The Doctor has been here, and thinks she will hold out yet a day or two. He has ordered her, as for some time past, only some little cordials to take when ready to faint. She seemed disappointed, when he told her, she might yet live two or three days; and said, She longed for dismission!—Life was not so easily extinguished, she saw, as some imagine.—Death from grief, was, she believed, the slowest of deaths. But God's will must be done!—Her only prayer was now for submission to it: For she doubted not but by the Divine goodness

goodness she should be an happy creature, as soon as she could be divested of these rags of mortality.

Of her own accord she mentioned you; which, till then, she had avoided to do. She asked, with great serenity,

where you were?

I told her where; and your motives of being so near; and read to her a few lines of yours of this morning, in which you mention your wishes to see her, your sincere affliction, and your resolution not to approach her without her consent.

I would have read more; but she said, Enough, Mr. Belford, enough!—Poor man! Does his conscience begin to find him!—Then need not any-body to wish him a greater punishment!—May it work upon him to a happy

purpose!

I took the liberty to fay, that as she was in such a frame, that nothing now seemed capable of discomposing her, I could wish that you might have the benefit of her exhortations, which, I dared to say, while you were so seriously affected, would have a greater force upon you than a thousand sermons; and how happy you would think yourself, if you could but receive her forgiveness on your knees.

How can you think of such a thing, Mr. Belford, said she, with some emotion? My composure is owing, next to the Divine goodness blessing my earnest supplications for it, to the not seeing him. Yet let him know, that I now again repeat, that I forgive him.—And may God Almighty, classing her singers, and listing up her eyes, forgive him too; and perfect his repentance, and sanctify it to him!—Tell him I say so! And tell him, that if I could not say so with my whole heart, I should be very uneasy, and think that my hopes of mercy to myself were but weakly sounded; and that I had still, in any harboured resentments, some hankerings after a life which he has been the cause of shortening.

The divine creature then turning aside her head—Poor man, said she! I once could have loved him. This is saying more than ever I could say of any other man out of my own family! Would he have permitted me to have been an humble instrument to have made him good, I think I could have made him happy!—But tell him not

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this, if he be really penitent—It may too much affect

him! -There fhe paufed.

Admirable creature !- Heavenly forgiver !- Then refuming—But pray tell him, that if I could know, that my death might be a means to reclaim and fave him, it would be an inexpressible satisfaction to me!

But let me not, however, be made uneasy with the apprehension of seeing him. I cannot bear to see him!

Just as she had done speaking, the minister, who had so often attended her, fent up his name; and was admitted.

Being apprehensive, that it would be with difficulty that you could prevail upon that impetuous spirit of yours, not to invade her dying hours, and of the agonies into which a furprize of this nature would throw her, I thought this gentleman's visit afforded a proper opportunity to renew the subject; and (having asked her leave) acquainted

him with the topic we had been upon.

The good man urged, That fome condescensions were usually expected, on these solemn occasions, from pious fouls like hers, however fatisfied with themselves, for the fake of shewing the world, and for example-fake, that all refentments against those who had most injured them were fubdued: And if the would vouchfafe to a heart fo truly penitent, as I had represented Mr. Lovelace's to be, that perfonal pardon, which I had been pleading for, there would be no room to suppose the least lurking refentment remained; and it might have very happy effects upon the Marial rest

gentleman.

I have no lurking refentment, Sir, faid she.—This is not a time for refentment: And you will be the readier to believe me, when I can affure you (looking at me) that even what I have most rejoiced in, the truly friendly love that has so long subsisted between my Miss Howe and her Clarissa, altho' to my last gasp it will be the dearest to me of all that is dear in this life, has already abated of its fervor; has already given place to supremer fervors: And hall the remembrance of Mr. Lovelace's personal infults, which, I bless God, never corrupted that mind which her friendship so much delighted, be stronger in these hours with me, than the remembrance of a love as pure as the human heart ever boafted? Tell, therefore, the world, if

you please, and (if you think what I said to you before, Mr. Belford, not strong enough) tell the poor man, that I not only forgive him, but have such earnest wishes for the good of his soul, and that from considerations of its immortality, that could my penitence avail for more sins than my own, my last tear should fall for Him by whom I die!

Our eyes and hands expressed for us both, what our

lips could not utter.

Say not then, proceeded she, nor let it be said, that my resentments are unsubdued! — And yet these eyes, listed up to Heaven, as witness to the truth of what I have said, shall never, if I can help it, behold him more!—For do ye not consider, Sirs, how short my time is; what much more important subjects I have to employ it upon; and how unable I should be (so weak as I am) to contend even with the avowed penitence of a person in strong health, governed by passions unabated, and always violent?—And now I hope you will never urge me more on this subject.

The minister said, It were pity ever to urge this plea

Mr. Brand's recentation-letters (one derected to a stricted of the said

You see, Lovelace, that I did not forget the office of a friend, in endeavouring to prevail upon her to give you her last forgiveness personally. And I hope, as she is so near her end, you will not invade her in her last hours; since she must be extremely discomposed at such an interview; and it might make her leave the world the sooner for it.

This reminds me of an expression which she used on your barbarous hunting her at Smith's, on her return to her lodgings; and that with a serenity unexampled (as Mrs. Lovick told me, considering the occasion, and the trouble given her by it, and her indisposition at the time) He will not let me die decently, said the angelic sufferer!—He will not let me enter into my Maker's presence with the composure that is required in entering into the drawing room of an earthly prince!

I cannot, however, forbear to wish, that the heavenly creature could have prevailed upon herself, in these her last hours, to see you; and that for my sake, as well as yours:

For altho' I am determined never to be guilty of the crimes, which have, till within these sew past weeks, blackened my former life; and for which, at present, I most heartily hate myself; yet should I be less apprehensive of a relapse, if (wrought upon by the solemnity which such an interview must have been attended with) you had become a reformed man: For no devil do I fear, but one in your shape.

esse , esse mother enchancement

It is now eleven o'clock at night. The lady, who retired to rest an hour ago, is in a sweet slumber, as Mrs. Lovick tells me.

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I will close here. I hope I shall find her the better for it in the morning. Yet, alas! how frail is hope! How frail is life; when we are apt to build so much on every shadowy relief; altho' in such a desperate case as this, sitting down to reslect, we must know, that it is but shadowy!

I will inclose Brand's horrid pedantry. And for once am aforehand with thy ravenous impatience.

Mr. Brand's recantation-letters (one directed to his friend Mr. ----the other to his patron Mr. John Harlowe) are thought to be originals in their way: But as they are long, and as the reader has
already been let into his fingular character [See Vol. VI. p. 318,
and p. 353. and bis Letter, p. 109. of this Volume] and as this
collection is run into an undefirable length, they are omitted.

LETTER XLIX.

Sologian

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Wedn. morn. Sept. 6.

AND is the fomewhat better? — Bleffings upon thee without number or measure! Let her still be better and better! Tell me so at least, if it be not so: For thou knowest not what a joy that poor temporary reprieve, that she will hold out yet a day or two, gave me.

But who told this hard-hearted and death-pronouncing Doctor, that she will hold it no longer? By what warrant says he this? What presumption in these parading solemn fellows of a college, which will be my contempt to the latest hour of my life, if this brother of it (eminent

as he is deemed to be) cannot work an ordinary miracle

in ber favour, or rather in mine.

Let me tell thee, Belford, that already he deserves the atmost contempt, for suffering this charming clock to run down so low. What must be his art, if it could not wind it up in a quarter of the time he has attended her, when, at his first visits, the springs and wheels of life and motion were so good, that they seemed only to want common care and oiling!

I am obliged to you for endeavouring to engage her to fee me, 'Twas like a friend. If she had vouchsafed me that favour, she should have seen at her feet the most abjest adorer that ever kneeled to justly offended beauty.

What she bid you, and what she forbid you, to tell me (the latter for tender considerations); That she forgives me; and that, could she have made me a good man, she could have made me a happy one! That she even loved me! At such a moment to own that she once loved me! Never before loved any man! That she prays for me! That her last tear should be shed for me, could she by it save a soul, without her, doomed to perdition!—O Belford, Belford! I cannot bear it!—What a dog, what a devil, have I been to so superlative a goodness!—Why does she not inveigh against me?—Why does she not execrate me?—O the triumphant subduer! Ever above me!—And now to leave me so infinitely below her!

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Marry and repair, at any time. This (wretch that I was!) was my plea to myself. To give her a lowering sensibility; to bring her down from among the stars which her beamy head was surrounded by, that my wife, so greatly above me, might not too much despise me—This was part of my reptile envy, owing to my more reptile apprehension of inferiority.—Yet, from step to step, from distress to distress, to maintain her superiority; and, like the sun, to break out upon me with the greater resulgence for the clouds that I had contrived to cast about her—And now to escape me thus!—No power left me to repair her wrongs!—No alleviation to my self-reproach!—No

dividing of blame with her!

Tell her, O tell her, Belford, that her prayers and wishes, her superlatively generous prayers and wishes, shall

shall not be vain: That I can, and do, repent — and long have repented:—Tell her of my frequent deep remorfes— It was impossible that such remorfe should not at last produce effectual remorfes— Yet she must not leave me—She must live, if she would wish to have my contrition perfect—For what can despair produce?—

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I WILL do every-thing you would have me do, in the return of your letters. You have infinitely obliged me by this last, and by pressing for an admission for me, tho it succeeded not.

Once more, how could I be such a villain to so divine a creature! Yet love her all the time, as never man loved woman!—Curse upon my contriving genius! Curse upon my intriguing head, and upon my seconding heart!—To sport with the same, with the honour, with the life, of such an angel of a woman!—O my damn'd incredulity!—That, believing her to be a woman, I must hope to find her a woman!—On my incredulity, that there could be such virtue (virtue for virtue's sake) in the Sex, sounded I my hope of succeeding with her.

But fay not, Jack, that she must leave us yet.—If she recover—And if I can but re-obtain her favour, then indeed will life be life to me.—The world never faw such an husband as I will make. I will have no will but hers: She shall conduct me in all my steps: She shall open and direct my prospects, and turn every motion of my heart,

as she pleases.

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You tell me in your letter, that at eleven o'clock she had sweet rest; and my servant acquaints me from Mrs. Smith, that she has had a good night. What hopes does this fill me with! I have given the fellow sive guineas for his good news, to be divided between him and his fellow-servant.

Dear, dear Jack! confirm this to me in thy next—For Heaven's fake do!—Tell the Doctor I will make him a present of a thousand guineas if he recover her.— Ask if a consultation be necessary.

Adieu, dear Belford!—Consirm, I beseech thee, the hopes that now with sovereign gladness have taken pos-

session of a heart, that, next to Hers, is

Thine.

LETTERL

Mr. BELFORD, To ROEERT LOVELACE, Efq;
Wedn. morn. eight o'clock (6 Sept.)

YOUR fervant arrived here before I was stirring. I fent him to Smith's to inquire how the lady was; and ordered him to call upon me when he came back. I was pleased to hear she had had tolerable rest; and, as soon as I had dispatched him with the letter I had written overnight, I went to attend her.

I found her up, and dress'd; in a white satten nightgown. Ever elegant; but now more so, than I had seen

her for a week past; her aspect ferenely chearful.

She mentioned the increased dimness of her eyes, and the tremor which had invaded her limbs. If this be dying, said she, there is nothing at all shocking in it. My body hardly sensible of pain, my mind at ease, my intellects clear and perfect as ever. What a good and gracious God have I!—For this is what I always prayed for.

I told her, It was not fo ferene with you.

There is not the same reason for it, replied she. Tis a choice comfort, Mr Belford, at the winding-up of our short story, to be able to say, I have rather suffered injuries myself, than offered them to others. I bless God, tho' I have been unhappy, as the world deems it, and once I thought more so, than at present I do; yet have I not wilfully made any one creature so. I have no reason to grieve for any-thing but for the sorrow I have given my friends.

But pray, Mr. Belford, remember me in the best manner to my cousin Morden; and desire him to comfort them, and to tell them, that all would have been the same, had they accepted of my true penitence, as I wish as and

I trust the Almighty has done,

I was called down: It was to Harry, who was just returned from Miss Howe's, to whom he carried the lady's letter. The stupid fellow, being bid to make haste with it, and return as soon as possible, staid not till Miss Howe had it, she being at the distance of sive miles, altho' Mrs. Howe would have had him stay, and sent a man and horse purposely with it to her daughter.

Wednesday morning, 10 o'Clock.

THE poor lady is just recovered from a fainting sit, which has left her at death's door. Her late tranquility and freedom from pain seemed but a lightening, as Mrs.

Lovick and Mrs. Smith call it.

By my faith, Lovelace, I had rather part with all the friends I have in the world, than with this lady: I never knew what a virtuous, a holy friendship, as I may call mine to her, was before. But to be so new to it, and to be obliged to forego it so soon, what an affliction! Yet, thank heaven, I lose her not by my own fault!—But 'twould be barbarous not to spare thee now.

She has fent for the Divine, who vifited her before, in

order to pray with her.

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LETTER LI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To J. BELFORD, Efq;

· Kenfington, Wednesday noon.

IKE Æsop's traveller, thou blowest hot and coldlife and death, in the same breath, with a view, no doubt, to distract me. How samiliarly dost thou use the words, dying, dimness, tremor? Never did any mortal ring so many changes on so sew bells. Thy true sather, I dare swear, was a butcher, or an undertaker, by the delight thou seemest to take in scenes of horror and death. Thy barbarous ressection, that thou losest her not by thy own sault, is never to be forgiven. Thou hast but one way to atone for the torments thou givest me, and that is, by sending me word that she is better, and will recover. Whether it be true or not, let me be told so, and I will go abroad rejoicing and believing it, and my wishes and imagination shall make out all the rest.

If the live but one year, that I may acquit myfelf to myfelf (no matter for the world!) that her death is not

owing to me, I will compound for the reft.

Will neither vows nor prayers fave her? I never prayed in my life, put all the years of it together, as I have done for this fortnight past: And I have most fincerely repented of all my baseness to her—And will nothing do?

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But after all, if the recover not, this reflection must be my comfort; and it is *truth*; That her departure will be owing rather to wilfulness, to downright female wilfulness, than to any other cause.

It is difficult for people who pursue the dictates of a violent resentment, to stop where first they designed to stop.

I have the charity to believe, that even James and Arabella Harlowe, at first, intended no more by the confederacy they formed against this their angel sister, than to disgrace and keep her down, lest (fordid wretches!) their uncles should follow the example her grandfather had set, to their detriment.

Many a man, who at first intended only to try if a girl would resent a petty freedom, finding himself unchecked, or only lightly and laughingly put by, has been encouraged to attempt the last point, and has triumphed where once he presumed not to make the most distant approach but with fear and trembling and previous study how to

come off, in case of a high resentment.

To bring these illustrations home; This lady, I suppose, in her resentment, intended only at first to vex and plague me; and, finding she could do it to purpose, her desire of revenge became stronger in her than the desire of life; and now she is willing to die, as an event which she supposes will cut my heart-strings asunder. And still the more to be revenged, puts on the Christian, and forgives me.

But I'll have none of her forgiveness! My own heart tells me, I do not deserve it; and I cannot bear it!—And what is it, but a mere werbal forgiveness, as ostentatiously as cruelly given with a view to magnify herself, and wound me deeper? A little, dear, specious—But let me

ftop-left I blaspheme!

READING over the above, I am ashamed of my ramblings: But what wouldst have me do? —See'st thou not that I am but seeking to run out of myself, in hope to lose myself; yet, that I am unable to do either?

If ever thou lovedst but half so fervently as I love -

But of that thy heavy foul is not capable.

Send me word by thy next, I conjure thee, in the names of all her kindred faints and angels, that she is living, and likely likely to live !- If thou fendeft ill news : thou wilt be answerable for the consequence, whether it be fatal to the messenger, or to design to be design Thy Love LACE.

te is difficulting the Transfer and Line at the

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOYELACE, E/a:

Wednesday, 11 o'Clock.

this their angel lifter, than t R. H. has just been here. He tarried with me till the minister had done praying by the lady; and then we were both admitted. Mr. Goddard (who came while the doctor and the clergyman were with her) went away with them when they went. They took a folemu and everlafting leave of her, as I have no scruple to say, blessing her, and being bleffed by her; and wishing (when it came to be their lot) for an exit as happy as hers is likely to be

She had again earnestly requested of the doctor, his opinion how long it was now probable that the could continue: And he told her, that he apprehended she would hardly fee to-morrow night. She faid, She should number the hours with greater pleasure than ever she numbered any in her life, on the most joyful occasion.

How unlike poor Belton's last hours, hers! See the infinite difference in the effects, on the same awful and affecting occasion, between a good and a bad conscience!

This moment a man is come from Miss Howe with a letter. Perhaps I shall be able to send you the contents.



SHE endeavoured feveral times with earnestness, but in vain, to read the letter of her dear friend.—The writing, the faid, was too fine for her groffer fight, and the lines staggered under her eye. And indeed she trembled so, she could not hold the paper: And at last, defired Mrs. Lovick to read it to her, the messenger waiting for an anfwer.

Thou wilt see, in Miss Howe's letter, how different the expression of the same impatiency, and passionate love, is, when dictated by the gentler mind of a woman, from that which refults from a mind to boifterous and knotty, as K 2 thine.

thine. For Mrs. Lovick will transcribe it; and I shall fend it—To be read in this place, if thou wilt.

Miss Howe, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

What I will become of your poor Anna Howe! I fee by your writing, as well as read by your own account, (which, were you not very, very ill, you would have touched more tenderly) how it is with you!—Why have I thus long delayed to attend you!—Could I think, that the comfortings of a faithful friend were as nothing to a gentle mind in diffress, that I could be prevailed upon to forbear visiting you so much as once in all this time!—I, as well as every-body else, to desert and abandon my dear creature to strangers!—What will become of me, if you be as bad as my apprehensions make you!

I will fet out this moment, little as the encouragement is, that you give me to do fo!—My mother is willing I should!—Why, O why, was she not before willing!

Yet she persuades me too (lest I should be fatally affected were I to find my fears too well justified) to wait the return of this messenger, who rides our swiftest horse—God speed him with good news to me—Else—But, Oh! my dearest, dearest friend, what else!—One line from your hand by him!—Send me but one line to bid me attend you!—I will set out the moment, the very moment, I receive it.—I am now actually ready to do so!—And if you love me, as I love you, the sight of me will revive you to my hopes. But why, why, when I can think this, did I not go up sooner?

Bleffed heaven! deny not to my prayers, my friend, my monitress, my adviser, at a time so critical to myself!

But methinks, your stile and sentiments are too well connected, too full of life and vigor, to give cause for so much despair, as the staggering pen seems to threaten.

I am forry I was not at home [I must add thus much tho' the fervant is ready mounted at the door] when Mr. Belford's fervant came with your affecting letter. I was at Miss Lloyd's. My mamma fent it to me; and I came home that instant. But he was gone. He would not stay, it feems. Yet I wanted to ask him an hundred thousand questions.

questions. But why delay I thus my messenger? I have a multitude of things to say to you. To advise with you about! You shall direct me in every thing. I will obey the holding up of your singer. But, if you leave me—what is the world, or any thing in it, to

Your Anna Howe ?

The effect this letter had on the lady, who is so near the end which the fair writer so much apprehends and deplores, obliged Mrs. Lovick to make many breaks in reading it,

and many changes of voice.

This is a friend, faid the divine lady, (taking the letter in her hand, and kissing it) worth wishing to live for.—O my dear Anna Howe! How uninterruptedly sweet and noble, has been our friendship!—But we shall one day, I hope (and that must comfort us both) meet, never to part again! Then, divested of the shades of body, shall we be all light and all mind—Then how unalloyed, how perfect, will be our friendship! Our Love then will have one and the same adorable object, and we shall enjoy it and each other to all Eternity!

She said, her dear friend was so earnest for a line or two, that she would sain write, if she could: And she tried; but to no purpose. She could distate, however, she believed, and desired Mrs. Lovick would take pen and paper. Which she did, and then she distated to ber. I would

have withdrawn; but at her defire staid.

She wandered a good deal, at first —She took notice that she did — And when she got into a little train, not pleasing herself, she apologized to Mrs. Lovick for making her begin again and again; and said, That third time

should go, let it be as it would.

She dictated the farewel part, without hesitation; and when she came to the blessing and subscription, she took the pen; and dropping on her knees, supported by Mrs. Lovick, wrote the conclusion; but Mrs. Lovick was forced to guide her hand.

You will find the fense surprizingly intire, her weakness

confidered.

I made the messenger wait, while I transcribed it. I have endeavoured to imitate the subscriptive part.

K 3

My dearest Miss Howe, Wedn. near 3 o'Clock.

YOU must not be surprized—nor grieved—that Mrs.
Lovick writes for me. Altho' I cannot obey you,
and write with my pen, yet my beart writes by hers—Accept it so—It is the nearest to obedience I can!

And now, what ought I to fay? What can I fay?— But why should you not know the truth? Since soon you

must-very foon.

Know then, and let your tears be those, if of pity, of joyful pity! for I permit you to shed a few, to imbalm, as I may say, a fallen blossom—Know then, that the good doctor, and the pious clergyman, and the worthy apothecary, have just now, with joint benedictions, taken their last leave of me; And the former bids me hope—Do, my dearest, let me say lope—for my enlargement before to-morrow sun-set.

Adieu, therefore, my dearest friend! Be this your confolation, as it is mine, that in God's good time we shall meet in a blessed Eternity, never more to part!—Once more, then, adieu and be happy!—Which a generous nature cannot be, unless to its power, it makes others so too.

God for ever ble s you! grays, dropt on my bended Knees, alsho' supported upon them,

Your Grateful, Obliged, Affectionate,

Clar. Harlowe.

When I had transcribed and sealed this letter, by her direction, I gave it to the messenger myself; who told me that Miss Howe waited for nothing but his return, to set out for London.

Thy fervant is just come; so I will close here. Thou art a merciles master. The two sellows are battered to death by thee, to use female word; and all semale words, tho' we are not sure of their derivation, have very significant meanings. I believe, in their hearts, they wish the angel in the heaven that is ready to receive her, and thee at thy proper place, that there might be an end of their surries; another word of the same gender.

What

What a letter hast thou fent me!— Poor Lovelace!—
is all the answer I will return.

Five o'clock.] Colonel Morden is this moment arrived.

LE TOTAER TOLEHER SONOL

Mr. Belford, To Robert Lovelace, Efq;

val of I de Eight in the Evening.

I Had but just time in my former, to tell you, that Colonel Morden was arrived. He was on horseback, attended by two servants, and alit at the door, just as the clock struck five. Mrs. Smith was then below in her backshop, weeping, her husband with her, who was as much affected as she; Mrs. Lovick having left them a little before, in tears likewise; for they had been bemoaning one another; joining in opinion, that the admirable lady would not live the night over. She had told them, it was ber opinion too, from some numbnesses, which she called the fore-runners of death, and from an increased inclination to doze.

The Colonel, as Mrs. Smith told me afterwards, asked with great impatience, the moment he alit, how Miss Harlowe was? She answered, Alive; but, she feared, drawing on apace. Good God! said he, with his hands and eyes lifted up. Can I see her? My name is Morden. I have the honour to be nearly related to her. Step up, pray; and let her know [She is sensible, I hope] that I am here. Who is with her?

No-body but her Nurse, and Mrs. Lovick, a widow gentlewoman, who is as careful of her, as if she were her mother

And more careful too, interrupted he, or she is not careful at all.—

Except a gentleman be with her, one Mr. Belford, continued Mrs. Smith, who has been the best friend she has had.

If Mr. Belford be with her, furely I may—But, pray, step up, and let Mr. Belford know, that I shall take it for a favour to speak with him first.

Mrs. Smith came up to me in my new apartment. I had but just dispatched your servant, and was asking her nurse, if I might be again admitted; who answered, that

the was dozing in the elbow-chair, having refused to lie down, faying, She should soon, she hoped, lie down for

good.

The Colonel, who is really a fine gentleman, received me with great politeness. After the first compliments, My kinswoman, Sir, said he, is more obliged to you than to any of her own family. For my part, I have been endeavouring to move so many rocks in her favour; and, little thinking the dear creature so very bad, have neglected to attend her, as I ought to have done the moment I arrived; and would, had I known how ill she was, and what a task I should have had with the family. But, Sir, your friend has been excessively to blame; and you being so intimately his friend, has made her fare the worse for your civilities to her. But is there no hope of her recovery?

The doctors have left her, with the melancholy decla-

ration, that there is none.

Has she had good attendance, Sir? A skilful physician? I hear these good folks have been very civil and obliging to her—

Who could be otherwise, said Mrs. Smith, weeping?

She is the fweetest lady in the world!

The character, faid the Colonel, lifting up his eyes and one hand, that she has from every living creature!—Good God! How could your accursed friend—

And how could her cruel parents, interrupted I?—We

may as easily account for him, as for them.

Too true! returned he, the vileness of the profligates of our sex considered, whenever they can get any of the other into their power.

I fatisfied him about the care that had been taken of her; and told him of the friendly and even paternal attenda-

ance she had had from Dr. H. and Mr. Goddard.

He was impatient to attend her, having not seen her, as he said, since she was twelve years old; and that then she gave promises of being one of the sinest women in England.

She was so, replied I, a very sew months ago: And, tho' emaciated, she will appear to you to have confirmed those promises: For her features are so regular and exact, her proportion so sine, and her manner so inimitably graceful,

graceful, that were she only skin and bone, she must be a

beauty.

Mrs. Smith, at his request, stept up, and brought us down word, that Mrs. Lovick and her Nurse were with her; and that she was in so sound a sleep, leaning upon the former in her elbow-chair, that the neither heard her enter the room, nor go out. The Colonel begged, if not improper, that he might see her, tho' sleeping. He said, That his impatience would not let him flay till she awaked. Yet he would not have her disturbed; and should be glad to contemplate her sweet features, when she saw not him; and asked, If she thought he could not go in, and come out, without diffurbing her?

She believ'd he might, she answer'd; for her chair's

back was towards the door.

He faid, He would take care to withdraw, if the awoke, that his fudden appearance might not furprise her.

Mrs. Smith, stepping up before us, bid Mrs. Lovick and the Nurse not stir, when we entered: And then we

went up foftly together.

We beheld the lady, in a charming attitude. Dreffed, as I told you before, in her virgin white, she was sitting in her elbow-chair, Mrs. Lovick close by her, in another chair, with her left arm round her neck, supporting it, as it were; for, it feems, the lady had bid her do fo, faying, She had been a Mother to her, and she would delight herself in thinking she was in her Mamma's arms; for she found herself drowsy; perhaps, the faid, for the last time the thould ever be fo.

One faded cheek rested upon the good woman's bosom, the kindly warmth of which had overspread it with a faint, but charming flush; the other paler, and hollow, as if already iced over by death. Her hands, white as the lily, with her meandring veins more transparently blue, than ever I had feen even hers (veins fo foon, alas! to be choaked up by the congealment of that purple stream, which already fo languidly creeps rather than flows thro' them!) her hands hanging lifelefly, one before her, the other grasped by the right-hand of the kind widow, whose tears bedew'd the sweet face which her motherly bosom fupported, though unfelt by the fair sleeper; and either infenfibly to the good woman, or what she would not dif-

K 5

turb her to wipe off, or to change her posture: Her aspect was sweetly calm and serene: And tho' she started now-and-then, yet her sleep seemed easy; her breath indeed short and quick; but tolerably free, and not like that of a dying person.

In this heart-moving attitude she appeared to us when we approached her, and came to have her lovely face be-

fore us. It washding north

The Colonel fighing often, gazed upon her with his arms folded, and with the most profound and affectionate attention; till at last, on her starting, and setching her breath with greater difficulty than before, he retired to a screen, that was drawn before her bouse, as she calls it, which, as I have heretofore observed, stands under one of the windows. This screen was placed there, at the time she found herself obliged to take to her chamber; and in the depth of our concern, and the sulness of other discourse at our first interview, I had forgotten to apprise the Colonel of what he would probably see.

Retiring thither, he drew out his handkerchief, and, drowned in grief, feemed unable to fpeak: But, on casting his eye behind the screen, he soon broke silence; for, struck with the shape of the costin, he listed up a purplish-coloured cloth that was spread over it, and, starting back,

Good God! faid he, what's here!

Mrs. Smith standing next him, Why, faid he, with great emotion, is my coufin suffered to indulge her sad reflections

with fuch an object before her?

Alas! Sir, reply'd the good woman, who should controul her? We are all strangers about her, in a manner: And yet we have expostulated with her upon this sad occasion.

I ought, said I, (stepping softly up to him, the lady again salling into a doze) to have apprised you of this. I was here when it was brought in, and never was so shocked in my life. But she had none of her friends about her, and no reason to hope for any of them to come near her; and, assured she should not recover, she was resolved to leave as little as possible, especially as to what related to her person, to her executor. But it is not a shocking object to her, tho' it be to every body else.

Curfe

Curse upon the hard-heartedness of those, said he, who occasion'd her to make so sad a provision for herself! What must her reslections have been, all the time she was thinking of it, and giving orders about it? And what must they be, every time she turns her head towards it? These uncommon genius's—But indeed she should have been controuled in it, had I been here.

The lady fetched a profound figh, and, flarting, it broke off our talk; and the Colonel then withdrew further behind the screen, that his sudden appearance might not

farprife her. Is ballotore flom

Where am I! said she. How drowsy I am! How long have I dozed? Don't go, Sir (for I was retiring). I am very stupid, and shall be more and more so, I suppose.

She then offered to raise herself; but, being ready to faint thro' weakness, was forced to fit down again, reclining her head on her chair-back; and, after a few moments, I believe now, my good friends, said she, all your kind trouble will soon be over. I have slept, but am not refreshed, and my singers ends seem numb'd—have no feeling! (holding them up.)—'Tis time to send the letter to my good Mrs. Norton.

Shall I, Madam, fend my servant post with it?

O no, Sir, I thank you. It will reach the dear woman too foon (as she will think) by the post.

I told her, this was not post-day.

Is it Wednesday still? said she: Bless me! I know not how the time goes: But very tediously, 'tis plain. And now I think I must soon take to my bed. All will be most conveniently and with least trouble over there—Will it not, Mrs. Lovick?—I think, Sir, turning to me, I have lest nothing to these last incapacitating hours: Nothing either to say, or to do: I bless God, I have not: If I bad, how unhappy should I be? Can you, Sir, remind me of any thing necessary to be done or said to make your office easy?

If, Madam, your cousin Morden should come, you

would be glad to fee him, I prefume?

I am too weak to wish to see my cousin now. It would but discompose me, and him too. Yet, if he come while I can see, I will see him, were it but to thank him for K 6

former favours, and for his present kind intentions to me. Has any body been here from him?

He has called, and will be here, Madam, in half an

hour; but he feared to surprise you.

Nothing can surprise me now, except my Mamma were to favour me with her last blessing in person. That would be a welcome furprise to me even yet. But did my Coufin come purposely to town to see me? in managed side to belg

Yes, Madam. I took the liberty to let him know by a

line last Monday, how ill you were.

You are very kind, Sir. I am and have been greatly obliged to you. But I think I shall be pained to fee him now, because he will be concerned to see me. And yet, as I am not foill as I shall presently be—the sooner he comes, the better. But if he come, what shall I do about that screen? He will chide me very probably; and I cannot bear chiding now. Perhaps (leaning upon Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith) I can walk into the next apartment to receive him.

She motion'd to rife; but was ready to faint again, and

forced to fit still.

The Colonel was in a perfect agitation behind the screen, to hear this discourse; and twice, unseen by his cousin, was coming from it towards her; but retreated, for fear

of furprifing her too much.

I stept to him, and favoured his retreat; she only faving, Are you going, Mr. Belford? Are you fent for down? Is my Cousin come? For the heard fomebody step foftly cross the room; and thought it me, her hearing being

more perfect than her fight.

I told her, I believed he was; and she said. We must make the best of it, Mrs. Lovick, and Mrs. Smith. I shall otherwise most grievously shock my poor cousin: For he loved me dearly once. Pray give me a few of the doctor's last drops in water, to keep up my spirits for this one interview; and that is all, I believe, that can concern me now.

The Colonel (who heard all this) fent in his name; and I. pretending to go down to him, introduced the afflicted gentleman; she having first ordered the screen to be put as close to the window as possible, that he might not see

what was behind it; while he, having heard what she had said about it, was determined to take no notice of it.

He folded the angel in his arms as she sat, dropping down on one knee; for, supporting herself upon the two elbows of the chair, she attempted to rise, but could not. Excuse, my dear Cousin, said she, excuse me, that I cannot stand up—I did not expect this savour now. But I am glad of this opportunity to thank you for all your generous goodness to me.

I never, my best beloved and dearest cousin, said he, (with eyes running over,) shall forgive myself, that I did not attend you sooner. Little did I think you were so ill; nor do any of your friends believe it. If they did—

If they did, repeated she, interrupting him, I should have had more compassion from them. I am sure I should. But pray, Sir, how did you leave them? Are you reconciled to them? If you are not, I beg, if you love your poor Clarissa, that you will: For every widen'd difference augments but my fault; since that is the foundation of all.

I had been expecting to hear from them in your favour, my dear coufin, faid he, for fome hours, when this gentleman's letter arrived, which hastened me up: But I have the account of your grandfather's estate to make up with you, and have bills and draughts upon their banker for the sums due to you; which they defire you may receive, lest you should have occasion for money. And this is such an earnest of an approaching reconciliation, that I dare to answer for all the rest being according to your wishes, if—

Ah! Sir, interrupted she, with frequent breaks and pauses, I wish, I wish, this does not rather shew, that were I to live, they would have nothing more to say to me. I never had any pride in being independent of them: All my actions, when I might have made myself more independent, shew this—But what avail these restections now?—I only beg, Sir, that You, and this gentleman—to whom I am exceedingly obliged—will adjust those matters—according to the will I have written. Mr. Belford will excuse me; but it was in truth more necessity than choice, that made me think of giving him the trouble he so kindly accepts. Had I had the happiness to see you, my cousin, sooner—or to know, that you still honoured me with your

regard—I should not have had the assurance to ask this favour of bim—But—tho' the friend of Mr. Lovelace, he is a man of honour, and he will make peace rather than break it. And, my dear cousin, let me beg of you—to contribute your part to it—and remember, that, while I have nearer relations than my cousin Morden, dear as you are, and always were to me, you have no title to avenge my wrongs upon Him who has been the occasion of them. But I wrote to you my mind on this subject; and my rea-

fons; and hope I need not further urge them.

I must do Mr. Lovelace so much justice, answered he, wiping his eyes, as to witness, how sincerely he repents him of his ingrateful baseness to you, and how ready he is to make you all the amends in his power. He owns his wickedness, and your merit. If he did not, I could not pass it over, tho' you have nearer relations: For, my dear cousin, did not your grandfather leave me in trust for you? And should I think myself concerned for your fortune, and not for your honour?—But, since he is so desirous to do you justice, I have the less to say; and you may make yourself intirely easy on that account.

I thank you, thank you, Sir, said she: All is now as I wished: But I am very faint, very low. I am forry I cannot hold up; that I cannot better deserve the honour of this visit: But it will not be—And saying this, she sunk

down in her chair, and was filent.

Hereupon we both withdrew, leaving word, that we would be at the Bedford-Head, if any thing extraordinary

happened.

We befpoke a little repast, having neither of us dined; and, while it was getting ready, you may guess at the subject of our discourse. Both joined in lamentation for the lady's desperate state: Admired her manifold excellencies: Severely condemned you, and her friends. Yet, to bring him into better opinion of you, I read to him some passages from your last letters, which shew'd your concern for the wrongs you had done her, and your deep remorse: And he said, It was a dreadful thing to labour under the sense of a guilt so irremediable.

We procured Mr. Goddard (Dr. H. being not at home) once more to visit her, and to callupon us in his return.

He was so good as to do so; but he tarried with her not sive minutes; and told us, That she was drawing on apace; that he feared she would not live till morning; and that she wished to see Colonel Morden directly.

The Colonel made excuses where none were needed; and the our little refection was just brought in, he went

away immediately. On avail now, will d

I could not touch a morfel; and took pen and ink to amuse myself, and oblige you, knowing how impatient you would be for a sew lines: For, from what I have recited, you will see it was impossible I could withdraw to write, when your servant came at half an hour after sive, or have an opportunity for it till now; and This is accidental: And yet your poor fellow was asraid to go away with the verbal message I sent, importing, as no doubt he told you, that the Colonel was with us, the Lady excessively ill, and that I could not stir to write a line.

Ten o'clock.

THE Colonel sent to me afterwards, that the lady having been in convulsions, he was so much disordered, that he could not possibly attend me.

I have fent every half hour to know how she does: And just now I have the pleasure to hear, that her convulsions have left her; and that she is gone to rest in a

much quieter way than could be expected.

Her poor cousin is very much indisposed; yet will not fir out of the house while she is in such a way; but intends to lie down on a couch, having resused any other accommodation.

LETTER LIV.

Mr. BELFORD. In Continuation.

Soho, Six o'clock, Sept. 7.

HE Lady is still alive. The Colonel having just fent his servant to let me know, that she inquired after me about an hour ago, I am dressing to attend her. Joel begs of me to dispatch him back, tho' but with one line to gratify your present impatience. He expects, he says, to find you at Knightsbridge, let him make what haste he can back; and if he has not a line or

two to pacify you, he is afraid you will pistol him; for he apprehends that you are hardly yourself. I therefore dispatch this; and will have another ready as soon as I can, with particulars. But you must have a little patience; for how can I withdraw every half hour to write, if I am admitted to the Lady's presence, or if I am with the Colonel?

Smith's, 8 o'clock in the morning.

THE Lady is in a slumber. Mrs. Lovick, who sat up with her, says, she had a better night than was expected; for altho' she sleept little, she seemed easy; and the easier for the pious frame she was in; all her waking moments being taken up in devotion, or in an ejaculatory silence; her hands and eyes often lifted up, and her lips moving with a fervor worthy of these her last hours.

Ten o'clock. The Tok

THE Colonel being earnest to see his cousin as soon as she awaked, we were both admitted. We observed in her, as soon as we entered, strong symptoms of her approaching dissolution, notwithstanding what the women had stattered us with, from her last night's tranquility. The Colonel and I, each loth to say what we thought, looked upon one another with melancholy countenances.

The Colonel told her, He should send a servant to her uncle Antony's, for some papers he had less there; and asked, If she had any commands that way?—She thought not, she said, speaking more inwardly than she did the day before. She had indeed a letter ready to be sent to her good Mrs. Norton; and there was a request intimated in it. But it was time enough, if it were signified to those whom it concerned, when all was over. However, it might be sent then by the servant who was going that way. And she caused it to be given to the Colonel for that purpose.

Her breath being very short, she desired another pillow; and having two before, this made her in a manner sit up in her bed; and she spoke then with more distinctness; and, seeing us greatly concerned, forgot her own sufferings to comfort us; and a charming lecture she gave us, tho' a brief one, upon the happiness of a timely preparation, and upon the hazards of a late repentance, when the mind, as she observed, was so much weakened, as

well

well as the body, as to render a poor foul unable to con-

tend with its own infirmities.

STEER WOLLD'S I befeech ye, my good friends, proceeded she, mourn not for one who mourns not, nor has cause to mourn, for herself. On the contrary, rejoice with me, that all my worldly troubles are so near their end. Believe me, Sirs, that I would not, if I might, choose to live, altho' the pleasantest part of my life were to come over again: And yet Eighteen years of it, out of Nineteen, have been very pleafant. To be so much exposed to temptation, and to be fo liable to fail in the trial, who would not rejoice, that all her dangers are over!-All I wished was pardon and bleffing from my dear parents. Easy as my departure feems to promife to be, it would have been still easier, had I had that pleasure. But God Almighty Would NOT LET ME DEPEND FOR COMFORT UPON ANY BUT HIMSELF.

She then repeated her request, in the most earnest manner, to her cousin, that he would not beighten her fault, by feeking to avenge her death; to me, that I would endeavour to make up all breaches, and use the power I had with my friend, to prevent all future mischiefs from him, as well as that which this trust might give me, to prevent any to him.

She made some excuses to her cousin, for having not been able to alter her will, to join him in the executorship with me; and to me, for the trouble she had given

and yet should give me.

She had fatigued herfelf fo much (growing fenfibly weaker) that she sunk her head upon her pillows, ready to faint; and we withdrew to the window, looking upon one another; but could not tell what to fay; and yet both feemed inclinable to speak: But the motion passed over in filence. Our eyes only spoke; and that in a manner neither's were used to; mine, at least, not till I knew this admirable creature. They good whom and bons a bod this to the

The Colonel withdrew to dismiss his messenger, and lend away the letter to Mrs. Norton. I took the opportunity to retire likewise; and to write thus far. And Joel returning, to take it; I now close here.

Eleven o' Clock.

LETTER LV.

Mr. BELFORD. In Continuation.

THE Colonel tells me, That he has written to Mr.

John Harlowe, by his fervant, "That they might

fpare themselves the trouble of debating about a recon-

" ciliation; for that his dear coufin would probably be

" no more, before they could refolve."

He asked me after his cousin's means of subsisting; and whether she had accepted of any favour from me: He was

fure, he faid, the would not from you.

I acquainted him with the truth of her parting with some of her apparel. This wrung his heart; and bitterly did he exclaim as well against you, as against her implacable relations.

He wished he had not come to England at all, or had come time enough; and hoped I would apprize him of the whole mournful story, at a proper season. He added, that he had thoughts when he came over, of fixing here for the remainder of his days: But now, as it was impossible his cousin could recover, he would go abroad again, and resettle himself at Florence or Leghorn.

eoo

The lady has been giving orders, with great presence of mind, about her body: directing her nurse and the maid of the house to put her into her cossin as soon as she was cold. Mr. Belford, she said, would know the rest by her will.

SHE has just now given from her bosom, where she always wore it, a miniature picture, set in gold, of Miss Howe: She gave it to Mrs. Lovick, defiring her to fold it up in white paper, and direct it, To Charles Hickman, Esq; and to give it to me, when she was departed, for that gentleman.

She looked upon the picture, before she gave it her-Sweet and ever-amiable friend—companion—fister—lower! said she.—And kissed it four several times, once at each

tender appellation.

Your

Your other fervant is come. - Well may you be imnatient !- Well may you !- But do you think I can leave off in the middle of a conversation, to run and fet down what offers, and fend it away piecemeal as I write ?- If I could, must I not lose one half, while I put down the other?

This event is nearly as interesting to me as it is to you. If you are more grieved than I, there can be but one reafon for it; and that's at your heart! I had rather lose all the friends I have in the world (yourfelf included,) than this divine lady; and shall be unhappy when ever I think of her fufferings, and her merit; tho' I have nothing to reproach myfelf upon the former i daw mid bothis up as

I fay not this, just now, so much to reslect upon you, as to express my own grief; tho' your conscience, I suppose,

will make you think otherwise.

e

Your poor fellow, who fays, that he begs for his life, in desiring to be dispatched back with a letter, tears this from me. Else, perhaps, (for I am just sent for down) a quarter of an hour would make you-not easy indeedbut certain-And that, in a flate like yours, to a mind like yours, is a relief. A o'Clock.

LE TET E R . LVI.

Mr. BELFORD, To RICHARD MOWBRAY, E/q; Dear Mowbray, Thursday afternoon.

AM glad to hear you are in town. Throw yourself the moment this comes to your hand (if possible with Tourville) in the way of the man, who least of all men deferves the love of the worthy heart; but most That of Thine and His: Elfe, the news I shall most probably send him within an hour or two, will make annihilation the greatest blessing he has to wish for. 19929 and win qu it

You will find him between Piccadilly and Kenfington, most probably on horseback, riding backwards and forwards in a crazy way; or put up, perhaps, at some inn or tavern in the way; a waiter possibly, if so, watching for

his servant's return to him from me.

His man Will is just come to me. He will carry this to you in his way back, and be your director. Hie away, in a coach, or any how. Your being with him may save either his or a servant's life. See the blessed effects of triumphant libertinism! Sooner or later it comes home to us, and all concludes in gall and bitterness! Adieu.

J. BELFORD.

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LETTER LVII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

URSE upon the Colonel, and curse upon the writer of the last letter I received, and upon all the world! Thou to pretend to be as much interested in my Clarissa's fate as myself! 'Tis well for one of us, that this was not said to me, instead of written — Living or dying, she is mine—and only mine. Have I not earned her dearly?—Is not Damnation likely to be the purchase to me, tho a happy Eternity will be hers?

An eternal separation! O God! O God!—How can I bear that thought!—But yet there is Life—Yet, therefore, hope—Inlarge my Hope, and thou shalt be my good ge-

nius, and I will forgive thee every thing.

For this last time — But it must not, shall not, be the last—Let me hear, the moment thou receivest this—what I am to be—For, at present, I am

The most miserable of men.

Rose, at Knightsbridge, 5 o'Clock.

My fellow tells me, that thou art fending Mowbray and Tourville to me. I want them not. My foul's fick of them, and of all the world; but most of myself—Yet, as they send me word, they will come to me immediately, I will wait for them, and for thy next. O Belford! let it not be—But hasten it, hasten it, be it what it may!

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, E.S.

Seven o'Clock, Thur sday Even. Sept. 7.

HAVE only to fay at present—Thou wilt do well to take a tour to Paris; or where-ever else thy destiny shall lead thee!!!

JOHN BELFORD.

LETTER LIX.

Mr. Mowbray, To John Belford, Esq;

Uxbridge, Sept 7, between 11 and 12 at night.

Dear Tack,

I SEND by poor Lovelace's desire, for particulars of the fatal breviate thou sentest him this night. He cannot bear to set pen to paper; yet wants to know every minute passage of Miss Harlowe's departure. Yet, why he should, I cannot see; for, if she is gone, she is gone; and who can help it?

I never heard of such a woman in my life. What great matters has she suffered, that grief should kill her thus?

I wish the poor fellow had never known her. From first to last, what trouble has she cost him! The charming fellow has been half lost to us, ever since he pursued her. And what is there in one woman more than another, for matter of that?

It was well we were with him when your Note came. You shewed your true friendship in your forefight. Why, Jack, the poor fellow was quite beside himself—Mad as

any man ever was in Bedlam.

Will, brought him the letter, just after we had joined him, at the Bohemia Head, where he had left word at the Rose at Knightsbridge he should be; for he had been fauntering up and down, backwards and forwards, expecting us, and his fellow. Will, as soon as he delivered it, got out of his way; and when he opened it, never was such a piece of scenery. He trembled like a devil at receiving it: Fumbled at the seal, his singers in a palsy, like Tom Doleman's; his hand shake, shake, shake, that

he tore the letter in two, before he could come at the contents: And, when he had read them, off went his hat to one corner of the room, his wig to the other—Damnation seize the world! and a whole volley of such-like execrations wishes; running up and down the room, and throwing up the sash, and pulling it down, and smiting his forehead with his double sist, with such sorce as would have felled an ox, and slamping and tearing, that the sandlord ran in, and saster out again. And this was the distraction-scene for some time.

In vain was all Jemmy or I could fay to him. I offered once to take hold of his hands, because he was going to do himself a mischief, as I believed, looking about for his pistols, which he had laid upon the table, but which Will. unseen, had taken out with him [a faithful honest dog, that Will, I shall for ever love the fellow for it] and he hit me a damned dowse of the chops, as made my nose bleed. 'Twas well 'twas he; for I hardly knew how

to take it.

Jemmy raved at him, and told him, How wicked it was in him, to be so brutish to abuse a friend, and run mad for a woman. And then he said, he was forry for it; and then Will ventured in with water and a towel; and the dog rejoiced, as I could see by his looks, that I bad it rather than he.

And fo, by degrees, we brought him a little to his reafon, and he promised to behave more like a man. And so I forgave him: And we rode on in the dark to here at Doleman's. And we all try'd to shame him out of his mad ungovernable foolishness: For we told him, as how she was but a woman, and an obstinate, perverse woman too;

and how could he help it?

And you know, Jack, [As we told him, moreover] that it was a shame to manhood, for a man, who had served twenty and twenty women as bad or worse, let him have served Miss Harlowe never so bad, should give himself such obstropulous airs, because she would die: And we advised him never to attempt a woman proud of her character and virtue, as they call it, any more: For why? The conquest did not pay trouble; and what was there in

one woman more than another? Hay you know, Jack!

—And thus we comforted him, and advised him.

But yet his damned addled pate runs upon this lady as much now she's dead, as it did when she was living. For, I suppose, Jack, it is no joke. She is certainly and bona fide dead; i'n't she? If not, thou deservest to be doubly damned for thy fooling, I tell thee that. So he will have me write for particulars of her departure.

He won't bear the word dead on any account. A squeamish puppy! How Love unmans, and softens, and enervates! And such a noble fellow as this too! Rot him for an idiot, and an oas! I have no patience with the soolish

duncical dog-Upon my foul, I have not!

So fend the account, and let him howl over it, as I sup-

pose he will.

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But he must and shall go abroad: And in a month or two Jemmy, and you, and I, will join him, and he'll soon get the better of this chicken-hearted folly, never sear; and will then be ashamed of himself: And then we'll not spare him; tho' now, poor fellow, it were pity to lay him on so thick, as he deserves. And do thou, till then, spare all resections upon him; for, it seems, thou hast worked him unmercifully.

I was willing to give thee some account of the hand we have had with the tearing fellow, who had certainly been a lost man, had we not been with him; or he would have killed somebody or other—I have no doubt of it. And now he is but very middling; fits grinning like a man in straw; curses and swears, and is consounded gloomy; and creeps into holes and corners, like an old hedghog hunted for his grease. And so adieu, Jack. Tourville and all of us wish for thee; for no one has the influence upon him that thou hast.

R. Moweray.

As I promised him that I would write for the particulars abovesaid, I write this after all are gone to bed; and the fellow is to set out with it by day-break.

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LETTER LX.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efg;

Las viniares a sale Thurfday night.

I MAY as well try to write; fince, were I to go to bed, I shall not sleep. I never had such a weight of grief upon my mind in my life, as upon the demise of this admirable woman; whose soul is now rejoicing in the regions of light.

You may be glad to know the particulars of her happy exit. I will try to proceed; for all is hush and still; the family retired; but not one of them, and least of all her

poor coufin, I dare fay, to reft.

At four o'clock, as I mentioned in my last, I was sent for down; and, as thou usedst to like my descriptions, I will give thee the woeful scene that presented itself to me,

as I approached the bed.

The Colonel was the first that took my attention, kneeling on the side of the bed, the lady's right-hand in both his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears; altho' she had been comforting him, as the women since told him, in elevated strains, but broken accents.

On the other fide of the bed fat the good Widow; her face overwhelmed with tears, leaning her head against the bed's head in a most disconsolate manner; and turning her face to me, as soon as she saw me, O Mr. Belford, cried she, with folded hands—The dear lady—a heavy soon not permitting her to say more.

Mrs. Smith, with clasped fingers, and uplifted eyes, as if imploring help from the Only Power which could give it, was kneeling down at the bed's feet, tears in large

drops trickling down her cheeks.

Her Nurse was kneeling between the widow and Mrs. Smith, her arms extended. In one hand she held an ineffectual cordial, which she had just been offering to her dying mistress; her face was swoln with weeping (tho' used to such scenes as this) and she turned her eyes towards me, as if she called upon me by them to join in the helpless forrow; a fresh stream bursting from them as a approached the bed.

The

The maid of the house, with her face upon her folded arms, as she stood leaning against the wainscot, more audibly expressed her grief than any of the others.

The lady had been filent a few minutes, and speechless as they thought, moving her lips without uttering a word; one hand, as I said, in her cousin's. But when Mrs. Lovick on my approach pronounced my name, Oh! Mr. Belford, said she, in broken periods; and with a faint inward voice, but very distinct nevertheless—Now!—Now!—(I bless God for his mercies to his poor creature) will all soon be over—A few—A very few moments—will end this strife—And I shall be happy!

Comfort here, Sir—turning her head to the Colonel—Comfort my cousin—See!—the blameable kindness—He

would not wish me to be happy-fo foon!

Here, she stopt, for two or three minutes, earnestly looking upon him: Then resuming, My dearest cousin, said she, be comforted—What is dying but the common lot?—The mortal frame may seem to labour—But that is all!—It is not so hard to die, as I believed it to be!—The preparation is the difficulty—I bless God, I have had time for That—The rest is worse to beholders, than to me!—I am all blessed hope—Hope itself.

She looked what she said, a sweet smile beaming over her

countenance.

After a short silence, Once more, my dear cousin, said she, but still in broken accents, commend me most dutifully to my Father and Mother — There she stopt. And then proceeding—To my Sister, To my Brother, To my Uncles—And tell them, I bless them with my parting breath—for all their goodness to me—Even for their displeasure, I bless them —Most happy has been to me my punishment here!— Happy indeed!

She was filent for a few moments, lifting up her eyes, and the hand her cousin held not between his. Then, O death! faid she, where is thy sting! [The words I remember to have heard in the Burial-service read over my Uncle and poor Belton]. And after a pause—It is good for me that I was

afflicted ! - Words of Scripture, I suppose.

Then turning towards us, who were loft in speechless forrow—O dear, dear gentlemen, said she, you know not Vol. VII.

what foretastes—what assurances. And there she again stopt, and looked up, as if in a thankful rapture, sweetly

sin engaged; and I befought ber, when a little receptilim?

Then turning her head towards me—Do you, Sir, tell your friend, that I forgive him! And I pray to God to forgive him!—Again paufing, and lifting up her eyes, as if praying that He would—Let him know how happily I die.
—And that fuch as my own, I wish to be his last hour.

She was again filent for a few moments: And then refuming—My fight fails me!—Your voices only—[for we both applauded her christian, her divine frame, tho' in accents as broken as her own] And the voice of grief is alike in all. Is not this Mr. Morden's hand? pressing one of his with that he had just let go. Which is Mr. Belford's? holding out the other. I gave her mine. God Almighty bless you both, said she, and make you both—in your last hour—for you must come to this—happy as I am.

She paused again, her breath growing shorter; and, after a few minutes, And now, my dearest cousin, give me your hand—nearer—still nearer—drawing it towards her; and she pressed it with her dying lips—God protest you, dear, dear Sir—And once more, receive my best and most grateful thanks—And tell my dear Miss Howe—and vouchsafe to see, and to tell my worthy Mrs. Norton—She will be one day, I fear not, tho' now lowly in her fortunes, a Saint in Heaven—Tell them both, that I remember them with thankful blessings in my last moments!—And pray God to give them happiness here for many, many years, for the take of their friends and lovers; and an heavenly crown hereafter; and such assurances of it, as I have, thro' the all-satisfying merits of my blessed Redeemer.

Her fweet voice and broken periods methinks still fill

my ears, and never will be out of my memory.

After a short silence, in a more broken and faint accent;
—And you, Mr. Belford, pressing my hand, may God preferve you and make you tensible of all your errors—You see, in me, how All ends—May you be—And down sunk her head upon her pillow, she fainting away, and drawing from us her hands.

We

We thought she was then gone; and each gave way to

a violent burft of grief. - 197 no with Januar elastrol Januar

But soon shewing signs of returning life, our attention was again engaged; and I besought her, when a little recovered, to complete in my favour her half-pronounced blessing. She waved her hand to us both, and bowed her head six several times, as we have since recollected, as if distinguishing every person present; not forgetting the nurse and the maid-servant; the latter having approached the bed, weeping, as if crowding in for the divine lady's last blessing; and she spoke saltering and inwardly,—Bless—bless—bless—you All—And now—And now—(holding up her almost lifeless hands for the last time) Come—O come—Blessed Lord—I saus!

And with these words, the last but half-pronounced, expired: Such a smile, such a charming serenity over-spreading her sweet face at the instant as seemed to manifest

her eternal happiness already begun.

O Lovelace!—But I can write no more!

She pauled water to OOO growing there's and

I RESUME my pen to add a few lines.

While warm, tho' pulfeless, we pressed each her hand with our lips; and then retired into the next room.

We looked at each other, with intent to speak: But, as if one motion governed as one cause affected both, we

turned away filent. And the to dame and a relationer

The Colonel fighed as if his heart would burst: At last, his face and hands uplifted, his back towards me, Good Heaven! said he to himself, support me!—And is it thus, O Flower of Nature!—Then pausing—And must we no more—Never more!—My blessed, blessed cousin! uttering some other words, which his sighs made inarticulate:—And then, as if recollecting himself—Forgive me, Sir!—Excuse me, Mr. Belford; and sliding by me; anon I hope to see you, Sir—And down stairs he went, and out of the house, leaving me a statue.

When I recovered myself, it was almost to repine at what I then called an unequal dispensation; forgetting her happy preparation, and still happier departure; and that she had but drawn a common lot, triumphing in it; and leaving behind her, every one less assured of happi-

L 2

ness, tho' equally certain that it would one day be their own lot.

She departed exactly at 40 minutes after 6 o'clock, as

by her watch on the table.

And thus died Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, in the blosfom of her youth and beauty: And who, her tender years confidered, has not left behind her her fuperior in extenfive knowlege, and watchful prudence; nor hardly her equal for unblemished virtue, exemplary piety, sweetness of manners, discreet generosity, and true christian charity: And these all set off by the most graceful modefty and humility; yet on all proper occasions manifesting a noble presence of mind and true magnanimity: So that fhe may be faid to have been not only an ornament to her Sex, but to Human nature.

A better pen than mine may do her fuller justice:-Thine, I mean, O Lovelace! For well doft thou know how much she excelled in the graces both of mind and perfon, natural and acquired, all that is woman. And thou also can't best account for the causes of her immature death, thro' those calamities which in so short a space of time from the highest pitch of felicity (every one in a manner adoring her) brought her to an exit fo happy for herfelf, but, that it was so early, so much to be deplored

by all who had the honour of her acquaintance.

This task, then, I leave to thee: But now I can write no more, only that I am a fympathizer in every part of thy diffress, except (and yet it is cruel to fay it) in That which arises from thy guilt.

One o'clock, Friday morning.

AsignClary, every thing

in the IXI and I To T I Bod relations are

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, E/g;

saverneg ben and the same Nine, Friday morn. HAVE no opportunity to write at length, having neceffary orders to give on the melancholy occasion. Jel, who got to me by fix in the morning, and whom I difpatched inflantly back with the letter I had ready from last night, gives me but an indifferent account of the state of your mind. I wonder not at it; but Time (and nothing may bely apune to make voo

The HISTORY

elfe can) will make it easier to you: If (that is to fay) you have compounded with your conscience; else it may be heavier every day than other. som of her youth and be

000 Tourville tells me what a way you are in. I hope . you will not think of coming hither. The lady in her Will defires you may not fee her. Four copies are making of it. It is a long one; for the gives her reasons for all the wills. I will write to you more particularly as foon as possibly I can.

THREE letters are just brought by a fervant in livery, directed To Miss Clariffa Harlowe. I will send copies of them to you. The contents are enough to make one mad. How would this poor lady have rejoiced to receive them -And yet, if the had, the would not have been enabled to fay, as she nobly did (a), That God would not let ber depend for comfort upon any but Himfelf-And, indeed, for fome days past, she had seemed to have got above all worldly confiderations-Her fervent love, even for her Mils Howe, as the acknowleged, having given way to Supremer fervors (b). by all who had the honour of

LETTER LXII.

Mrs. NORTON, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wednesday, Sept. 6.

And:

T length, my best beloved Miss Clary, every thing. is in the wished train — For all your relations are unanimous in your favour-Even your brother and fifter are with the foremost to be reconciled to you.

I knew it must end thus !—By patience, and persever-

ing fweetness, what a triumph have you gained!

This happy change is owing to letters received from your physician, from your cousin Morden, and from Mr. Brand.

Colonel Morden will be with you no doubt before this can reach you, with his pocket-book filled with moneybills, that nothing may be wanting to make you eafy.

(b) Page 187.

And now, all our hopes, all our prayers are, that this good news may restore you to spirits and health; and that

(fo long with-held) it may not come too late.

I know how much your dutiful heart will be raifed with the joyful tidings I write you, and still shall more particularly tell you of, when I have the happiness to see you: Which will be by next Saturday, at furthest; perhaps on Friday afternoon, by the time you can receive this.

For this day, by the general voice, being fent for, I was received by every one with great goodness and condescension, and intreated (for that was the word they were pleased to use, when I needed no intreaty, I am sure) to hasten up to you, and to affure you of all their affectionate regards to you: And your father bid me fay all the kind things that were in my beart to fay, in order to comfort and raise you up; and they would hold themselves bound capable of e ordine and

to make them good.

How agreeable is this commission to your Norton! My heart will overflow with kind speeches, never fear !- I am already meditating what I shall say, to chear and raise you up, in the names of every one dear and near to you. And forry I am, that I cannot this moment fet out, as I might, instead of writing, would they favour my eager impatience with their chariot; but as it was not offered, it would be presumption to have asked for it: And tomorrow a hired chaife and pair will be ready; but at what hour I know not,

How I long once more to fold my dear precious young lady to my fond, my more than fond, my maternal bosom!

Your Sifter will write to you, and fend her letter, with This, by a particular hand,

I must not let them see what I write, because of my

wish about the chariot.

Your uncle Harlowe will also write, and (I doubt not) in the kindest terms: For they are all extremely alarmed and troubled at the dangerous way your doctor represents you to be in; as well as delighted with the character he gives you. Would to heaven the good gentleman had written fooner! And yet he writes, that you know not he has now written. But it is all our confidence, and our

consolation, that he would not have written at all, had he

thought it too late.

They will prescribe no conditions to you, my dear young lady; but will leave all to your own duty and discretion. Only your brother and sister declare, they will never yield to call Mr. Lovelace brother: Nor will your father, I believe, be easily brought to think of him for a son.

I am to bring you down with me as foon as your health and inclination will permit. You will be received with open arms. Every one longs to fee you. All the fervants please themselves, that they shall be permitted to kiss your hands. The pert Betty's note is already changed; and she now runs over in your just praises. What friends does prosperity make! What enemies adversity! It always was, and always will be so, in every state of life from the throne to the cottage—But let all be forgotten now on this jubilee change: And may you, my dearest Miss, be capable of rejoicing in this good news; as I know you will rejoice, if capable of any thing.

God preserve you to our happy meeting! And I will, if I may say so, weary Heaven with my incessant prayers

to preferve and reftore you afterwards!

I need not fay how much I am, my dear young lady,
Your ever-affectionate and devoted

JUDITH NORTON.

An unhappy delay as to the chaife, will make it Saturday morning, before I can fold you to my fond heart.

LETTER LXIII

Miss ARAB. HARLOWE, To Miss CL. HARLOWE.

Wedn morning, Sept. 6.

Wedn morning, Sept. 6.

Wedn morning, Sept. 6.

We all loved you as never young creature was loved:
You are fenfible of That, Sifter Clary. And you have been very naughty—But we could not be angry always.

We are indeed more afflicted with the news of your being so very ill than I can express: For I see not but, after this separation (as we understand that your missortune has been greater than your fault, and that, however unhappy, you have demeaned yourself like the good young

L 4 creature

creature you used to be) we shall love you better, if pos-

fible, than ever.

Take comfort therefore, Sifter Clary; and don't be too much east down—Whatever your mortifications may be from such noble prospects over-clouded, and from the restlections you will have from within, on your faulty step, and from the fullying of such a charming character by it, you will receive none from any of us: And, as an earnest of your Papa's and Mamma's favour and reconciliation, they assure you by me of their Blessing and hourly prayers.

If it will be any comfort to you, and my mother finds this letter is received as we expect (which we shall know by the good effect it will have upon your health) she will herself go to town to you. Mean time, the good woman you so dearly love will be hastened up to you; and she writes by this opportunity, to acquaint you of it, and of

all our returning love.

I hope you'll rejoice at this good news. Pray let us hear that you do. Your next grateful letter on this occafion, especially if it gives us the pleasure of hearing you are better upon this news, will be received with the same (if not greater) delight, that we used to have in all your prettily-penn'd epistles. Adieu, my dear Clary! I am

Your loving Sister, and true Friend,

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXIV.

To his dear Niece Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wedn. Sept. 6.

E were greatly grieved, my beloved Mis Clary, at your fault; but we are still more, if possible, to hear you are so very ill; and we are forry things have been carried so far.

We know your talents, my dear, and how movingly you could write, whenever you pleafed; fo that nobody could ever deny you any thing; and, believing you depended on your pen, and little thinking you were fo ill, and that you had lived fo regular a life, and were fo truly penitent, are much troubled every one of us, your brother and all, for being fo fevere. Forgive my part in it, my dearest

dearest Clary. I am your Second-Papa, you know. And

you used to love me.

I hope you'll foon be able to come down, and, after a while, when your indulgent parents can spare you, that you will come to me for a whole month, and rejoice my heart, as you used to do. But if, thro' illness, you cannot so soon come down as we wish, I will go up to you: For I long to see you. I never more longed to see you in my life; and you was always the darling of my heart, you know.

My brother Antony defires his hearty commendations to you, and joins with me in the tenderest assurance, that all shall be well, and, if possible, better than ever; for we now have been so long without you, that we know the miss of you, and even hunger and thirst, as I may say, to see you, and to take you once more to our hearts: Whence indeed you was never banished so far, as our concern for the unhappy step made us think and you believe you were. Your fister and brother both talk of seeing you in town: So does my dear sister your indulgent mother.

God restore your health, if it be his will: Else, I know

not what will become of

Your truly lowing Uncle, and Second Papa,
JOHN HARLOWE.

LETTER LXV.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efq;

Friday night, Sept. 8. past ten.

Will now take up the account of our proceedings from my letter of last night, which contained the dying

words of this incomparable lady.

As foon as we had feen the last scene closed (so blessedly for herself!) we left the body to the care of the good women, who, according to the orders she had given them that very night, removed her into that last house which she had display'd so much fortitude in providing.

In the morning, between 7 and 8 o'clock, according to appointment, the Colonel came to me here. He was very much out of order. We went together, accompanied by Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith, into the deceafed's cham-

ber. We could not help taking a view of the lovely corpfe, and admiring the charming ferenity of her noble afpect. The women declared, they never faw death fo lovely before; and that she looked as if in an easy slumber, the colour having not quite left her cheeks and lips.

I unlocked the drawer, in which (as I mentioned in a (a) former) the had deposited her papers. I told you in mine of Monday last, that she had the night before fealed up with three black feals a parcel inferibed. As foon as I am certainly dead, this to be broken open by Mr. Belford. I accused myself for having not done it over night. But really I was then incapable of any thing. Hesen ent of

I broke it open accordingly, and found in it no less than eleven letters, each fealed with her own feal and

black wax, one of which was directed to me.

I will inclose a copy of it. It is a senting and many

menes and conceptions of things, diedly things, by wer To John Belford, Efq;

SIR, Sunday Evening, Sept. 3.

Take this last and solemn occasion to repeat to you my thanks for all your kindness to me at a time when I most needed countenance and protection.

A few confiderations I beg leave, as now, at your perufal of This, from the dead, to press upon you, with all the

warmth of a fincere friendship.

By the time you will fee This, you will have had an inflance. I humbly truft, of the comfortable importance of a pacified conscience, in the last hours of one, who, to the

last hour, will wish your eternal welfare.

The great Duke of Luxemburgh, as I have heard, on his death-bed, declared, That he would then much rather have had it to reflect upon, that he had administered a cup of cold water to a worthy poor creature in diffress, than that he had won fo many battles as he had triumphed for-And, as one well observes, All the sentiments of worldly grandeur vanish at that unavoidable moment which decides the destiny of all men.

If then, Sir, at the tremendous hour, it be thus with the conquerors of armies, and the subduers of nations, let me, in very few words (many are not needed) alk,

What, at That period, must be the restections of those (if capable of restection) who have lived a life of sense and offence; whose study and whose pride most ingloriously has been to seduce the innocent, and to ruin the weak, the unguarded, and the friendless; made still more friendless by their base seductions?—Oh! Mr. Belford, weigh, ponder, and restect upon it, now, that in health, and in vigour of mind and body, the restections will most avail you—What an ingrateful, what an unmanly, what a meaner than

reptile pride is this borne a stast should some on

In the next place, Sir, let me beg of you, for my fake, who AM, or, as now you will best read it, have been, driven to the necessity of applying to you to be the Executor of my will, that you will bear, according to that generofity which I think to be in you, with all my friends, and particularly with my brother (who is really a worthy young man, but perhaps a little too headstrong in his first resentments and conceptions of things) if any thing, by reason of this truft, should fall out disagreeably; and that you will fludy to make peace, and to reconcile all parties; and more especially, that you, who seem to have a great influence upon your still more headstrong friend, will interpose, if occasion be, to prevent further mischief-For. furely, Sir, that violent spirit may sit down satisfied with the evils he has already wrought; and, particularly, with the wrongs, the heinous and ignoble wrongs, he has in. me done to my family, wounded in the tenderest part of its honour.

To this request I have already your repeated promise. I claim the observance of it, therefore, as a debt from you: And tho' I hope I need not doubt it, yet was I willing, on this solemn, this last occasion, thus earnestly.

to reinforce it.

I have another request to make to you; It is only, That you will be pleased, by a particular messenger, to forward

the inclosed letters as directed.

And now, Sir, having the presumption to think, that an useful member is lost to society by means of the unhappy step which has brought my life so soon to its period, let me hope, that I may be an humble instrument in the hands of. Providence, to reform a man of your parts and abilities;

T 0

and

and then I shall think that loss will be more abundantly repaired to the world, while it will be, by God's goodness, my gain: And I shall have this further hope, that once more I shall have an opportunity, in a blessed Eternity, to thank you, as I now repeatedly do, for the good you have done to, and the trouble you will have taken for,

would enable me, transfer of Your obliged Servant, on eldens bluow

estation and in the course of the contract to the

The other letters are directed, To her Father, To her Mother, One to her two Uncles, To her Brother, To her Sister, To her Aunt Hervey, To her Cousin Morden, To Miss Howe, To Mrs. Norton, and lastly one to You, in performance of her promise, that a letter should be sent you when she arrived at her Father's house. I will withhold this last till I can be assured, that you will be fitter o receive it than Tourville tells me You are at present.

Copies of all these are sealed up, and intitled, Copies of my Ten posthumous letters, for J. Belfond, Esq; and put in among the bundle of papers left to my direction, which

I have not yet had leifure to open.

No wonder, while able, that she was always writing, since thus only of late could she employ that time which heretofore, from the long days she made, caused so many beautiful works to spring from her singers. It is my opinion, that there never was a lady so young, who wrote so much, and with such celerity. Her thoughts keeping pace, as I have seen, with her pen, she hardly ever stopp'd or hesitated; and very seldom blotted out, or altered. It was a natural talent she was mistress of, among many other extraordinary ones.

I gave the Colonel his letter, and ordered Harry in-

stantly to get ready to carry the others.

Mean time (retiring into the next apartment) we opened the Will. We were both so much affected in perusing it, that at one time the Colonel, breaking off, gave it to me to read on; at another, I gave it back to him to proceed with; neither of us being able to read it thro', without such tokens of sensibility as affected the voices of each.

Mrs. Lovick, Mrs. Smith, and her Nurse, were still more touched, when we read those articles in which they are respectively remembered: But I will avoid mentioning the particulars (except in what relates to the thread of my narration) as I shall fend you a copy of it in proper time.

The Colonel told me, he was ready to account with me for the moneys he had brought up from her friends; which would enable me, as he faid, directly to execute the legacy-parts of it; and he would needs at that instant force into my hands a paper relating to that subject. I put it in my pocket-book, without looking into it; telling him, That as I hoped he would do all in his power to promote a literal performance of the will, I must beg his advice and affiftance in the execution of it. A. A.M. of sword and

Her request to be buried with her ancestors, made a letter of the following import necessary, which I prevailed upon the Colonel to write; being unwilling myfelf (fo. early at least) to appear officious in the eye of a family which probably wishes not any communication with me.

To JAMES HARLOWE, jun. Efq;

THE letter which the bearer of this brings with him. will, I presume, make it unnecessary to acquaint you and my coufins with the death of the most excellent of women. But I am requested by her Executor, who will foon fend you a copy of her last Will, to acquaint her father (which I choose to do by your means) that in it she earnestly defires to be laid in the family-vault, at the feet of her grandfather. Smold mobile v

If her father will not admit of it, she has directed her body to be buried in the church-yard of the parish where

the died.

I need not tell you, that a speedy answer to This is ne-

Her Beatification commenced yesterday afternoon, ex-

actly at 40 minutes after fix.

I can write no more, than that I am

orda at bas of side Yours, &c. 1010

Eriday morn. Sept.8. WM. MORDEN.

By the time this was written, and by the Colonel's leave transcribed, Harry came booted and spurred, his horse at the door; and I delivered him the letters to the family, with those to Mrs. Norton and Miss Howe (eight in all) together with the above of the Colonel to Mr. James Harlowe; and gave him orders to make the utmost dispatch with them.

The Colonel and I have befooke mourning for our

felves and fervants. I Store on save transferred to bus

LETTER LXVI.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, E/q;

is agiot of the chartendars, that the drive lai

OOR Mrs. Norton is come. She was fet down at the door; and would have gone up stairs directly. But Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick being together and in tears, and the former hinting too fuddenly to the truly venerable woman the fatal news, she funk down at her feet, in fits; fo that they were forced to breathe a vein, to bring her to herfelf; and to a capacity of exclamation: And then she run on to Mrs. Lovick and to me, who entered just as she recovered, in praise of the lady, in lamentations for her, and invectives against you: But yet so circumscribed were her invectives, that I could observe in them the woman well-educated, and in her lamentations the passion christianized, as I may say, a bolduob

She was impatient to fee the corpfe. The women went up with her. But they owned, that they were too much affected themselves on this occasion to describe her ex-

tremely affecting behaviour.

him a copy of the William With trembling impatience she pushed aside the cossinlid. She bathed the face with her tears, and kiffed her cheeks and forehead, as if the were living. It was Her indeed, she faid! Her sweet young lady! Her very felf! Nor had death, which changed all things, a power to alter her lovely features! She admired the ferenity of her aspect. She no doubt was happy, she faid, as she had written to her she should be: But how many miserable creatures had she left behind her!-The good woman lamenting that she herself had lived to be one of them.

It was with difficulty they prevailed upon her to quit the corpse; and when they went into the next apartment, I joined them, and acquainted her with the kind legacy her beloved young lady had lest her: But This rather augmented, than diminished her concern. She ought, she said, to have attended her in person. What was the world to her, wringing her hands, now the child of her bosom and of her heart was no more? Her principal consolation, however, was, that she should not long survive her. She hoped, she said, that she did not sin, in wishing she might not.

It was easy to observe by the similitude of sentiments shewn in This and other particulars, that the divine lady owed to this excellent woman many of her good notions.

I thought it would divert the poor gentlewoman, and not altogether unsuitably, if I were to put her upon furnishing mourning for herself; as it would rouse her, by a seasonable and necessary employment from that dismal lethargy of grief, which generally succeeds the too violent anguish with which a gentle nature is accustomed to be torn upon the first communication of the unexpected loss of a dear friend. I gave her therefore the thirty guineas bequeathed to her and to her son for mourning; the only mourning which the sair testatrix has mentioned: And desired her to lose no time in preparing her own, as I doubted not, that she would accompany the corpse, if it were permitted to be carried down.

The Colonel proposes to attend the herse, if his kindred give him not fresh cause of displeasure; and will take with him a copy of the Will. And being intent to give the family some favourable impressions of me, he will also, at his own desire, take with him the copy of the posthumous letter to me.

He is so kind as to promise me a minute account of all that shall pass on the melancholy occasion. And we have begun a friendship and settled a correspondence, which but one incident can possibly happen to interrupt to the end of our lives. And that I hope will not happen.

But what must be the grief, the remorfe, that will seize upon the hearts of this hitherto inexorable family, on the receiving receiving of the posthumous letters, and that of the Co-

lonel apprizing them of what has happened!

I have given orders to an undertaker, on the fuppofition that the body will be permitted to be carried down; and the women intend to fill the coffin with aromatic herbs.

The Colonel has obliged me to take the bills and draughts which he brought up with him, for the confiderable fums accrued fince the grandfather's death from the lady's effate, will break and tollied and at the He to the wine

I could have shewn to Mrs. Norton the copies of the two letters which she missed by coming up. But her grief wants not the heightenings which the reading of them able, I have been in a fland of

would have given her. the strongest afferences, sood Atmit has not incep

I HAVE been dipping into the copies of the posthumous letters to the family, which Harry has carried down. Well may I call this admirable Lady divine. They are all calculated to give comfort rather than reproach, tho' their cruelty to her merited nothing but reproach. But were I in any of their places, how much rather had I. that she had quitted scores with me by the most severe reeriminations, than that the should thus nobly triumph over me by a generofity that has no example?

I will inclose some of them, which I defire you to re-

DEVICE OF THE PARTY

ni emirane dia i pipuloue sa

turn as foon as you can:

LETTER LXVII.

To the Ever-honoured JAMES HARLOWE, fen. Efq;

Moft dear Sir! suoveleg way bast adougurant via

71TH exulting confidence now does your emboldened daughter come into your awful presence by these lines, who dared not, but upon This occasion, to look up to you with hopes of favour and forgiveness; fince, when This comes to your hands it will be out of her power ever to offend you more.

And now let me bless you, my honoured papa, and blefs you, as I write, upon my knees, for all the benefits I have received from your indulgence: For your fond love to me in the days of my prattling innocence: For the virtuous education you gave me: And, for the crown

of all, the happy end, which, thro' Divine Grace, by means of that virtuous education, I hope, by the time you will receive This, I shall have made. And let me beg of you, dear venerable Sir, to blot from your remembrance, if possible, the last unhappy eight months; and then I shall hope to be remembered with advantage for the pleasure you had the goodness to take in your Clarissa.

Still on her knees, let your poor penitent implore your forgiveness of all her faults and follies; more especially of that fatal error which threw her out of your protection.

When you know, Sir, that I have never been faulty in my will: That ever fince my calamity became irretrievable, I have been in a flate of preparation: That I have the strongest assurances, that the Almighty has accepted my unfeigned repentance; and that by this time you will (as I humbly prefume to hope) have been the means of adding One to the number of the Bleffed; you will have reason for joy rather than forrow. Since, had I escaped the snares by which I was intangled, I might have wanted those exercises which I-look upon now as so many mercies dispensed to wean me betimes from a world that presented itself to me with prospects too alluring: And, in that case (too easily satisfied with worldly felicity) I might not have attained to that bleffedness, which now, on your reading of This, I humbly presume (thro' the Divine goodness) I am rejoicing in.

That the Almighty, in His own good time, will bring you, Sir, and my ever-honoured mother, after a series of earthly felicities, of which may my unhappy fault be the only interruption, (and very grievous I know that must have been) to rejoice in the same blessed state, is the re-

peated prayer of, Sir,

Your now happy Daughter, CLARISSA HARLOWE,

LETTER LXVIII.

To the Ever-honoured Mrs. HARLOWE.

Honoured Madam, roglabat and a most be resent sond

HE last time I had the boldness to write to you, it was with all the consciousness of a self-convicted criminal, supplicating her offended judge for mercy and pardon,

pardon. I now, by these lines, approach you with more assurance; but nevertheless, with the highest degree of reverence, gratitude, and duty. The reason of my assurance, my letter to my Papa will give: And as I humbly on my knees implored bis pardon, so now, in the same dutiful manner, do I supplicate yours, for the grief and trouble I have given you.

Every vein of my heart has bled for an unhappy rashness; which (altho' involuntary as to the act) from the moment it was committed, carried with it its own punishment; and was accompanied with a true and sincere pe-

nitence.

God, who has been a witness of my distresses, knows, that great as they have been, the greatest of all was the distress that I knew I must have given to you, Madam, and to my Father, by a step that had so very ugly an appearance in your eyes, and his; and indeed, in all my family's: A step so unworthy of your daughter, and of the education you had given her!

But HE, I presume to hope, has forgiven me; and at the instant This will reach your hands, I humbly trust, I shall be rejoicing in the blessed fruits of His forgiveness. And be This your comfort, my ever honoured Mamma, that the principal end of your pious care for me is attained,

tho' not in the way fo much hoped for.

May the grief which my fatal error has given to you both, be the only grief that shall ever annoy you in this world!—May you, Madam, long live to sweeten the cares, and heighten the comforts of my Papa!—May my Sister's continued, and, if possible, augmented duty, happily make up to you the loss you have sustained in me! And whenever my Brother and she change their single state, may it be with such satisfaction to you both, as may make you forget my offence; and remember me only in those days, in which you took pleasure in me: And, at last, may a happy meeting with your forgiven penitent, in the eternal mansions, augment the bliss of her, who, purify'd by sufferings, already, when This salutes your hands, presumes she shall be

The for-ever Happy

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXIX.

To James Harlowe, jun. Efq;

THERE was but one time, but one occasion, after the rash step I was precipitated upon, that I could hope to be excused looking up to you in the character of a brother and a friend. And NOW is that time, and THIS the occasion. Now, at reading This, will you pity your late unhappy sister! NOW will you forgive her faults, both supposed and real. And NOW will you afford to her memory that kind concern which you resused to her before!

I write, my brother, in the first place, to beg your pardon for the offence my unhappy step gave to you and to

the rest of a family so dear to me.

Virgin purity should not so behave, as to be suspected: Yet, when you come to know all my story, you will find further room for pity, if not for more than pity, for your

late unhappy fifter!

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O that passion had not been deaf! That misconception would have given way to enquiry! That your rigorous heart, if it could not itself be softened (moderating the power you had obtained over every one) had permitted other hearts more indulgently to expand!

But I write not to give pain. I had rather you should think me faulty still, than take to yourself the consequence

that will follow from acquitting me.

Abandoning therefore a subject which I had not intended to touch upon (for I hope, at the writing of this, I am above the spirit of recrimination) let me tell you, Sir, that my next motive for writing to you in this last and most solemn manner, is, To beg of you to forego any active resentments (which may endanger a life so precious to all your friends) against the man to whose elaborate baseness I owe my worldly ruin.

I owe my worldly ruin.

For, ought an innocent man to run an equal risque with a guilty one?—A more than equal risque, as the guilty one has been long inured to acts of violence, and is skilled in

the arts of offence?

You would not arrogate to yourself God's province, who

who has faid, Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it. If you would, I tremble for the confequence; For will it not be fuitable to the Divine Justice to punish the prefumptuous Innocent as you would be in this case) in the very error, and that by the hand of the Self-defending Guilty—Reserving him for a future day of vengeance for his accumulated crimes?

Leave then the poor wretch to the Divine Justice. Let your fister's fault die with her. At least, let it not be revived in blood. Life is a short stage where longest. A little time hence, the now green head will be gray, if it lives this little time: And if Heaven will afford him time

for repentance, why should not you?

Then think, my brother, what will be the confequence to your dear parents, if the guilty wretch who has occasioned to them the loss of a daughter, should likewise deprive them of their best hope, an only son, more worth in the family-account than several daughters?

Would you add, my brother, to those distresses which you hold your fister so inexcusable for having (altho)

from involuntary and undefigned causes) given?

Seek not then, I befeech you, to extend the evil confequences of your fifter's error. His confeience, when it shall please God to touch it, will be sharper than your fword.

I have still another motive for writing to you in this folemn manner: It is, to intreat you to watch over your passions. The principal fault I know you to be guilty of, is, the violence of your temper when you think yourself in the right: which you would oftner be, but for that very violence.

You have feveral times brought your life into danger

by it.

Is not the man guilty of a high degree of felf-partiality, who is less able to bear contradiction, than apt to give it?

How often, with you, has impetuosity brought on abase-

ment?—A consequence too natural.

Let me then caution you, dear Sir, against a warmth of temper, an impetuosity when moved, and you so ready to be moved, that may hurry you into unforeseen difficulties; and which it is in some measure a sin not to endeavour to restrain.

restrain. God enable you to do it for the sake of your own peace and fafety, as well prefent as future! And for the fake of your family and friends, who all fee your

fault, but are tender of speaking to you of it!

As for me, my brother, my punishment has been seafonable. God gave me grace to make a right use of my fufferings. I early repented. I never loved the man half fo much as I hated his actions, when I faw what he was capable of. I gave up my whole beart to a better hope. God bleffed my penitence, and my reliance upon Him.

And now I prefume to fay, I AM HAPPY.

May Heaven preferve you in fafety, health, and honour, and long continue your life for a comfort and flay to your honoured parents: And may you in the change of your fingle state meet with a wife as agreeable to every one else as to yourself, and be happy in a hopeful race, and not have one Clarissa among them, to imbitter your comforts when she should give you most comfort. But may my example be of use to warn the dear creatures whom once I hoped to live to see, and to cherish, of the evils with which this deceitful world abounds, are the prayers of Your affectionate Sifter,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXX.

To Mis HARLOWE.

OW may you, my dear Arabella, unrestrained by the severity of your virtue, let fall a pitying tear on the past faults and sufferings of your late unhappy fifter; fince, Now, she can never offend you more. The Divine Mercy, which first inspired her with repentance (an early repentance it was; fince it preceded her fufferings) for an error which she offers not to extenuate altho' perhaps it were capable of some extenuation, has now, at the instant that you are reading This, as I humbly hope, blessed her with the fruits of it.

Thus already, even while she writes, in imagination, purified and exalted, fhe the more fearlesly writes to her fifter; and NOW is affured of pardon for all those little occasions of displeasure which her frowarder youth might give you; and for the disgrace which her fall has fixed

upon you, and upon her family.

May you, my fifter, continue to bless those dear and honoured relations, whose indulgence so well deserves your utmost gratitude, with those chearful instances of duty and obedience which have hitherto been so acceptable to Them, and praise-worthy in You! And may you, when a suitable proposal shall offer, fill up more worthily that chasm, which the loss they have sustained in me has made in their family!

Thus, my Arabella! my only Sister! and for many happy years, my Friend! most fervently prays That Sister, whose affection for you, no acts of unkindness, no misconstruction of her conduct, could cancel! And who NOW, made perfect (as she hopes) thro' sufferings, styles herself,

The Happy
CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXXI.

To John and Antony Harlowe, Efgrs.

Honoured Sirs,

WHEN these lines reach your hands, your late unhappy Niece will have known the end of all her troubles; and, as she humbly hopes, will be rejoicing in the mercies of a gracious God, who has declared, that He

will forgive the truly penitent of heart.

I write, therefore, my dear Uncles, and to you Both in one letter (fince your fraternal love has made you Both but as One person) to give you comfort, and not distress; for, however sharp my afflictions have been, they have been but of short duration; and I am betimes (happily as I hope) arrived at the end of a painful journey.

At the same time, I write to thank you both, for all your kind indulgence to me, and to beg your forgiveness of my last my only great fault to you and to my family.

The ways of Providence are unsearchable. Various are the means made use of by It, to bring poor sinners to a sense of their duty. Some are drawn by Love; others are driven by Terrors, to their Divine Resuge. I had for Eighteen years out of Nineteen rejoiced in the savour and affection

of

of every one. No trouble came near my heart. I feemed to be one of those designed to be drawn by the silken cords of Love.—But, perhaps, I was too apt to value myself upon the love and favour of every one: The merit of the good I delighted to do, and of the inclinations which were given me, and which I could not help having, I was, perhaps, too ready to attribute to myself; and now, being led to account for the cause of my temporary calamities, find, I had a secret pride to be punished for, which I had not fathomed: And it was necessary perhaps that some fore and terrible missortunes should be a me, in order to mortify my pride and my vanity.

Temptations were accordingly fent. I shrunk in the day of tryal. My discretion, which had been so cry'd up, was found wanting when it came to be weighed in an equal balance. I was betrayed, fell, and became the byword of my companions, and a disgrace to my family, which had prided itself in me perhaps too much. But as my fault was not that of a culpable will, when my pride was sufficiently mortissed (altho' I was surrounded by dangers, and intangled in snares) I was not suffered to be totally lost: But, purified by sufferings, I was sitted for the change I have NOW, at the time you will receive This, so newly, and, as I humbly hope, so happily experienced.

Rejoice with me then, dear Sirs, that I have weathered fo great a storm. Nor let it be matter of concern, that I am cut off in the bloom of youth. 'There is no inquisition in the grave, whether we lived ten or an hundred years; and the day of death is better than the day of our birth.'

Once more, dear Sirs, accept my grateful thanks for all your goodness to me, from my early childhood, to the day, the unhappy day, of my error! Forgive that error!

—And God give us a happy meeting in a bleffed Eternity, prays,

Your most dutiful and obliged Kinswoman, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Mr. Belford gives the Lady's postbumous letters to Mrs. Hervey, Miss Howe, and Mrs. Norton, at length likewise: But, altho' every letter varies in style as well as matter from the others; yet, as they are written on the same subject, and are pretty long, it is thought proper to abstract them.

That to her Aunt Hervey is written in the fame pious and generous strain with the others preceding, feeking to give comfort rather than diffress. 'The Almighty, I hope, fays she, has received and blessed my penitence, and I am happy. Could I have been more than fo, at the end of what is called a happy life of 20, or 30, or 40 years to come? And what are 20, or 30, or 40 years to look back upon, when passed?—In half of either of these pe-' riods, what friends might I not have mourned for? what temptations from worldly prosperity might I not have encountered with? And in such a case, immersed in earthly pleasures, how little likelihood, that, in my last flage, I should have been blessed with such a preparation ' and refignation, as I have now been bleffed with?' She proceeds as follows: 'Thus much, Madam, of comfort to you and myself from this dispensation. As to my dear parents, I hope they will confole themselves, that they have still many blessings left, which ought to balance the troubles my error has given them: That, ' unhappy as I have been to be the interrupter of their felicities, they never, till this my fault, knew any beavy evil: That afflictions patiently borne may be turned into bleffings: That uninterrupted happiness is not to be expected in this life: That, after all, they have not, as I humbly presume to hope, the probability of the ever-· lasting perdition of their child to deplore: And that, in short, when my story comes to be fully known, they will have the comfort to know, that my fufferings will redound more to my honour than to my difgrace.

'These considerations will, I hope, make their temporary loss of but one child out of three (unhappily circumstanced too as she was) matter of greater consolation than affliction. And the rather, as we may hope for a happy meeting once more, never to be separated either

by time or offences.'

She concludes this letter with an address to her cousin Dolly Hervey, whom she calls her amiable cousin; and thank-

thankfully remembers for the part she took in her afslictions—'O my dear Cousin, let your worthy heart be
guarded against those delusions, which have been fatal
to my worldly happiness!—That pity, which you bestowed upon me, demonstrates a gentleness of nature,
which may possibly subject you to misfortunes, if your
eye be permitted to mislead your judgment.—But a strict
observance of your filial duty, my dearest cousin, and
the precepts of so prudent a mother as you have the
happiness to have (enforced by so sad an example in your
own family as I have set) will, I make no doubt, with
the Divine Assistance, be your guard and security.'

The posthumous letter to Miss Howe is extremely tender and affectionate. She pathetically calls upon her to rejoice, that all her Clarissa's troubles are now at an end. That the state of temptation and tryal, of doubt and uncertainty, is now over with her, and that she has happily escaped the snares that were laid for her soul. The rather to rejoice, as that her missfortunes were of such a nature, that it was impossible she could be tolerably happy in this life.'

She 'thankfully acknowleges the favours she had received from Mrs. Howe and Mr. Hickman; and expresses her concern for the trouble she has occasioned to the former, as well as to her; and prays, that all the earthly blessings they used to wish to each other, may

' fingly devolve upon ber.'

She beseeches her, 'that she will not suspend the day, which shall supply to herself the friend she will have lost in her, and give to herself a still nearer and dearer re-

' lation.'

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She tells her, 'That her choice (a choice made with the approbation of all her friends) has fallen upon a fincere, an honest, a virtuous, and what is more than all, a pious man; a man, who altho' he admires her person, is still more in love with the graces of her mind. And as those graces are improveable with every added year of life, which will impair the transitory ones of person, what a firm basis, infers she, has Mr. Hickman chosen to build his love upon!

to build his love upon!' Vol. VII.

M

She prays, 'That God will bless them together; and that the remembrance of her, and of what she has suf-

fered, may not interrupt their mutual happiness, she desires them to think of nothing but what she Now 18:

and that a time will come, when they shall meet again,

never to be divided.

- 'To the Divine Protection, mean time, she commits her; and charges her, by the love that has always sub-sisted between them, that she will not mourn too heavily
- for her; and again calls upon her, after a gentle tear, which she will allow her to let fall in memory of their
- uninterrupted friendship, to rejoice that she is so early released; and that she is purified by her sufferings, and
- is made, as she affuredly trusts, by God's goodness, eter-

' nally happy.'

The posthumous letters to Mr. Love Lace and Mr. Morden will be occasionally inserted bereafter: As will also the substance of that written to Mrs. Norton.

LETTER LXXII.

Mr. Belford, To Robert Lovelace, Efq;

Sat. Afternoon, Sept. 9.

I Understand, that thou breathest nothing but revenge against me, for treating thee with so much freedom; and against the accursed woman and her infernal crew. I am not at all concerned for thy menaces against myself. It is my design to make thee feel. It gives me pleasure to find my intention answered. And I congratulate thee, that thou hast not lost that sense.

As to the cursed crew, well do they deserve the fire bere, that thou threateness them with, and the fire hereafter that seems to await them. But I have this moment received news which will, in all likelihood, save thee the guilt of punishing the old wretch for her share of wickedness as thy agent. But if that happens to her which is likely to happen, wilt thou not tremble for what may befal the principal?

Not to keep thee longer in suspense; last night, it seems, the infamous woman got so heartily intoxicated

with

with her beloved liquor, arrack punch, at the expence of Colonel Salter, that, mistaking her way, she fell down a pair of stairs, and broke her leg: And now, after a dreadful night, she lies foaming, raving, roaring, in a burning fever, that wants not any other fire to scorch her into a feeling more exquisite and durable than any thy vengeance could make her suffer.

The wretch has requested me to come to her: And left I should refuse a common messenger, sent her vile associate Sally Martin; who not finding me at Soho, came hither; another part of her business being to procure the divine lady's pardon for the old creature's wickedness to her.

This devil incarnate Sally was never fo shocked in her

life, as when I told her the lady was dead.

She took out her falts to keep her from fainting; and when a little recovered, she accused herself for her part of the injuries the lady had sustained; as she said Polly Horton would do for hers; and shedding tears, declared, that the world never produced such another woman. She called her the ornament and glory of her Sex; acknowleged, that her ruin was owing more to their instigations than even (savage as thou art) to thy own vileness: Since thou wert inclined to have done her justice more than once, had they not kept up thy profligate spirit to its height.

This wretch would fain have been admitted to a fight of the corpse. But I refused her request with execrations.

She could forgive herself, she said, for every thing but her insults upon the admirable lady at Rowland's: Since all the rest was but in pursuit of a livelihood, to which she had been reduced, as she boasted, from better expectations, and which hundreds follow as well as she. I

did not ask her, By whom reduced.

At going away, she told me, that the old monster's bruises are of more dangerous consequence than the fracture: That a mortification is apprehended: And that the vile wretch has so much compunction of heart, on recollecting her treatment of Miss Harlowe, and is so much set upon procuring her forgiveness, that she is sure the news she has to carry her, will hasten her end.

M 2

LETTER LXXIII.

Mr. Belford, To Robert Lovelace, Efq;

Sat. Night.

HY servant gives me a dreadful account of thy raving unmanageableness. I wonder not at it. But as nothing violent is lasting, I dare say, that thy habitual gaiety of heart will quickly get the better of thy frenzy: And the rather do I judge so, as thy sits are of the raving kind (suitable to thy natural impetuosity) and not of that melancholy species which seizes slower souls.

For this reason I will proceed in writing to thee, that my narrative may not be broken by thy discomposure; and that the contents of it may find thee, and help thee to

reflection, when thou shalt be restored.

Harry is returned from carrying the posthumous letters to the family and to Miss Howe; and that of the Colonel which acquaints James Harlowe with his fister's death, and with her desire to be interred near her grandfather.

Harry was not admitted into the presence of any of the family. They were all assembled together, it seems, at Harlowe-place, on occasion of the Colonel's letter which informed them of the lady's dangerous way (a); and were comforting themselves, as Harry was told, with hopes, that Mr. Morden had made the worst of her state, in order to quicken their resolutions.

It is easy then to judge what must be their grief and furprise on receiving the fatal news which the letters Harry

fent in to them communicated.

He staid there long enough to find the whole house in confusion; the servants running different ways; lamenting and wringing their hands as they run; the semale servants particularly; as if some body (poor Mrs. Harlowe no doubt; and perhaps Mrs. Hervey too) were in fits.

All were in fuch disorder, that he could get no commands, nor obtain any notice of himself. The servants seemed more inclined to execrate than welcome him—O master! O young man! cry'd three or four together, what dismal tidings have you brought!—They helped him to his horse (which with great civility they had put up on

See p. 210.

his arrival) at the very first word: And he went to an inn; and pursued on foot his way to Mrs. Norton's; and finding her come to town, left the letter he carried down for her with her son (a fine youth:) who, when he heard the fatal news, burst out into a flood of tears—first lamenting the lady's death, and then crying out, What, what, would become of his poor mother?—How would she support herself, when she should find on her arrival in town, that the dear lady who was so deservedly the darling of her heart, was no more!

He proceeded to Miss Howe's, with the letter for her. That lady, he was told, had just given orders for a young man, a tenant's son, to post to London, to bring her news of her dear friend's condition, and whether she should herself be encouraged, by an account of her being still alive, to make her a visit; every thing being ordered to be in readiness for her going up, on his return with the news she wished and prayed for with the utmost impatience. And Harry was just in time to prevent the man's setting out.

He had the precaution to defire to speak with Miss Howe's woman or maid, and communicated to her the fatal tidings, that she might break them to her young lady. The maid was herself so affected, that her old lady (who, Harry said, seemed to be every where at once) came to see what ailed her; and was herself so struck with the communication, that she was forced to sit down in a chair; O the sweet creature! said she—And is it come to this!

O my poor Nancy!—How shall I be able to break the

matter to my Nancy!

Mr. Hickman was in the house. He hastened in to comfort the old lady—But he could not restrain his own tears. He feared, he said, when he was last in town, that this sad event would soon happen: But little thought it would be so very soon!—But she is happy, I am sure, said he!

Mrs. Howe, when a little recovered, went up, in order to break the news to her daughter. She took the letter, and her falts in her hand. And Harry could perceive, that they had occasion for them. For the housekeeper soon came hurrying down into the kitchen,

 M_3

her face overspread with tears—Her young mistress had fainted away, she said—Nor did she wonder at it—Never did there live a lady more deserving of general admiration and lamentation, than Miss Clarissa Harlowe! And never was there a stronger friendship dissolved by death than between her young lady and her. She hurried with a lighted wax-candle, and with feathers, to burn under the nose of her young mistress; which shewed that she continued in fits.

Mr. Hickman afterwards, with his usual humanity, directed that Harry should be taken care of all night; it being then the close of day. He asked him after my health. He expressed himself excessively afflicted, as well for the deprivation, as for the just grief of the lady whom he so passionately loves. But he called the departed lady an Angel of Light. We dreaded, said he (tell your master) to read the letter sent—But we needed not—'T is a blessed letter, written by a blessed hand!—But the consolation she aims to give, will for the present heighten the sense we all shall have of the loss of so excellent a creature! Tell Mr. Belford, that I thank God I am not the man who had the unmerited honour to call himself her brother.

I know how terribly this great catastrophe (as I may call it, since so many persons are interested in it) affects thee. I should have been glad to have had particulars of the distress which the first communication of it must have given to the Harlowes. Yet who but must pity the unhappy

mother?

The answer which James Harlowe returned to Colonel Morden's letter of notification of his fifter's death, and to her request as to interrment, will give a faint idea of what their concern must be. Here follows a copy of it.

To WILLIAM MORDEN, Efq;

Dear Cousin,

Saturday, Sept. 9.

I Cannot find words to express what we all suffer on the mournfullest news that ever was communicated to us.

My Sister Arabella (but, alas! I have now no other Sister) was preparing to follow Mrs. Norton up; and I had resolved to escorte her, and to have looked in upon the dear

creature.

God be merciful to us all! To what purpose did the doctor write if she was so near her end!—Why, as everybody says, did he not send sooner?—or why at all?

The most admirable young creature that ever swerved!
—not one friend to be with her!—Alas! Sir, I fear my mother will never get over this shock—She has been in hourly sits ever since she received the fatal news. My poor father has the gout thrown into his stomach; and heaven knows—O Cousin, O Sir!—I meant nothing but the honour of the family; yet have I all the weight thrown upon me—[O this cursed Lovelace! may I perish if he escape the deserved vengeance (a)!]

We had begun to please ourselves that we should soon see her here—Good heaven! that her next entrance into this house, after she abandoned us so precipitately, should be in a cossin!

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We can have nothing to do with her Executor (another strange step of the dear creature's!) He cannot expect we will—nor, if he be a gentleman, will he think of acting. Do You therefore be pleased, Sir, to order an undertaker to convey the body down to us.

My mother fays she shall be for ever unhappy, if she may not in death see the dear creature whom she could not see in life: Be so kind therefore as to direct the lid to be only half-screwed down—that (if my poor mother cannot be prevailed upon to dispense with so shocking a spectacle) she may be obliged—She was the darling of her heart!

If we know her will in relation to the funeral, it shall be punctually complied with: As shall every thing in it that is sit or reasonable to be performed; and This without the intervention of strangers.

Will you not, dear Sir, favour us with your presence at this melancholy time? Pray do; —and pity and excuse what passed at our last meeting with that generosity which is natural to the Brave and the Wise. Every one's respects attend you. And I am, Sir,

Your inexpressibly afflicted Cousin and Servant, [A. HARLOWE, jun.

(a) The words thus inclosed [] were omitted in the transcript to Mr. Lovelace.

Every

Every thing that is Fit or Reasonable, to be performed? (repeated I to the Colonel, from the above letter on his reading it to me) That is every thing which she has directed, that can be performed. I hope, Colonel, that I shall have no contention with them. I wish no more for their acquaintance than they do for mine. But you, Sir, must be the mediator between them and me; for I shall infift upon a literal performance in every article.

The Colonel was fo kind as to declare that he would

join to support me in my resolution.

LETTER LXXIV.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Efq; Sunday morn. 8 o'Clock, Sept. 10.

Staid at Smith's till I saw the last of all that was mor-

tal of the divine lady.

As the has directed Rings by her Will to feveral persons, with her hair to be fet in crystal, the afflicted Mrs Norton cut off before the coffin was closed four charming ringlets; one of which the Colonel took for a locket, which, he fays, he will cause to be made, and wear next his heart in memory of his beloved coufin.

Between four and five in the morning, the corpfe was put into the herse; the coffin before being filled, as intended, with flowers and aromatic herbs, and proper care taken to prevent the corpse suffering (to the eye) from the

jolting of the herfe.

Poor Mrs. Norton is extremely ill. I gave particular directions to Mrs. Smith's maid (whom I have ordered to attend the good woman in a mourning chariot) to take care of her. The Colonel, who rides with his fervants within view of the herse, says, that he will see my orders in relation to her inforced.

When the herfe moved off and was out of fight, I locked up the lady's chamber, into which all that had be-

longed to her was removed.

I expect to hear from the Colonel as foon as he is got down, by a fervant of his own.

LETTER LXXV.

Mr. Mowbray, To John Belford, Efq;

Dear Jack, Uxbridge, Sunday morn. 9 o'Clock.

I SEND you inclosed a letter from Mr. Lovelace; which, tho' written in the cursed Algebra, I know to be such a one as will shew what a queer way he is in; for he read it to us with the air of a tragedian. You will see by it what the mad fellow had intended to do, if we had not all of us interposed. He was actually setting out with a Surgeon of this place, to have the lady opened and embalmed.

—Rot me if it be not my full persuasion, that if he had, her heart would have been found to be either iron or marble.

We have got Lord M. to him. His Lordship is also much afflicted at the Lady's death. His sisters and nieces, he says, will be ready to break their hearts. What a rout's here about a woman? For after all she was no more.

We have taken a pailful of black bull's blood from him; and this has lowered him a little. But he threatens Colonel Morden, he threatens you for your curfed reflections (Curfed reflections indeed, Jack!) and curfes all the world and himself still.

Last night his mourning (which is full as deep as for a wife) was brought home, and his fellows mourning too. And tho' 8 o'clock he would put it on and make them attend him in theirs.

Every-body blames him on this Lady's account. But I fee not for why. She was a vixen in her virtue. And her relations are ten times more to blame than he. I will prove this to the teeth of them all. If they could use her ill, why should they expect him to use her well?—You, or I, or Tourville, in his shoes, would have done as he has done. Are not all the girls forewarned?—'Has he done by her as that Caitisse Miles did to the farmer's daughter, whom he tricked up to town (a pretty girl also, just such another as Bob's Rosebud!) under a notion of waiting on a lady—Drill'd her on, pretending the lady was abroad. Drank her light-hearted; then carried her to a Play; then it was too late, you know, to see the pretended lady: Then to a Bagnio: Ruined her, as they call it, and all the

fame day. Kept her on (an ugly dog too!) a fortnight or three weeks; then left her to the mercy of the peo-

ple of the Bagnio (never paying for any thing;) who ftript her of all her cloaths, and because she would not take on, threw her into prison; where she died in want

and in despair!'—A true story thou knowest, Jack—This fellow deserved to be damn'd. But has our Bob been such a villain as this?—And would he not have married this slinty-hearted lady?—So he is justified very evidently.

Why then should such cursed quawms take him?—Who would have thought he had been such poor blood? Now (Rot the puppy!) to see him sit silent in a corner, when he has tired himself with his mock-majesty, and with his argumentation (who so fond of arguesying as he?) and teaching his shadow to make mouths against the wainscot—

Lords-zounter, if I have patience with him!

But he has had no rest for these ten days: That's the thing!—You must write to him; and pr'ythee coax him, Jack, and send him what he writes for, and give him all his way: There will be no bearing him else. And get the lady buried as fast as you can; and don't let him know where.

This letter should have gone yesterday. We told him it did. But were in hopes he would not have inquired after it again. But he raves as he has not any answer.

What he vouch fafed to read of other of your letters has given my Lord such a curiosity, as makes him desire you to continue your accounts. Pray do: But not in your hellish Araback; and we will let the poor fellow only into

what we think fitting for his present way.

I live a cursed dull poking life here. With what I so lately saw of poor Belton, and what I now see of this charming fellow, I shall be as crazy as he soon, or as dull as thou, Jack; so must seek for better company in town than either of you. I have been forced to read sometimes to divert me; and you know I hate reading. It presently sets me into a sit of drowsiness, and then I yawn and stretch like a devil.

Yet in Dryden's Palemon and Arcite have I just now met with a passage, that has in it much of our Bob's case.

These are some of the lines.

Mr. Mowbray then recites some lines from that poem describing a distracted man, and runs the parallel; and then priding bimself in his performance; says,

Let me tell you that had I begun to write as early as you and Lovelace, I might have cut as good a figure as either of you. Why not? But boy or man I ever hated a book. 'Tis a folly to lie. I loved action, my boy. I hated droning; and have led in former days more boys from their book, than ever my master made to profit by it. Kicking and custing and orchard-robbing, were my early glory.

But I am tired of writing. I never wrote such a long letter in my life. My wrists and my singers and thumb ake damnably. The pen is an hundred weight at the least. And my eyes are ready to drop out of my head upon the paper.—The cramp but this minute in my singers. Rot the goose and the goose-quill! I will write no more long letters for a twelvemonth to come. Yet one word: We think the mad fellow coming to. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVI.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Efq;

Jack, Uxbridge, Sat. Sept. 9.

I Think it absolutely right that my ever-dear and beloved lady should be opened and embalmed. It must be done out of hand—this very afternoon. Your acquaintance Tomkins and old Anderson of this place, whom I will bring with me, shall be the surgeons. I have talked to the latter about it.

I will fee every thing done with that decorum which the case, and the sacred person of my beloved require.

Every thing that can be done to preserve the charmer from decay, shall also be done. And when she will descend to her original dust, or cannot be kept longer, I will then have her laid in my family-vault between my own father and mother. Myself, as I am in my soul, so in person, chief mourner. But her heart, to which I have such unquestionable pretensions, in which once I had so large a share, and which I will prize above my own, I will have. I will keep it in spirits. It shall never be out of my sight. And all the charges of sepulture too shall be mine.

M 6

Surely

Surely no-body will dispute my right to her. Whose was she living? Whose is she dead, but mine?—Her cursed parents, whose barbarity to her, no doubt, was the true cause of her death, have long since renounced her. She lest them for me. She chose me therefore: And I was her husband. What tho' I treated her like a villain? Do so not pay for it now? Would she not have been mine had I not? No-body will dispute but she would. And has she not forgiven me?—I am then in statu que priùs with her—Am I not!—as if I had never offended? Whose then can she be but mine?

I will free you from your Executorship and all your

cares.

Take notice, Belford, that I do hereby actually discharge you, and every body, from all cares and troubles relating to her. And as to her last testament I will execute it myfelf.

There were no articles between us, no fettlements; and she is mine, as you see I have proved to a demonstration:
Nor could she dispose of herself but as I pleased. D—nation seize me then if I make not good my right against all op-

posers!

Her bowels, if her friends are very folicitous about them, and very humble and forrowful (and none have they of their own) shall be fent down to them—To be laid with be ancestors—unless she has ordered otherwise. For, except that she shall not be committed to the unworthy earth so long as she can be kept out of it, her Will shall be performed in every thing.

I fend in the mean time for a lock of her hair.

I charge you stir not in any part of her Will, but by my express direction. I will order every thing myself. For am I not her husband? And being forgiven by her, am I not the chosen of her heart? What else signifies her for-

giveness?

The two insufferable wretches you have sent me, plague me to death, and would treat me like a babe in strings. Damn the sellows, what can they mean by it?—Yet that crippled monkey Doleman joins with them. And, as I hear them whisper, they have sent for Lord M.—To controul me, I suppose.

What

What can they mean by this usage of me? Sure all the world is run mad but myself. They treat me as they ought every one of themselves to be treated. The whole world is but one great Bedlam. G—d confound it, and every thing in it, since now my beloved Clarista Lovelace—no more Harlowe—Curse upon that name and every one called by it.

What I write to you for is,

1. To forbid you intermeddling with any thing relating to her. To forbid Morden intermeddling also. If I remember right, he has threatened me, and curfed me, and used me ill. And let him be gone from her if he would avoid my resentments.

2. To fend me a lock of her hair instantly by the bearer.

3. To engage Tomkins to have every thing ready for the opening and embalming. I shall bring Anderson with me.

4. To get her Will and every thing ready for my peru-

fal and confideration.

I will have possession of her dear heart this very night; and let Tomkins provide a proper receptacle and spirits,

till I can get a golden one made for it.

I will take her papers. And as no one can do her memory justice equal to myself, and I will not spare myself, Who can better shew the world what she was, and what a villain he, that could use her ill? And the world shall also see, what implacable and unworthy parents she had.

All shall be set forth in words at length. No mincing of the matter. Names undisguised as well as facts. For as I shall make the worst figure in it myself, and have a right to treat myself as no-body else shall; Who will controul

me? Who dare call me to account?

Let me know if the damned mother be yet the subject of the devil's own vengeance—if the old wretch be dead or alive? Some exemplary mischief I must-yet do. My revenge shall sweep away that devil and all my opposers of the cruel Harlowe samily, from the face of the earth. Whole hecatombs ought to be offered up to the Manes of my Clarissa Lovelace.

Altho' her Will may in some respects cross mine, yet I expect to be observed. I will be the interpreter of hers.

Next

Next to mine, hers shall be observed, for she is my wife; and shall be to all eternity. I will never have another.

Adieu, Jack. I am preparing to be with you. I charge you, as you value my life or your own, do not oppose me in any thing relating to my Clarissa Lovelace.

My temper is intirely altered. I know not what it is to laugh, or smile, or be pleasant. I am grown choleric and

impatient, and will not be controuled.

I write this in characters as I used to do, that no-body but you should know what I write. For never was any man plagued with impertinents, as I am.

R. LOVELACE.

In a separate paper inclosed in the above.

LET me tell thee, in characters still, that I am in a dreadful way just now. My brain is all boiling like a caldron over a nery furnace. What a devil is the matter with me,

I wonder! I never was fo strange in my life.

In truth, Jack, I have been a most execrable villain. And when I consider all my actions by this angel of a woman, and in her the piety, the charity, the wit, the beauty I have belped to destroy, and the good to the world I have thereby been a means of frustrating, I can pronounce damnation upon myself. How then can I expect mercy any where else!

I believe I shall have no patience with you when I see you. Your damned stings and reslections have almost turned my brain.

But here Lord M. they tell me, is come! D-n him, and

those who fent for him!

I know not what I have written! But her dear heart and a lock of her hair I will have, let who will be the gain-fayers! For is she not mine? Whose else can she be? She has no Father nor Mother, no Sister, no Brother; no Relations but me. And my beloved is mine; and I am hers: And that's enough.—But Oh!

She's out! The damp of death has quench'd her quite! Those spicy doors, her lips, are shut, close lock'd, Which never gale of life shall open more!

And is it so! Is it indeed so? — Good Good! Good Good! Good down to this officious peer—Who the devil sent for him?

LET-

LETTER LXXVII.

Mr. BELFORD, To RICHARD MOWBRAY, Efq;

Sunday, Sept. 10, 4 in the Afternoon.

HAVE yours, with our unhappy friend's inclosed. I am glad my Lord is with him. As I presume that his frenzy will be but of short continuance, I most earnestly wish that on his recovery he could be prevailed upon to go abroad. Mr. Morden, who is inconsolable, has seen by the Will, that the case was more than a common seduction; and has dropt hints already, that he looks upon himself on that account to be freed from his promises made to the dying lady, which were, that he would not seek to avenge her death. You must make the recovery of his health the motive for urging him on this head; for, if you hint at his own safety, he will not stir, but rather seek the Colonel.

As to the lock of hair, you may eafily pacify him (as you once faw the angel) with hair near the colour, if he

be intent upon it.

At my Lord's desire I will write on, and in my common hand; that you may judge what is, and what is not fit to read to Mr. Lovelace at present. But as I shall not forbear reslections as I go along, in hopes to reach his heart on his recovery; I think it best to direct myself to him still; and that as if he were not disordered.

As I shall not have leisure to take copies, and yet am willing to have the whole subject before me, for my own suture contemplation, I must insist upon a return of my letters some time hence. Mr. Lovelace knows that this is one of my conditions; and has hitherto complied with it.

Thy letter, Mowbray, is an inimitable performance. Thou art a strange impenetrable creature. But let me most earnestly conjure thee, and the idle stutterer Tourville, from what ye have seen of poor Belton's exit; from our friend Lovelace's frenzy, and the occasion of it; and from the terrible condition in which the wretched Sinclair lies; to set about an immediate change of life and manners. For my own part, I am determined, be your resolutions what they may, to take the advice I give.

As witness

J. Belford. L E T-

LETTER LXXVIII.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Eff;

O Lovelace! I have a scene to paint in relation to the wretched Sinclair, that, if I do it justice, will make thee seriously ponder and reslect, or nothing can. I will lead to it in order; and that in my usual hand, that thy compeers may be able to read it as well as thyself.

When I had written the preceding letter; not knowing what to do with myself; recollecting, and in vain wishing for that delightful and improving conversation, which I had now for ever lost; I thought I had as good begin the task, which I had for some time past resolved to begin; that is to say, To go to church; and see if I could not reap some benefit from what I should hear there. Accordingly I determined to go to hear the celebrated preacher at St. James's church. But as if the devil (for so I was then ready to conclude) thought himself concerned to prevent my intention, a visit was made me just as I was dressed, which took me off from my purpose.

Whom should this be from, but Sally Martin, accompanied by Mrs. Carter, the sister of the infamous Sinclair; the same, I suppose I need not tell you, who keeps the

Bagnio near Bloomsbury.

These told me that the surgeon, apothecary, and physician, had all given the wretched woman over; but that the said, She could not die nor be at rest till she saw me: And they besought me to accompany them in the coach they came in, if I had one spark of charity, of Christian charity, as they called it, lest.

I was very loth to be diverted from my purpose by a request so unwelcome, and from people so hated; but at last went, and we got thither by ten: Where a scene so shocking presented itself to me, that the death of poor desponding

Belton is not, I think, to be compared with it.

The old wretch had once put her leg out by her rage and violence, and had been crying, foolding, curfing, ever fince the preceding evening, that the surgeon had told her it was impossible to save her; and that a mortification had begun to shew itself; informuch that purely in

compassion

compassion to their own ears, they had been forced to fend for another furgeon, purposely to tell her, tho' against his judgment, and (being a friend of the other) to feem to convince him, that he mistook her case; and that, if the would be patient, the might recover. But, nevertheless her apprehensions of death and her antipathy to the thoughts of dying were fo ftrong, that their imposture had not the intended effect, and the was raving, crying, curfing, and even howling, more like a wolf than a human creature, when I came; fo that as I went up stairs, I faid, Surely this noise, this howling, cannot be from the unhappy woman! Sally faid it was, and affored me, that it was nothing to the noise she had made all night; and stepping into her room before me, Dear Madam Sinclair, faid she, forbear this noise! It is more like that of a bull than a woman!—Here comes Mr. Belford; and you'll fright him away, if you bellow at this rate.

There were no less than eight of her cursed daughters surrounding her bed when I entered; one of her partners, Polly Horton, at their head; and now Sally, her other partner, and Madam Carter, as they called her (for they are all Madams with one another) made the number Ten: All in shocking dishabille, and without stays, except Sally, Carter, and Polly; who, not daring to leave her, had

not been in bed all night.

The other seven seemed to have been but just up, risen perhaps from their customers in the fore-house, and their nocturnal Orgies, with faces, three or four of them, that had run, the paint lying in streaky seams not half blowz'd off, discovering coarse wrinkled skins: The hair of some of them of divers colours, obliged to the black-lead comb where black was affected; the artificial jet, however, yielding apace to the natural brindle: That of others plaistered with oil and powder; the oil predominating: But every one's hanging about her ears and neck in broken curls, or ragged ends; and each at my entrance taken with one motion, stroaking their matted locks with both hands under their coifs, mobs, or pinners, every one of which was awry. They were all flip-shoed; stockenless some; only under-petticoated all; their gowns, made to cover straddling hoops, hanging trolloppy, and tangling

about their heels; but hastily wrapt round them, as soon as I came up stairs. And half of them (unpadded, shoulder, bent, pallid-lipp'd, feeble-jointed wretches) appearing from a blooming Nineteen or Twenty perhaps over-night, haggard well-worn strumpets of Thirty-eight or Forty.

I am the more particular in describing to thee the appearance these creatures made in my eyes when I came into the room, because I believe thou never sawest any of them, much less a group of them, thus unprepared for being seen (a). I, for my part, never did before; nor had I now, but upon this occasion, been thus favoured. If thou hads, I believe thou wouldst hate a profligate woman, as one of Swist's Yahoos, or Virgil's obscene Harpyes, squirting their ordure upon the Trojan trenchers; since the persons of such in their retirements are as silthy as their minds—Hate them as much as I do; and as much as I admire, and next to adore a truly virtuous and elegant woman: For to me it is evident, that as a neat and clean woman must be an angel of a creature, so a sluttish one is the impurest animal in nature.

But these were the veterans, the chosen band; for nowand-then slitted in, to the number of half a dozen or more, by turns, subordinate sinners, under-graduates, younger than some of the chosen phalanx, but not less obscene in their appearance, tho' indeed not so much beholden to the plaistering sucus; yet unpropt by stays, squalid, loose in attire, sluggish-haired, under-petticoated only as the former, eyes half opened, winking and pinking, mispatched, yawning, stretching, as if from the unworn-off effects of the midnight revel; all armed in succession with supplies of cordials, of which every one present was either taster or partaker, under the direction of the Prætorian Dorcas, who now-and-then popp'd in to see her slops duly given and taken.

But when I approached the old wretch, what a speciacle presented itself to my eyes!

Her misfortune has not at all funk, but rather, as I

⁽a) Whoever has seen Dean Swift's Lady's Dreffing-Room, will think this description of Mr. Belford not only more natural but more decent painting, as well as better justified by the design, and by the use that may be made of it.

thought, increased her stesh; rage and violence perhaps fwelling her muscly features. Behold her then, spreading the whole tumbled bed with her huge quaggy carcafe: Her mill-post arms held up; her broad hands clenched with violence; her big eyes, goggling and flaming-red as we may suppose those of a salamander; her matted griesly hair, made irreverend by her wickedness (her clouted headdress being half off) spread about her fat ears and brawny neck; her livid lips parched, and working violently; her broad chin in convulfive motion; her wide mouth, by reason of the contraction of her forehead (which seemed to be half-lost in its own frightful furrows) splitting her face, as it were, into two parts; and her huge tongue hideously rolling in it; heaving, puffing, as if for breath, her bellows-shaped and various-coloured breasts ascending by turns to her chin, and descending out of fight, with the violence of her gaspings.

This was the spectacle, as recollection has enabled me to describe it, that this wretch made to my eye, when I approached her bed-side, surrounded, as I said, by her suffragans and daughters, who surveyed her with scouling shighted attention, which one might easily see had more in it of horror, and self-concern (and self-condemnation too) than of love or pity; as who should say, see! what

we ourselves must one day be the today been rentered a rich

As foon as she saw me, her naturally big voice, more hoarsened by her ravings, broke upon me: O Mr. Belford! O Sir! see what I am come to!—See what I am brought to!—To have such a cursed crew about me, and not one of them to take care of me!—But to let me tumble down fairs so distant from the room I went from! so distant from the room I went from! so distant from the room I went from! of distant from the room I went from!

And then she cursed and swore more vehemently, and the more, as two or three of them were excusing themselves on the score of their being at that time as unable

to help themselves as she.

As foon as she had cleared the passage of her throat by the oaths and curses which her wild impatience made her utter, she began in a more hollow and whining strain to bemoan herfelf. And here, faid she—Heaven grant me patience! (clenching and unclenching her hands) am I to die thus miserably!—of a broken leg in my old age!—snatch'd away by means of my own intemperance! Self-do! Self-undone!—No time for my affairs! No time to repent!—And in a few hours (Oh!—Oh!—with another long howling O——h!—U—gh—o! a kind of screaming key terminating it) who knows, who can tell where I shall be!—Oh! that indeed I never, never, had had a being!

What could one say to such a wretch as this! whose whole life has been spent in the most diffusive wickedness, and who has more souls to answer for, of both sexes, than the best Divine in England ever saved?—Yet I told her, She must be patient: That her violence made her worse: And that, if she would compose herself, she might get into a frame more proper for her present circumstances.

Who I? interrupted she: I get into a better frame!

I, who can neither cry, nor pray! Yet already feel the torments of the damn'd! What mercy can I expect! What hope is left for me?—Then, that sweet creature! That incomparable Miss Harlowe!—She, it seems, is dead and gone!—O that cursed Man! Had it not been for him! I had never had This, the most crying of all my fins, to answer for! And then she set up another how!

And is she dead?—Indeed dead? proceeded she, when her how was over—O what an angel have I been the means of destroying!—For tho' it was that wicked man's fault that ever she was in my house, yet it was Mine, and Yours, and Yours, and Yours, Devils as we all were (turning to Sally, to Polly, and to one or two more) that he did not do her justice! And That, That is my curse, and will one day be yours! And then again she howled.

I still advised patience. I said, that if her time was so short as she apprehended it to be, the more ought she to endeavour to compose herself: And then she would at least die with more ease to herself—and satisfaction to her friends, I was going to say—But the word die put her into a violent raving, and thus she broke in upon me.

Die, did you say, Sir? — Die! — I will not, I cannot die! — I know not bow to die! — Die, Sir! — And must I then die! — Leave this world! — I cannot bear it! — And

who

who brought You hither, Sir, (her eyes striking fire at me) Who brought you hither to tell me I must die, Sir?—I cannot, I will not leave this world. Let others die, who wish for another! who expect a better!—I have had my plagues in This; but would compound for all future hopes, to as I may be nothing after This! And then she howled and bellowed by turns.

By my faith, Lovelace, I trembled in every joint; and looking upon ber who spoke This, and roared Thus, and upon the company round me, I more than once thought

myself to be in one of the infernal mansions!

Yet will I proceed and try for thy good if I can shock thee but half as much with my descriptions, as I was shocked by what I saw and heard.

Sally—Polly—Sifter Carter! faid she, did you not tell me I might recover? Did not the surgeon tell me I might?

And so you may, cry'd Sally; Mr. Garon says you may, if you'll be patient. But, as I have often told you this blessed morning, you are readier to take despair from your own sears, than comfort from all the hope we can give you.

Yet, cry'd the wretch, interrupting, does not Mr. Belford (and to him you have told the truth, tho' you won't to me; Does not he) tell me I shall die?—I cannot bear

it! I cannot bear the thoughts of dying!-

And then, but that half a dozen at once endeavoured to keep down her violent hands, would she have beaten herself; as it seems she had often attempted to do from the time the surgeon popt out the word mortification to her.

Well, but to what purpose, said I (turning aside to her Sister, and to Sally and Polly) are these hopes given her, if the gentlemen of the faculty give her over? You should let her know the worst, and then she must submit; for there is no running away from death. If she has any matters to settle, put her upon settling them; and do not, by telling her she will live when there is no room to expect it, take from her the opportunity of doing needful things. Do the surgeons actually give her over?

They do, whispered they. Her gross habit, they say, gives no hopes. We have sent for both surgeons, whom

we expect every minute.

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Both the surgeons (who are French, for Mrs. Sinclair has heard Tourville launch out in the praise of French Surgeons) came in while we were thus talking. I retired to the further end of the room, and threw up a window for a little air, being half poisoned by the effluvia arising from so many contaminated carcasses; which gave me no imperfect idea of the stench of gaols, which corrupting the ambient air, give what is called the prison-distemper.

I came back to the bed-fide, when the surgeons had inspected the fracture; and asked them, If there were any

expectation of her life?

One of them whispered me, There was none: That she had a strong fever upon her, which alone, in such a habit, would probably do the business; and that the mortification had visibly gained upon her, since they were there six hours ago.

Will amputation fave her? Her affairs and her mind want fettling. A few days added to her life may be of

fervice to her in both respects.

They told me the fracture was high in her leg; that the knee was greatly bruifed; that the mortification, in all probability, had fpread half-way of the Femur: And then, getting me between them (three or four of the women joining us, and liftening with their mouths open, and all the figns of ignorant wonder in their faces, as there appeared of felf-fufficiency in those of the artists) did they by turns fill my ears with an anatomical description of the leg and thigh, running over with terms of art; of the Tarfus, the Metatarsus, the Tibia, the Fibula, the Patella, the Os Tali, the Os Tibiæ, the Tibialis Posticus and Tibialis Anticus, up to the Os Femoris, to the Acetabulum of the Os Ischion, the Great Trochanter, Glutes, Triceps, Levidus, and Little Rotators; in short, of all the muscles, cartilages, and bones, that conflitute the leg and thigh from the great toe to the hip; as if they would shew me, that all their science had penetrated their heads no farther than their mouths; while Sally lifted up her hands with a Laud bless me! Are all Surgeons so learned !—But at last both the gentlemen declared, That if she and her friends would consent to amputation, they would whip off her leg in a moment.

Mrs. Carter asked, To what purpose, if the operation would not save her?

Very true, they faid; but it might be a fatisfaction to the patient's friends, that all was done that could be done.

And so the poor wretch was to be lanced and quartered, as I may say, for an experiment only! And, without any hope of benefit from the operation, was to pay the surgeons for tormenting her!

I cannot but fay I have a mean opinion of both these gentlemen, who, tho' they make a figure it seems in their way of living, and boast not only a French extraction, but a Paris education, never will make any in their practice.

How unlike my honest English friend Tomkins, a plain, serious, intelligent man, whose art lies deeper than in words; who always avoids parade and jargon: and endeavours to make every one as much a judge of what he is about as himself.

All the time the furgeons run on with their anatomical process, the wretched woman most frightfully roared and bellowed; which the gentlemen (who shewed themselves to be of the class of those who are not affected with the evils they do not feel) took no other notice of, than by raising their voices to be heard, as the raised hers—Being evidently more follicitous to increase their acquaintance, and to propagate the notion of their skill, than to attend to the clamours of the poor wretch whom they were called in to relieve; tho' by this very means, like the dog and the shadow in the fable, they lost both aims with me; for I never was deceived in one rule, which I made early; to wit, That the stillest water is the deepest, while the bubbling stream only betrays shallowness; and that stones and pebbles lie there so near the surface, to point out the best place to ford a river dry-shod.

As no body cared to tell the unhappy wretch what every one apprehended must follow, and what the surgeons convinced me soon would, I undertook to be the denouncer of her doom. Accordingly, the operators being withdrawn, I sat down by the bed-side, and said, Come, Mrs. Sinclair, let me advise you to forbear these ravings at the carelessness of those, who, I find, at the time, could take no care of themselves; and since the accident has happened,

and

and cannot be remedied, to resolve to make the best of the matter: For all this violence but enrages the malady, and you will probably fall into a delirium, if you give way to it, which will deprive you of that reason which you ought to make the best of, for the time it may be lent you.

She turned her head towards me, and hearing me fpeak with a determined voice, and feeing me affume as deter-

mined an air, became more calm and attentive.

I went on, telling her, that I was glad, from the hints she had given, to find her concerned for her past missipent life, and particularly for the part she had had in the ruin of the most excellent woman on earth; That if she would compose herself, and patiently submit to the consequence of an evil she had brought upon herself, it might possibly be happy for her yet. Mean time, continued I, tell me, with temper and calmness, Why you was so desirous to see me?

She seemed to be in great confusion of thought, and turned her head this way and that; and at last, after much hesitation, said, Alas for me! I hardly know what I wanted with you. When I awoke from my intemperate trance, and found what a curfed way I was in, my conscience smote me, and I was for catching, like a drowning wretch, at every straw. I wanted to see every-body and any-body but those I did see; every-body whom I thought could give me comfort. Yet could I expect none from You neither; for you had declared yourself my enemy, altho' I had never done you harm: For what, Jackey, in her old tone, whining thro' her nofe, was Miss Harlowe to you? - But she is happy! - But oh! what will become of me?-Yet tell me (for the furgeons have told you the truth, no doubt) tell me, Shall I do well again? May I recover? If I may, I will begin a new course of life: As I hope to be faved I will. I'll renounce you all—every one of you (looking round her) and scrape all I can together, and live a life of penitence; and when I die, leave it all to charitable uses—I will, by my foul—Every doit of it to charity—But this once, lifting up her rolling eyes, and folded hands (with a wry-mouthed earnestness, in which every muscle and feature of her face bore its part)

this one time—Good God of heaven and earth, but this once! this once! repeating those words five or fix times, spare thy poor creature, and every hour of my life shall be penitence and atonement: Upon my foul it shall!

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Less vehement! a little less vehement! said I—It is not for me, who have led so free a life, as you but too well know, to talk to you in a reproaching strain, and to set before you the iniquity you have lived in, and the many souls you have helped to destroy. But as you are in so penitent a way, if I might advise, it should be to send for a good Clergyman, the purity of whose life and manners may make all these things come from him with a better grace than they can from me.

How, Sir! What, Sir! interrupting me; Send for a Parson!—Then you indeed think I shall die! Then you think there is no room for hope!—A Parson, Sir!—Who sends for a Parson, while there is any hope left? The sight of a Parson would be death immediate to me!—I cannot, cannot die!—Never tell me of it!—What! die!—What! cut off in the midst of my sins!

And then she began to rave again.

I cannot bear, faid I, rising from my seat with a stern air, to fee a reasonable creature behave so outrageously!— Will this vehemence, think you, mend the matter? Will it avail you any thing? Will it not rather shorten the life you are so desirous to have lengthened, and deprive you of the only opportunity you can ever have to fettle your affairs for both worlds?—This is but the common lot: And if it will be yours foon, looking at her, it will be also yours, and yours, and yours, speaking with a raised voice, and turning to every trembling devil round her (for they all shook at my forcible application); and mine also. And you have reason to be thankful, that you did not perish in that act of intemperance, which brought you to this: For it might have been your neck, as well as your leg; and then you had not had the opportunity you now have for repentance—And the Lord have mercy upon you! into what a State might you have awaked?

Then did the poor wretch fet up an inarticulate frightful howl, such a one as I never before heard uttered, as if already pangs infernal had taken hold of her; and seeing Vol. VII.

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every one half-frighted, and me motioning to withdraw, O pity me, pity me, Mr. Belford, cried she, her words interrupted by groans. I find you think I shall die! And what I may be, and where, in a very few hours—Who can tell?

I told her it was in vain to flatter her : It was my opi-

nion she would not recover.

I was going to re-advise her to calm her spirits, and endeavour to resign herself, and to make the best of the opportunity yet left her; but this declaration set her into a most outrageous raving. She would have torn her hair, and beaten her breast, had not some of the wretches held her hands by force, while others kept her as steady as they could, less she should again put out her new-set leg: So that, seeing her thus incapable of advice, and in a perfect phrensy, I told Sally Martin, that there was no bearing the room; and that their best way was to send for a Minister to pray by her, and to reason with her, as soon as she should be capable of it.

And so I left them; and never was so sensible of the benefit of fresh air, as I was the moment I entered the street.

Nor is it to be wondered at, when it is confidered, that to the various ill smells, that will be always found in a close sick-bed room (since generally when the Physician comes, the Air is shut out) This of Mrs. Sinclair was the more particularly offensive, as, to the scent of plaisters, embrocations, and ointments, were added the stenches of spirituous liquors, burnt and unburnt, of all denominations: For one or other of the creatures, under pretence of colics, gripes, qualms, or insurrections, were continually calling for supplies of these, all the time I was there. And yet this is thought to be a genteel house of the sort: And all the prostitutes in it, are prostitutes of price, and their visites people of note.

O Lovelace! what lives do most of us Rakes and Libertines lead! What company do we keep! And, for fuch company, what society renounce, or endeavour to make

like thefe!

What woman, nice in her person, and of purity in her mind and manners, did she know what miry wallowers the generality of men of our class are in themselves, and constantly

conflantly trough and fly with, but would detest the thoughts of affociating with fuch filthy fenfualifts, whose favourite taste carries them to mingle with the dregs of stews, brothels, and common-sewers.

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Yet, to such a choice are many worthy women betrayed, by that false and inconsiderate notion, raised and propagated, no doubt, by the author of all delusion, That a reformed Rake makes the best busband. We Rakes, indeed, are bold enough to suppose, that women in general are as much Rakes in their hearts, as the Libertines some of them fuffer themselves to be taken with, are in their A supposition therefore, which, it behaves perfons of true honour of that Sex, to discountenance, by rejecting the address of every man, whose character will not stand the test of that virtue, which is the glory of a woman: And indeed, I may fay, of a man too: Why should it not?

How, indeed, can it be, if this point be duly weighed, that a man who thinks alike of all the Sex, and knows it to be in the power of a wife to do him the greatest dishonour man can receive, and doubts not her will to do it, if opportunity offer, and importunity be not wanting: That such a one, from principle, should be a good husband to any woman? And, indeed, little do innocents think, what a total revolution of manners, what a change of fixed habits, nay, what a conquest of a bad nature, is required, to make a man a good husband, a worthy father, and true friend, from principle; especially when it is confidered, that it is not in a man's own power to reform when he will. This (to fay nothing of my own experience) thou hast found in the progress of thy attempts upon the divine Miss Harlowe. For whose remortes could be either deeper, or more frequent? and whose more tranfient?

Don't be disgusted, that I mingle such grave reflections as these with my narratives. It becomes me, in my present way of thinking, to do fo, when I fee in Miss Harlowe, how all human excellence, and in poor Belton, how all inhuman libertinism, and am near seeing in this abandon'd woman, how all diabolical profligateness, end. And glad should I be, for your own sake, for your Nz iplendid. fplendid family's fake, and for the fake of all your intimates and acquaintance, that you were labouring under the fame impressions, that so we, who have been companions in (and promoters of one another's) wickedness, might join in a general atonement to the utmost of our

power.

I came home reflecting upon all these things, more edifying to me than any Sermon I could have heard preached: And I shall conclude this long letter with observing, that altho' I left the wretched howler in a high phreniy-sit, which was excessively shocking to the by-standers; yet her phrensy is the happiest part of her dreadful condition: For when she is berself, as it is called, what must be her reflections upon her past profligate life, throughout which it has been her constant delight and business, devillike, to make others as wicked as herself! What must her terrors be (a Hell already begun in her mind!) on looking forward to the dreadful State she is now upon the verge of!—But I drop my trembling pen.

To have done with so shocking a subject at once, we shall take notice, That Mr. Belford, in a future letter, writes, that the miserable avoman, to the Surprize of the operators themselves (thro' bourly increasing tortures of body and mind) held out so long as till Thursday Sept. 21. And then died in such agonies, as terrified into a transitory penitence all the wretches

about ber.

LETTER LXXIX.

Colonel Morden, To John Belford, Efq;

A Ccording to my promise, I send you an account of matters here. Poor Mrs. Norton was so very ill upon the road, that, slowly as the herse moved, and the chariot followed, I was afraid we should not have got her to St. Alban's. We put up there as I had intended. I was in hopes that she would have been better for the stop: But I was forced to leave her behind me. I ordered the servant-maid you was so considerately kind as to send down with her, to be very careful of her; and left the chariot to attend

attend her. She deserves all the regard that can be paid her; not only upon my cousin's account, but on her own. She is an excellent woman.

When we were within five miles of Harlowe-place, I put on a hand-gallop. I ordered the herse to proceed more slowly still, the cross-road we were in being rough, and having more time before us than I wanted; for I wished not the herse to be in till near dusk.

I got to my cousin's about 4 o'clock. You may believe I found a mournful house. You desire me to be very mi-

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At my entrance into the court, they were all in motion. Every fervant whom I saw had swelled eyes, and looked with so much concern, that at first I apprehended some new disaster had happened in the family.

Mr. John and Mr. Antony Harlowe and Mrs. Hervey were there. They all helped on one another's grief, as

they had before each other's hardness of heart.

My cousin James met me at the entrance of the hall. His countenance expressed a fixed concern; and he defired me to excuse his behaviour the last time I was there.

My cousin Arabella came to me full of tears and grief: O cousin! faid she, hanging upon my arm, I dare not ask you any questions!—About the approach of the herse, I suppose she meant.

I myself was full of grief; and without going farther or speaking, sat down in the hall, in the first chair.

The brother fat down on one hand of me, the fifter on

the other. Both were filent. The latter in tears.

Mr. Antony Harlowe came to me foon after. His face was overspread with all the appearance of woe. He requested me to walk into the parlour; where, as he said, were all his fellow-mourners.

I attended him in. My cousins James and Arabella

followed me.

activities.

A perfect concert of grief, as I may fay, broke out

the moment I entered the parlour.

My cousin Harlowe, the dear creature's Father, as soon as he saw me, said, O cousin, cousin, of all our family, you are the only one, who have nothing to reproach your-felf with !—You are a happy man!

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The poor Mother bowing, her head to me in speechless grief, fat with her handkerchief held to her eyes, with one hand. The other hand was held by her sister Hervey, between both hers; Mrs. Hervey weeping upon it.

Near the window fat Mr. John Harlowe. His face and his body were turned from the forrowing company. His

eyes were red and fwelled.

My cousin Antony, at his re-entering the parlour, went towards Mrs. Harlowe — Don't—dear fister, said he! — Then towards my cousin Harlowe—Don't—dear brother! — Don't thus give way—And without being able to say another word, went to a corner of the parlour, and, wanting himself the comfort he would fain have given, sunk into a chair, and audibly sobbed.

Miss Arabella followed her uncle Antony, as he walked in before me; and seemed as if she would have spoken to the pierced mother some words of comfort. But she was unable to utter them, and got behind her mother's chair; and inclining her face over it on the unhappy lady's shoulder, seemed to claim the consolation that indulgent parent

nsed, but then was unable to afford her.

Young Mr. Harlowe with all his vehemence of spirit, was now subdued. His self-reproaching conscience, no

doubt, was the cause of it.

And what, Sir, must their thoughts be, which at that moment, in a manner deprived them all of motion, and turned their speech into sighs and groans!—How to be pitied, how greatly to be pitied, all of them! But how much to be cursed that abhorred Lovelace, who, as it seems, by arts uncommon, and a villainy without example, has been the sole author of a woe so complicated and extensive!—God judge me, as—But I stop—The man is your friend!—He already suffers, you tell me, in his intellect—Restore him heaven to That—If I find the matter come out, as I apprehend it will — Indeed her own hints of his usage of her, as in her Will, and in her first Letter to me, are enough!—Nor think, my beloved cousin, thou darling of my heart! that thy gentle spirit, breathing charity and forgiveness to the vilest of men, shall avail him!

But once more I stop—Forgive me, Sir!—Who could behold such a scene, who could recollect it, in order to describe describe it (as minutely as you wished me to relate how this unhappy family were affected on this sad occasion) every one of the mourners nearly related to himself, and

not be exasperated against the author of all?

As I was the only person (grieved as I was myself, from whom any of them, at that instant, could derive comfort; Let us not, said I, my dear cousin, approaching the inconsolable Mother, give way to a grief, which however just, can now avail us nothing. We hurt ourselves, and cannot recall the dear creature for whom we mourn. Nor would you wish it, if you knew with what assurances of eternal happiness she left the world. — She is happy, Madam!—Depend upon it, she is happy! And comfort yourselves with that assurance.

O cousin, cousin! cried the unhappy mother, withdrawing her hand from her sister Hervey, and pressing mine with it, You know not what a child I have lost!— Then in a lower voice, And bow lost!—That it is that

makes the loss insupportable.

They all joined in a kind of melancholy chorus, and each accused him and herself, and some of them one another. But the eyes of all in turn, were cast upon my cousin James as the person who had kept up the general resentment against so sweet a creature. While he was hardly able to bear his own remorfe: Nor Miss Harlowe hers; She breaking out into words, How tauntingly did I write to her! How barbarously did I insult her! Yet how patiently did she take it!—Who would have thought she had been so near her end!—O brother, brother!—but for you!—But for you!

Double not upon me, faid he, my own woes!—I have every thing before me that has passed!—I thought only to reclaim a dear creature that had erred! I intended not to break her tender heart!—But it was the villainous Lovelace who did that—Not any of us!—Yet, cousin, did she not attribute all to me?—I fear she did!—Tell me only, did she name me, did she speak of me, in her last hours? I hope she, who could forgive the greatest villain on earth, and plead that he may be safe from our vengeance; I hope

the could forgive me.

She died bleffing you all; and justified rather than con-

demned your feverity to her same your regarden is

Then they set up another general lamentation. We see, said her father; Enough we see, in her heart-piercing letters to us, what a happy frame she was in a few days before her death: But did it hold to the last? Had she no repinings? Had the dear child no heart-burnings?

None at all!—I never faw, and never shall see, so blessed a departure: And no wonder, for I never heard of such a preparation. Every hour for weeks together was taken up in it. Let this be our comfort—We need only to wish for so happy an end for ourselves and for those who are nearest to our hearts. We may any of us be grieved, for acts of unkindness to her: But had all happened that once she wished for, she could not have made a happier, perhaps not so happy, an end.

Dear foul! and dear fweet foul! the Father, Uncles, Sifter, my coufin Hervey cried out all at once in accents

of anguish inexpressibly affecting.

We must for ever be disturbed for those acts of unkindness to so sweet a child, cried the unhappy Mother!— Indeed, indeed (fostly to her Sister Hervey) I have been too passive, much too passive, in this case!—The temporary quiet I have been so studious all my life to preserve, has cost me everlasting disquiet!—

There she stopt.

Dear Sifter! was all Mrs. Hervey could fay.

I have done but half my duty to the dearest and most meritorious of children, resumed the forrowing mother!—
Nay, not half!—How have we hardened our hearts against her!—

Again her tears choaked up the passage of her words.

My dearest, dearest Sister! again was all Mrs. Hervey

could fay.

Would to Heaven, proceeded, exclaiming, the poor mother, I had but once feen her! Then turning to my Coufin James and his Sifter—O my Son! O my Arabella! if WE were to receive as little mercy—

And there again she stopt, her tears interrupting her further speech: Every one, all the time, remaining silent;

their

their countenances shewing a grief in their hearts too big

for expression.

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Now you see, Mr. Belford, that my dearest cousin could be allowed all her merit!—What a dreadful thing is after-reslection upon a conduct so perverse and unnatural?

O this cursed friend of yours, Mr. Belford! This de-

tested Lovelace!—To him, To him is owing—

Pardon me, Sir. I will lay down my pen till I have recovered my temper.

song evident of the One in the Morning.

nodif ling needs

In vain, Sir, have I endeavoured to compose myself to rest. You wished me to be very particular, and I cannot help it. This melancholy subject fills my whole mind. I

will proceed, tho' it be midnight.

About fix o'clock the herse came to the outward gate. The Parish-church is at some distance; but the wind sitting fair, the afflicted family were struck, just before it came, into a fresh sit of grief, on hearing the suneral bell tolled in a very solemn manner. A respect as it proved, and as they all guessed, paid to the memory of the dear deceased out of officious love, as the herse passed near the church.

Judge, when their grief was fo great in expectation of

it, what it must be when it arrived.

A fervant came in to acquaint us with what its lumbering heavy noise up the paved inner court-yard apprized us of before.

He spoke not. He could not speak. He looked, bowed,

and withdrew.

I flept out. No one else could then stir. Her brother, however, soon followed me.

When I came to the door, I beheld a fight very af-

fecting.

You have heard, Sir, how universally my dear coufin was beloved. By the poor and middling fort especially, no young lady was ever so much beloved. And with reason: She was the common patroness of all the honest poor in her neighbourhood.

It is natural for us in every deep and fincere grief to interest all we know in what is so concerning to ourselves. The servants of the family, it seems, had told their friends,

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and those theirs, that, tho' living, their dear young lady could not be received nor looked upon, her body was permitted to be brought home. The space of time was so confined, that those who knew when she died, must easily guess near the time the herse was to come. A herse, passing thro' country villages, and from London, however flenderly attended (for the chariot, as I have faid, waited upon poor Mrs. Norton) takes every one's attention. Nor was it hard to guess whose this must be, tho' not adorned by escutcheons, when the cross-roads to Harlowe-place were taken, as foon as it came within fix miles of it: fo that the Herse, and the solemn Tolling of the Bell, had drawn together at least fifty of the neighbouring men, women, and children, and some of good appearance. Not a soul of them, it feems, with a dry eye; and each lamenting the death of this admired lady, who, as I am told, never stirred out, but somebody was the better for her.

These, when the cossin was taken out of the herse, crouding about it, hindered, for a sew moments, its being carried in; the young people struggling who should bear it; and yet with respectful whisperings, rather than clamorous contention. A mark of veneration I had never before seen paid, upon any occasion, in all my travels, from the under-bred Many, from whom noise is generally infeparable in all their emulations. At last six maidens were

permitted to carry it in by the fix handles.

The corpfe was thus borne, with the most solemn refpect, into the hall, and placed for the present upon two stools there. The plates, and emblems, and inscription, set every one gazing upon the Lid, and admiring. The more, when they were told, that all was of her own ordering. They wished to be permitted a fight of the corpse; but rather mentioned this as their wish than their hope. When they had all satisfied their curiosity, and remarked upon the emblems, they dispersed, with blessings upon her memory, and with tears and lamentations; pronouncing her to be happy; and inferring, that were She not so, what would become of Them? While others ran over with repetitions of the good she delighted to do. Nor were there wanting those among them, who heaped curses upon the man who was the author of her fall.

The

The fervants of the family then got about the coffin, They could not before. And that afforded a new scene of forrow: But a filent one; for they spoke only by their eyes, and by fighs, looking upon the lid, and upon one another, by turns, with hands lifted up. The presence of their young master possibly might awe them, and cause

their grief to be expressed only in dumb shew.

As for Mr. James Harlowe (who had accompanied me, but withdrew when he saw the croud) he stood looking upon the lid when the people had left it, with a fixed attention: Yet, I dare fay, knew not a fymbol or letter upon it at that moment, had the question been asked him. In a profound reverie he stood, his arms folded, his head on one fide, and marks of stupefaction imprinted upon every feature.

But when the corple was carried into the leffer parlour, adjoining to the hall, which she used to call ber parlour, and put on a table in the middle of the room, and the Father and Mother, the two Uncles, her Aunt Hervey. and her Sister came in (joining her Brother and me, with trembling feet, and eager woe) the scene was still more affecting. Their forrow was heightened, no doubt, by the remembrance of their unforgiving severity: And now feeing before them the receptacle that contained the glory of their family, who so lately was driven thence by their indiscreet violence (never, never more to be restored to them!) no wonder that their grief was more than common grief.

They would have with-held the Mother, it feems, from coming in: But when they could not, tho' undetermined before, they all bore her company, led on by an impulse they could not refift. The poor lady but just cast her eye upon the coffin, and then fnatched it away, retiring with passionate grief towards the window; yet addressing herfelf, with clasped hands, as if to her beloved daughter; O my child! my child! cried she; thou pride of my hope! Why was I not permitted to speak pardon and peace to

thee!—O forgive thy cruel mother!

Her Son (his heart then softened, as his eyes shewed) befought her to withdraw: And her woman looking in at that moment, he called her to affift him in conducting N 6 her her lady into the middle parlour: And then returning, met, his Father going out at the door, who also had but just cast his eye on the cossin, and yielded to my entreaties to withdraw.

His grief was too deep for utterance, till he faw his fon coming in; and then, fetching a heavy groan, Never, faid he, was forrow like my forrow!—O Son! Son!—in

a reproaching accent, his face turned from him.

I attended him thro' the middle parlour, endeavouring to confole him. His Lady was there in agonies. She took, his eye. He made a motion towards her: O my dear, faid he—But turning short, his eyes as full as his heart, he hastened thro' to the great parlour: And when there, he

defired me to leave him to himfelf.

Her uncles and her fister looked and turned away, looked and turned away, very often upon the emblems, in filent forrow. Mrs. Hervey would have read to them the infeription—These words she did read, Here the wicked rease from troubling: But could read no further. Her tears fell in large drops upon the plate she was contemplating, and yet she was desirous of gratifying a curiosity that mingled impatience with her grief because she could not gratify it, altho' she often wiped her eyes as they slowed.

Judge you, Mr. Belford (for you have great humanity) how I must be affected. Yet was I forced to try to com-

fort them All.

But here I will close this letter, in order to send it to you in the morning early. Nevertheless, I will begin another, upon supposition that my doleful prolixity will not be disagreeable to you. Indeed I am altogether indisposed for Rest, as I mentioned before. So can do nothing but write. I have also more melancholy scenes to paint. My pen, if I may so say, is untired. These scenes are fresh in my memory: And I myself, perhaps, may owe to you the favour of a reviewal of them, with such other papers as you shall think proper to oblige me with, when heavy grief has given way to milder melancholy.

My fervant, in his way to you with this letter, shall call at St. Alban's upon the good woman, that he may inform you how she does. Miss Arabella asked me after her, when I withdrew to my chamber; to which she com-

plaifantly

plaifantly accompanied me. She was much concerned at the bad way we left her in; and faid her mother would be more so.

No wonder that the dear departed, who foresaw the remorse that would fall to the lot of this unhappy family when they came to have the news of her death confirmed to them, was so grieved for their apprehended grief, and endeavoured to comfort them by her posthumous letters. But it was still a greater generosity in her to try to excuse them to me, as she did when we were alone together a few hours before she died; and to aggravate more than (as far as I can find) she ought to have done, the only error she was ever guilty of. The more freely however perhaps (exalted creature!) that I might think the better of her friends, although at her own expence. I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

diana diagnata basa aval norsant adi a Wm. Morden.

LETTER LXXX.

Colonel MORDEN. In Continuation.

WHEN the unhappy mourners were all retired, I directed the lid of the coffin to be unfcrewed, and caused some fresh aromatics and flowers to be put into it.

The corpse was very little altered, notwithstanding

the journey. The fweet fmile remained.

The maids who brought the flowers were ambitious of strewing them about it: They poured forth fresh lamentations over her; each wishing she had been so happy as to have been allowed to attend her in London. One of them particularly, who is, it seems, my cousin Arabella's personal servant, was more clamorous in her grief than the rest; and the moment she turned her back, all the others allowed she had reason for it. I enquired afterwards about her, and found, that this creature was set over my dear cousin, when she was confined to her chamber by their indiscreet severity.

Good heaven! that they should treat, and suffer thus to be treated, a young lady, who was qualified to give

laws to all her family!

When

When my cousins were told, that the lid was unscrew'd, they press'd in again, all but the mournful Father and Mother, as if by consent. Mrs. Hervey kissed her pale lips. Flower of the world! was all she could say; and gave place to Mrs Arabella; who kissing the forehead of her whom she had so cruelly treated, could only say, to my cousin James (looking upon the corpse, and upon him) O Brother!—While he, taking the fair lifeless hand, kissed it, and retreated with precipitation.

Her two Uncles were speechless. They seemed to wait each other's example, whether to look upon the corpse, or not. I ordered the lid to be replaced; and then they pressed forward, as the others again did, to take a last farewel of the casket which so lately contained

so rich a jewel.

Then it was that the grief of each found fluenter expression; and the fair corpse was addressed to swith all the tenderness that the sinceress love and warmest admiration could inspire) by each, according to their different degrees of relationship, as if none of them had before looked upon her. She was their very Niece, both uncles said; The injured Saint, her uncle Harlowe; The same smiling Sister, Arabella!—The dear creature! all of them—The same benignity of countenance! The same sweet composure! The same natural dignity—She was questionless happy! That sweet smile betokened her being so; Themselves most unhappy!—And then, once more, the Brother took the lifeless hand, and vowed Revenge upon it, on the cursed author of all this distress.

The unhappy parents proposed to take one last view and farewel of their once darling daughter. The Father was got to the parlour-door, after the inconsolable Mother: But neither of them were able to enter it. The Mother said, she must once more see the child of her heart, or she should never enjoy herself. But they both agreed to refer their melancholy curiosity till the next day; and hand in hand retired inconsolable, and speechless both, their faces overspread with woe, and turned from each other, as unable each to behold the distress of the other.

When all were withdrawn, I retired, and fent for my coufin James, and acquainted him with his fifter's request

in relation to the discourse to be pronounced at her interrment; telling him, how necessary it was, that the Minister, whoever he were to be, should have the earliest notice given him that the case would admit.

He lamented the death of the reverend Dr. Lewen, who, as he faid, was a great admirer of his fifter, as she was of him, and would have been the fittest of all men for that

office.

He spoke with great asperity of Mr. Brand, upon whose light enquiry after his sister's character in town, he was

willing to lay fome of the blame due to himself.

Mr. Melvill, Dr. Lewen's affiftant, must, he said, be the man; and he praised him for his abilities, his elocution, and unexceptionable manners; and promised to engage him early in the morning.

He called out his Sifter, and she was of his opinion. So

I left this upon them.

They both, with no little warmth, hinted their disapprobation of you, Sir, for their fifter's Executor, on the score of your intimate friendship with the author of her ruin.

You must not resent any thing I shall communicate to you of what they say on this occasion. Depending that you will not, I shall write with the greater freedom.

I told them how much my dear cousin was obliged to your friendship and humanity: The injunctions she had laid you under, and your own inclination to observe them. I said, That you were a man of honour: That you were desirous of consulting me, because you would not willingly give offence to any of them; and that I was very fond of cultivating your favour and correspondence.

They faid, There was no need of an Executor out of their family, and they hoped that you, Sir, would reliaquish so unnecessary a trust, as they called it. My cousin sames declared, that he would write to you as soon as the funeral was over, to desire that you would do so, upon proper assurances that all that the Will prescribed should

be performed.

I faid, You were a man of resolution: That I thoughthe would hardly succeed; for that you made a point of

honour of it.

I then shewed them their Sister's posthumous Letter to you; in which she confesses her obligations to you, and regard for you, and for your future welfare (a). You may believe, Sir, they were extremely affected with the perusal of it.

They were surprized, that I had given up to you the proceed of her grandfather's estate, since his death. I told them plainly, that they must thank themselves if any thing disagreeable to them occurred from their sister's devise; deserted and thrown into the hands of strangers, as she had been.

They said, they would report all I had said to their father and mother; adding, That great as their trouble was, they found they had more still to come. But if Mr. Belford were to be the Executor of her Will, contrary to their hopes, they belought me to take the trouble of transacting every thing with you; that a friend of the man, to whom they owed all their calamity, might not appear to them.

They were extremely moved at the text their fifter had chosen for the subject of the funeral discourse (b). I had extracted from the Will that article, supposing it probable, that I might not so soon have an opportunity to shew them the Will itself, as would otherwise have been necessary, on account of the interrment: Which cannot be delayed.

Monday morning between Eight and Nine.

THE unhappy family are preparing for a mournful meeting at breakfast. Mr. James Harlowe, who has had as little rest as I, has written to Mr. Melvill, who has promised to draw up a brief Eulogium on the deceased. Miss Howe is expected here by-and-by, to see, for the last time, her beloved friend.

Miss Howe, by her messenger, desires she may not be taken any notice of. She shall not tarry six minutes, was

the word. Her desire will be easily granted her.

Her servant, who brought the request, if it were denied, was to return, and meet her; for she was ready to set out in her chariot when he got on horseback.

If

If he met her not with the refusal, he was to flay here till she came. I am, Sir,
Your faithful humble Servant,

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WILLIAM MORDEN.

LETTER LXXXI.

Colonel MORDEN. In Continuation.

SIR, Monday, Afternoon, Sept. II. E are such bad company here to one another, that it is some relief to retire, and write.

I was fummoned to breakfast about half an hour after nine. Slowly did the mournful congress meet, Each, liftless and spiritless, took our place, with swollen eyes inquiring, without expecting any tolerable account, how: each had refted. Ind - suit and most bling with the had

The forrowing Mother gave for answer, That she should never more know what Rest was.

By the time we were well feated, the bell ringing, the outward gate opening, a chariot rattling over the pavement of the court-yard, put them into emotion.

I left them; and was just time enough to give Mis Howe my hand, as she alighted: Her maid in tears remaining in the chariot. be All of air Characas bear limit, be

I think you told me, Sir, you never faw Miss Howe. She is a fine graceful young lady. A fixed -melancholy on her whole aspect, overclouded a vivacity and fire, which, nevertheless, darted now-and-then through the awful gloom. I shall ever respect her for her love to my dear couling and then the bad year I -- say ton , our ; encute

Never did I think, faid she, as she gave me her hand, to enter more these doors: But, living or dead, my Clarissa brings me after her any-whither!

She entered with me the little parlour. The moment she faw the coffin, she withdrew her hand from mine, and with impatience pushed aside the lid. As impatiently she removed the face-cloth. In a wild air, she clasped her uplifted hands together; and now looked upon the corpfe, now up to Heaven, as if appealing her woes to that? Her bofom heaved and flutter'd discernible thro' her handkerchief, and at last she broke filence; —O Sir!—See you not here!—See you not here—the Glory of her Sex?—Thus by the most villainous of yours—Thus—laid low!

O my bleffed Friend, faid she!— My sweet Companion!—My lovely Monitress!—kissing her lips at every tender invocation. And is this All!— Is it All, of my

CLARISSA'S Story !

Then, after a short pause, and a prosound sigh, she turned to me, and then to her breathless friend — But is she, can she, be really dead!—O no! no!— She only sleeps—Awake, my beloved Friend! My sweet clay-cold Friend, awake! Let thy Anna Howe revive thee, my dear creature!—by her warm breath revive thee! And, kissing her again, Let my warm lips animate thy cold ones!

Then, fighing again, as from the bottom of her heart, and with an air, as if disappointed that she answered not, And can such perfection end thus!—And art thou really and indeed flown from thy Anna Howe!—O my unkind

CLARISSA!

She was filent a few moments, and then, feeming to recover herfelf, she turned to me—Forgive, forgive, Mr. Morden, this wild frensy!—I am not myself!—I never shall be!—You know not the Excellence, no, not balf the Excellence, that is thus laid low!—Repeating, This cannot, surely, be All of my CLARISSA's Story!

Again paufing, One tear, my beloved friend, didft thou allow me!—But this dumb forrow!—O for a tear to eafe

my full-swoln heart, that is just bursting !-

But why, Sir, why, Mr. Morden, was she sent bither? Why not to me?—She has no Father, no Mother, no Relations; no, not one!—They had all renounced her. I was her sympathizing friend—And had not I the best right to my dear creature's remains?—And must Names, without Nature, be preferred to such a Love as mine?

Again she kissed her lips, each cheek, her forehead -

and fighed as if her heart would break-

But why, why, faid she, was I with-held from seeing my dearest dear friend, before she commenced Angel?—Delaying still, and too easily persuaded to delay, the friendly visit that my heart panted after; what pain will this resection give me!—O my blessed Friend! Who knows,

who

who knows, had I come in time, what my cordial com-

fortings might have done for thee!

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But—looking round her, as if she apprehended seeing some of the family—One more kiss, my Angel, my Friend, my ever-to-be-regretted lost Companion! And let me sly this hated house, which I never loved but for thy sake!—Adieu, then, my dearest CLARISSA!—Thou art happy, I doubt not, as thou assured me in thy last letter!—O may we meet, and rejoice together, where no villainous Love-laces, no hard-hearted Relations, will ever shock our inno-

cence, or ruffle our felicity!

Again she was silent, unable to go, tho' seeming to intend it; struggling, as it were, with her grief, and heaving with anguish: At last, happily, a flood of tears gushed from her eyes—Now!—Now!—said she, shall I—shall I—be easier. But for this kindly relief, my heart would have burst asunder—More, many more tears than these are due to my Clarissa, whose counsel has done for me what mine could not do for her!—But why, looking earnestly upon her, her hands classed and listed up—But why do I thus lament the Happy? And that thou art so, is my comfort. It is, it is, my dear creature! kissing her again.

Excuse me, Sir (turning to me, who was as much moved as herself); I loved the dear creature, as never woman loved another. Excuse my frantic grief. How has the Glory of her Sex fallen a victim to villainy, and

to hard-heartedness !

Madam, faid I, they All have it !-Now indeed they have it.-

And let them have it!—I should bely my Love for the friend of my heart, were I to pity them!—But how unhappy am I (looking upon the Corpse) that I saw her not before these Eyes were shut, before these Lips were for ever closed!—Oh! Sir, you know not the wisdom that continually slowed from these Lips, when she spoke!—Nor what a Friend I have lost!

Then, surveying the Lid, she seemed to take in at once the meaning of the emblems: And this gave her so much fresh grief, that tho' she several times wiped her eyes, she was unable to read the inscription and texts: Turning

therefore

therefore to me, Favour me, Sir, I pray you, by a line, with the description of these emblems, and with these texts:

And if I might be allowed a lock of the dear creature's hair—

I told her, that her Executor would order both; and would also send her a copy of her Will; in which she would find the most grateful remembrances of her Love for her, whom she calls The Sister of her Heart.

Justly, said she, does she call me so; for we had but one heart, but one soul, between us: And now my better

half is torn from me - what shall I do?

But looking round her, on a fervant's stepping by the door, as if again she had apprehended it was some of the family—Once more, said she, a solemn, an everlasting adieu!—Alas! for me, a solemn, an everlasting adieu!

Then again embracing her face with both her hands, and kiffing it, and afterwards the hands of the dear deceased, first one, then the other, she gave me her hand; and, quitting the room with precipitation, rush'd into her chariot; and, when there, with profound sighs, and a fresh burst of tears, unable to speak, she bowed her head to me, and was driven away.

The inconfolable company saw how much I had been moved, on my return to them. Mr. James Harlowe had been telling them what had passed between him and me: And, finding myself unsit for company, and observing, that they broke off talk at my coming-in; I thought it

proper to leave them to their confultations.

And here I will put an end to this letter; for indeed, Sir, the very recollection of this affecting scene has left me nearly as unable to proceed, as I was, just after it, to converse with my cousins. I am, Sir, with great truth,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

WILLIAM MORDEN.

LETTER LXXXII.

Colonel MORDEN. In Continuation.

Tuesday morning, Sept. 12.

HE good Mrs. Norton is arrived, a little amended in her spirits: Owing to the very posthumous letters,

as I may call them, which you, Mr. Belford, as well as I, apprehended would have had fatal effects upon her.

I cannot but attribute this to the right turn of her mind. It seems she has been inured to afflictions; and has lived in a constant hope of a better life, and, having no acts of unkindness to the dear deceased to reproach herself with, is most considerately resolved to exert her atmost fortitude, in order to comfort the forrowing Mother.

O Mr. Belford, how does the character of my dear departed cousin rise upon me from every mouth!—Had she been my own child, or my sister!—But do you think, that the man who occasioned this great, this extended ruin—

But I forbear.

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The Will is not to be looked into, till the funeral rites are performed. Preparations are making for the folemnity; and the fervants, as well as principals, of all the branches of the family are put into deep mourning.

have seen Mr. Melvill. He is a serious and sensible man. I have given him particulars to go upon in the discourse he is to pronounce at the suneral: But had the less need to do this, as I find he is extremely well acquainted with the whole unhappy story; and was a personal admirer of my dear cousin, and a sincere lamenter of her missfortunes and death. The reverend Dr. Lewen, who is but very lately dead, was his particular friend, and had once intended to recommend him to her favour.

I AM just returned from attending the afflicted parents, in an effort they made to see the corpse of their beloved child. They had requested my company, and that of the good Mrs. Norton. A last leave, the Mother said, she

An effort, however, it was, and no more. The moment they came in fight of the coffin, before the lid could be put aside, O my dear, said the Father, retreating, I cannot, I find I cannot, bear it!— Had I—Had I—Had I never been hard-hearted!—Then turning round to his Lady, he had but just time to catch her in his arms, and prevent her sinking on the floor. O my dearest life! said he, This is too much!—Too much indeed!—Let us, let us retire. Mrs. Norton, who (attracted by the aw-

ful receptacle) had but just lest the good Lady, hastened to her—Dear, dear woman, cried the unhappy Parent, slinging her arms about her neck, Bear me, bear me, hence!—O my child! my child! My own Clarissa Harlowe! Thou pride of my life so lately!—Never, never

more, must I behold thee!

I supported the unhappy father, Mrs. Norton the sinking mother, into the next parlour. She threw herself on a settee there: He into an elbow-chair by her: The good woman at her feet, her arms clasped round her waist. The two Mothers, as I may call them, of my beloved cousin, thus tenderly engaged!—What a variety of distress in these woeful scenes!

The unhappy father, in endeavouring to comfort his lady, loaded himself. Would to God, my dear, said he, would to God, I had no more to charge myself with, than you have !— You relented !— You would have prevailed

upon me to relent!

The greater my fault, faid she, when I knew that displeasure was carried too high, to acquiesce, as I did! What a barbarous parent was I, to let two angry children make me forget that I was mother to a third—To such a third!—

Mrs. Norton used arguments and prayers to comfort her—O my dear Norton, answered the unhappy lady, You was the dear creature's more natural Mother!—Would to heaven I had no more to answer for than you bave!

Thus the unhappy pair unavailingly recriminated, till my coufin Hervey entered, and, with Mrs. Norton, conducted up to her own chamber the inconsolable Mother. The two Uncles, and Mr. Hervey, came in at the same time, and prevailed upon the afflicted Father to retire with them to his—Both giving up all thoughts of ever seeing more the child, whose death was so deservedly regretted by them.

Time only, Mr. Belford, can combat with advantage fuch a heavy deprivation as this. Advice will not do, while the loss is recent. Nature will have way given to it (and so it ought) till forrow has in a manner exhausted itself; and then Reason and Religion will come in seasonably with

their powerful aids, to raife the drooping heart.

I see here no face that is the same I saw at my first arrival. Proud and haughty every countenance then, unyielding to intreaty: Now, how greatly are they humbled!—The utmost distress is apparent in every protracted feature, and in every bursting muscle, of each disconsolate mourner. Their eyes, which so lately slashed anger and resentment, now are turned to every one that approaches them, as if imploring pity!— Could ever wilful hard-heartedness be more severely punished?

The following lines of Juvenal are, upon the whole, applicable to this House and Family. I have revolved

them many times fince Sunday evening:

Humani generis mores tibi nosse volenti Sufficit una domus: paucos consume dies, & Dicere te miserum, postquam illinc veneris, aude.

Let me add, That Mrs. Norton has communicated to the family the posthumous letter sent her. This letter affords a foundation for future consolation to them; but at present it has new-pointed their grief, by making them reslect on their cruelty to so excellent a Daughter, Niece, and Sister (a). I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful bumble Servant,

WM. MORDEN.

(a) This letter contains in substance: 'Her thanks to the good woman for her care of her in her infancy; for her good instructions, and the excellent example she had set her: with self-accusations of a vanity and presumption, which lay lurking in her heart unknown to herefelf, till her calamities (obliging her to look into herself) brought them to light.

She expatiates upon the benefit of afflictions to a mind modeft,

fearful, and diffident.

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'She comforts her on her early death; having finished, as she says, her probatory course, at so early a time of life, when many are not ripened by the Sunshine of Divine Grace for a better, till they are

50, 60, or 70 years of age.

I hope, fays she, that my father will grant the request I have made to him in my last Will, to let you pass the remainder of your days at my Dairy-bouse, as it used to be called, where once I promised myself to be happy in you. Your discretion, prudence, and oeconomy, my dear good woman, will make your presiding over the concerns of that house, as beneficial to them, as it can be convenient to you. For your sake, my dear Mrs. Norton, I hope they

LETTER LXXXIII.

Colonel MORDEN. In Continuation.

Thursday Night, Sept. 14.

Thursday Night, Sept. 14.

Last mournful Rite. My could be last mournful Rite. My coulin James and his Silter, Mr. and Mrs. Hervey, and their daughter, a young Lady whose affection for my departed Cousin shall ever bind me to her; my coufins John and Antony Harlowe, myfelf, and some other more distant relations of the names of Fuller and Allinson (who to testify their respect to the memory of the dear deceased, had put themselves in mourn. ing, felf-invited) attended it was the many

The Father and Mother would have joined in these last honours, had they been able: But they were both very

much indisposed; and continue to be fo.

The inconfolable Mother told Mrs. Norton, that the two Mothers of the fweetest Child in the world, ought not, on this occasion, to be separated. She therefore defired her to flay with there of or mount in him

The whole folemnity was performed with great decency and order. The distance from Harlowe-place to the Church is about half a mile. All the way the corpse was attended

by great numbers of people of all conditions.

in her indirect; for let good indeactions, and they will make you this offer. And, if they do, I hope you will accept of it, for theirs, substituted the process of the year.

She remembers herfelf to her fofter brother in a very kind manner: And charges her, for his fake, that she will not take too much to heart what has befallen her.

Remember me, in the last place, to all my kind well-wishers of your acquaintance; and to those whom I used to call MY POOR.

They will be GoD's Poor, if they trust in Him. I have taken such care, that I hope they will not be losers by my death. Bid them therefore rejoice; and do You also, my reverend comforter and fustainer (as well in my darker, as in my fairer days) likewise re-

joice, that I am fo foon delivered from the evils that were before me; and that I am NOW, when this comes to your hand, as I humbly trust, exulting in the mercies of a gracious God, who has

conducted me thro' the greatest trials in fafety, and put so happy an end to all my temptations and diffreffes: And who, I most hum-

bly trust, will, in his own good time, give us a joyful meeting in the regions of eternal bleffedness,'

It was nine when it entered the church. Every corner of which was cro ded. Such a profound, such a filent respect did I never see paid at the funeral of princes. An attentive sadness overspread the face of All.

The Eulogy pronounced by Mr. Melvill was a very pathetic one. He wiped his own eyes often; and made every

body present still oftener wipe theirs.

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háppy húmng in The auditors were most particularly affected, when he told them, that the folemn text was her own choice.

He enumerated her fine qualities, naming with honour

their late worthy Pastor for his authority.

Every enumerated excellence was witneffed to in different parts of the church-in respectful whispers by different persons, as of their own knowlege, as I have been fince informed.

When he pointed to the pew where (doing credit to Religion by her example) she used to sit or kneel, the whole auditory, as one person, turned to the pew with the most respectful selemnity, as if she had been herself there.

When the gentleman attributed condescension and mingled dignity to her, a buzzing approbation was given to the attribute throughout the church; and a poor neat woman under my pew added, 'That she was indeed all gra-'ciousness, and would speak to any body.'

Many eyes ran over, when he mentioned her charities, her well-judged charities. And her reward was decreed from every mouth, with interjections from some, and these words from others, 'The poor will dearly mis her.'

The chearful giver, whom God is said to love, was allowed to be ber: And a young lady, I am told, said, It was Miss Clarissa Harlowe's care to find out the unhappy, upon a sudden distress, before the sighing heart was over-

whelmed by it.

She had a fet of poor people, chosen for their remarkable honesty and ineffectual industry. These voluntarily paid their last attendance on their benefactress; and mingling in the church as they could croud near the eyle where the corpse was on Stands, it was the less wonder that her praises from the Preacher met with such general and such grateful whispers of approbation.

VOL. VII.

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Some

Some it feems there were who knowing her unhappy ftory, remarked upon the dejected looks of the Brother, and the drowned eyes of the Sister; 'O what would they 'now give, they'd warrant, had they not been so hard-hearted!'—Others pursued, as I may say, the severe Father and unhappy Mother into their chambers at home.

—'They answered for their relenting, now, that it was 'too late!—What must be their grief?—No wonder they could not be present!'

Several expressed their astonishment, as people do every hour, 'that a man could live whom such perfections could 'not engage to be just to her,' to be humane, I may say.

—And who, her rank and fortune considered, could be so disregardful of his own interest, had he had no other

motive to be just!-

The good Divine, led by his text, just touched upon the unhappy step that was the cause of her untimely fate. He attributed it to the State of things below, in which there could not be absolute perfection. He very politely touched upon the noble disdain she shewed (tho' earnestly sollicited by a whole splendid family) to join interests with a man, whom she found unworthy of her esteem and considence; and who courted her with the utmost earnestness to accept of him.

What he most insisted upon was, the happy End she made; and thence drew consolation to her relations, and

instruction to the auditory.

In a word, his performance was such as heightened the reputation which he had before in a very eminent degree obtained.

When the corpfe was to be carried down into the vault, (a very spacious one, within the church) there was great crouding to see the cossin-lid, and the devices upon it. Particularly two gentlemen, mussled up in cloaks, pressed forward. These it seems were Mr. Mullins and Mr. Wyerley: Both of them professed admirers of my dear cousin.

When they came near the coffin, and cast their eyes upon the lid, 'In that little space, faid Mr. Mullins, is 'included all human excellence!'—And then Mr. Wyerley, unable to contain himself, was forced to quit the

church; and we hear is very ill.

It is faid, that Mr. Solmes was in a remote part of the church, wrapped round in a horseman's coat: And that he shed tears several times. But I saw him not.

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Another gentleman was there incognito, in a pew near the entrance of the vault, who had not been taken notice of, but for his great emotion when he looked over his pew, at the time the coffin was carried down to its last place. This was Miss Howe's worthy Mr. Hickman.

My coufins John and Antony, and their nephew James, chose not to descend into the vault among their departed ancestors.

Miss Harlowe was extremely affected. Her Conscience, as well as her Love, was concerned on the occasion. She would go down with the corpse of her dear, her only Sister, she said: But her Brother would not permit it. And her overwhelmed eye pursued the cossin till she could see no more of it: And then she threw herself on the seat, and was near fainting away.

I accompanied it down, that I might not only fatisfy myfelf, but you, Sir, her Executor, that it was deposited, as she had directed, at the feet of her grandfather.

Mr. Melvill came down, contemplated the lid, and shed a few tears over it. I was so well fatisfied with his discourse and behaviour, that I presented him on the solemn spot with a ring of some value; and thanked him for his performance.

And here I left the Remains of my belowed coufin; having bespoken my own place by the side of her cossin.

On my return to Harlowe-place, I contented myfelf with fending my compliments to the forrowing parents, and retired to my chamber. Nor am I ashamed to own, that I could not help giving way to a repeated fit of humanity, as soon as I entered it.

I am, Sir, and a stort f bounded

Your most faithful and obedient Servant,

WM. MORDEN.

P.S. You will have a letter from my coufin James, who hopes to prevail upon you to relinquish the Executorship. It has not my encouragement.

LET-

LETTER LXXXIV.

Mr. Belford, To William Morden, Efq;

Dear Sir,

Once had thoughts to go down privately, in order, difguised, to see the last solemnity performed. But there was no need to give myself this melancholy trouble, since your last letter so naturally describes all that passed,

that I have every scene before my eyes.

You croud me, Sir, methinks, into the filent flow procession-Now with the facred bier do I enter the awful porch: Now measo e I, with solemn paces, the venerable eyle: Now, emulaive of a relationship to her, placed in a near pew to the eye-attracting coffin, do I liften to the moving Eulogy . Now, thro' the buz of gaping, eyefwoln crouds, do I descend into the clammy vault, as a true Executor, to fee that part of her Will performed with my own eyes. There, with a foul filled with mufing, do I number the furrounding monuments of mortality, and contemplate the present stillness of so many once busy vanities, crouded all into one poor vaulted nook, as if the living grudged room for the corps of those, which when animated, the earth, the air, and the waters, could hardly find room for. Then feeing her placed at the feet of him whose earthly delight she was; and who, as I find, ascribes to the pleasure the gave him, the prolongation of his own life (a); fighing, and with averted face, I quit the folemn manfion, the symbolic coffin, and, for ever, the glory of her Sex, and ascend with those, who, in a few years, after a very short blaze of life, will fill up other spaces of the same vault, which now (while they mourn only for her, whom they jointly perfecuted) they press with their feet.

Nor do your affecting descriptions permit me bere to stop: But, ascended, I mingle my tears and my praises with those of the numerous spectators. I accompany the afflicted mourners back to their uncomfortable mansion; and make one in the general concert of unavailing woe; till retiring,

(a) See Vol. I. p. 29.

retiring, as I imagine, as they retire, like them, in reality, I give up to new scenes of solitary and sleepless grief; reflecting upon the perfections I have seen the end of; and having no relief but from an indignation, which makes me approve of the resentments of others against the unbappy man, and those equally unbappy relations of bers, to whom the irreparable loss is owing.

Forgive me, Sir, these resections; and permit me with This, to send you what you declined receiving till the Fu-

neral was over -.

He gives him then an account of the money and effects which he sends him down by this opportunity, for the Legatees at Harlowe-place, and in its neighbourhood; which he desires him to dispose of according to the Will.

He also sends him an account of other steps he has taken in pursuance of the Will; and desires to know, if Mr, Harlowe expects the discharge of the funeral expences from the effects in his hands; and the reimbursement of the sums advanced to the Testatrix since her Grandfather's death.

These expeditious proceedings, says he, will convince. Mr. James Harlowe, that I am resolved to see the Will completely executed; and yet, by my manner of doing it, that I desire not to give unnecessary mortifications to the family, since every thing that relates to them shall

pass thro' your hands.

LETTER [LXXXV.]

Mr. JAMES HARLOWE, To JOHN BELFORD, E/91

Hope from the character my worthy cousin Morden gives you, that you will excuse the application I make to you, to oblige a whole family in an affair that much concerns their peace, and cannot equally concern any body else. You will immediately judge, Sir, that This is the Executorship which my Sister has given you the trouble of by her Last Will.

We shall all think ourselves extremely obliged to you, if you please to relinquish this Trust to our own family;

O 3 Thefe

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We shall all think ourselves extremely obliged to you, if you please to relinquish this Trust to our own family;

O 3 Thefe

These reasons pleading for our expectation of this favour from you:

First, Because she never would have had the thought of troubling you, Sir, if she had believed any of her near

relations would have taken it upon themselves.

Secondly, I understand, that she recommends to you in the Will to trust to the honour of any of our family, for the performance of such of the articles as are of a domestic nature. We are any of us, and all of us, if you request it, willing to stake our honours upon this occasion: And all you can wish for, as a man of honour, is, That the Trust be executed.

We are the more concerned, Sir, to wish you to decline this office, because of your short and accidental knowlege of the dear Testatrix, and long and intimate acquaintance with the man to whom she owed her ruin, and we the greatest loss and disappointment (her manifold ex-

cellencies confidered) that ever befel a family.

You will allow due weight, I dare fay, to this plea, if you make our case your own: And so much the readier, when I assure you, that your interfering in this matter so much against our inclinations [Excuse, Sir, my plain-dealing] will very probably occasion an opposition in some

points, where otherwise there might be none.

What therefore I propose is, Not that my Father should assume this Trust: He is too much asslicted to undertake it—Nor yet myself—I might be thought too much concerned in interest: But that it may be allowed to devolve upon my two uncles; whose known honour, and whose affection to the dear deceased, nobody ever doubted: And they will treat with you, Sir, thro' my Cousin Morden, as to the points they will undertake to perform.

The trouble you have already had, will well intitle you to the legacy she bequeaths you, together with the reimbursement of all the charges you have been at, and allowance of the legacies you have discharged, altho' you should not have qualified yourself to act as an Executor; as I presume you have not yet done; nor will now do.

Your compliance, Sir, will oblige a family (who have already diffress enough upon them, in the circumstance

that

that occasions this application to you; and more particularly, Sir,

Your most bumble Servant,

JAMES HARLOWE, jun.

I fend this by one of my fervants, who will attend your dispatch.

LETTER [LXXXVI.]

Mr. Belford, To James Harlowe, jun. E/q;

Sir, Saturday, Sept. 16.

You will excuse my plain-dealing in turn: for I must observe, that if I had not the just opinion I have of the facred nature of the office I have undertaken, some passages in the letter you have favoured me with, would convince me that I ought not to excuse myself from acting in it.

I need name only one of them. You are pleafed to fay, That your uncles, if the Trust be relinquished to them, will treat with me, thro' Colonel Morden, as to the points

they will undertake to perform.

Permit me, Sir, to say, That it is the duty of an Executor to see every point performed, that can be performed. Nor will I leave the performance of mine to any other persons, especially where a qualifying is so directly intimated, and where all the branches of your family have shewn themselves, with respect to the incomparable Lady, to have but one mind.

You are pleased to urge, that she recommends to me, the leaving to the honour of any of your family such of the articles as are of a Domestic Nature. But admitting this to be so, does it not imply that the other articles are still to obtain my care?—But even these, you will find by the Will, she gives not up; and to That I refer you.

I am forry for the hints you give of an opposition, where, as you say, there might be none, if I did not interfere. It see not, Sir, why your animosity against a man who cannot be defended, should be carried to such a height against one who never gave you offence: And This only, because he is acquainted with that Man. I will not say, all I might say, on this occasion.

0 4

As to the Legacy to myself, I assure you, Sir, that neither my circumstances nor my temper will put me upon being a gainer by the Executorship. I shall take pleasure to tread in the steps of the admirable Testatrix in all I may; and rather will increase than diminish her Poor's Fund.

With regard to the trouble that may attend the Execution of the Trust, I shall not, in honour to her memory, value ten times more than This can give me. I have indeed two other Executorships on my hands; but they sit light upon me. And survivors cannot better or more charitably bestow their time.

I conceive that every article, but that relating to the Poor's Fund, may be performed in two month's time, at

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furtheft.

Occasions of litigation or offence shall not proceed from me. You need only apply to Col. Morden, who shall command me in every thing that the Will allows me to oblige your family in. I do assure you, that I am as unwilling to obtrude myself upon it, as any of it can wish.

I own, that I have not yet proved the Will; nor shall I do it till next week at soonest, that you may have time for amicable objections, if such you think fit to make thro' the Colonel's mediation. But let me observe to you, Sir,

That an Executor's power, in such instances as I have exercised it, is the same before the Probate, as after it.

'He can even, without taking that out, commence an action, altho' he cannot declare upon it: And these Acts

of Administration make him liable to actions himself."

I am therefore very proper in the steps I have taken in part of the Execution of this sacred Trust; and want not

allowance on the occasion.

Permit me to add, That when you have perused the Will, and coolly considered every thing, it is my hope, that you will yourself be of opinion, that there can be no room for dispute or opposition: And that if your family will join to expedite the Execution, it will be the most natural and easy way of shutting up the whole affair, and to have done with a man, so causelessly, as to his own particular, the object of your dislike; as is, Sir,

Your very humble Servant (notwithstanding)

JOHN BELFORD.

The WILL Lightness of the

To which the following Preamble, written on a separate paper, was stitched with black silk.

To my Executor/

I Hope I may be excused for expatiating, in divers parts of this folemn last Act, upon subjects of in portance. For I have heard of fo many instances of confusion and disagreement in families, and fo much doubt and difficulty, for want of absolute clearness in the Testaments of departed persons. that I have often concluded (were there to be no other reafons but those which respect the peace of surviving friends) that this Last Act as to its defignation and operation, ought not to be the Last in its composition or making; but should be the refult of cool deliberation; and (as is more frequently than juffly faid) of a found mind and memory; which too feldom are to be met with, but in found health. All pretences of infa-' nity of mind are likewise prevented, when a testator gives reasons for what he wills: all cavils about words are obviated: the obliged are affured; and They enjoy the benefit for whom the benefit was intended. Hence have I for some time past employed myfelf in penning down heads of fuch a disposition; which, as reasons offered, I have altered and added to; so that I never was absolutely destitute of a Will, had I been taken off ever to fuddenly. These minutes and imperfect fketches enabled me, as God has graciously given me time and fedateness, to digest them into the form in which they appear." He can even, without raking that our,

I CLARISSA HARLOWE, now, by strange melancholy accidents, lodging in the parish of St. Paul Covent-Garden, being of found and perfect mind and memory, as I hope these presents, drawn up by myself, and written with my own hand, will testify; do, [this second day of September, (a)] in the year of our Lord ------(b) make and publish this my Last Will and Testament, in manner and form following.

In the first place, I defire, that my body may, lie unburied three days after my decease, or till the pleasure of my father be known concerning it. But the occasion of my death not admitting

(b) The date of the year is left blank for particular reasons.

⁽a) A blank, at the writing, was left for this date; and filled up on this day. See p. 138.

mitting of doubt, I will not, on any account, that it be opened; and it is my defire, that it shall not be touched but by those

of my own Sex.

I have always earnestly requested, that my body might be deposited in the family vault with those of my ancestors. If it might be granted, I could now wish, that it may be placed at the feet of my dear and honoured grandsather. But as I have, by one very unhappy step, been thought to disgrace my whole lineage, and therefore this last honour may be refused to my corpse; in this case, my desire is, that it may be interred in the church-yard belonging to the parish in which I shall die; and that in the most private manner, between the hours of eleven and twelve at night; attended only by Mrs. Lovick, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and their maid-servant.

But it is my defire, that the same sees and dues may be paid which are usually paid for those who are laid in the best ground, as it is called, or even in the Chancel.---And I bequeath sive pounds, to be given at the direction of the church-wardens, to twenty poor people the Sunday after my interrment; and This

whether I shall be buried here or elsewhere.

· I have already given verbal directions, that after I am dead (and laid out in the manner I have ordered) I may be put into my coffin as foon as possible: It is my desire that I may not be unnecessarily exposed to the view of any body; except any of my relations should vouchfase, for the last time, to look upon me.

And I could wish, if it might be avoided without making ill-will between Mr. Lovelace and my Executor, that the former might not be permitted to see my corpse. But if, as he is a man very uncontroulable, and as I am Nobody's, he insist upon viewing ber dead, whom he Once before saw in a manner dead, let his gay curiosity be gratissed. Let him behold, and triumph over the wretched Remains of one who has been made a victim to his barbarous persidy: But let some good person, as by my desire, give him a paper, whilst he is viewing the ghastly spectacle, containing these few words only--- "Gay, cruel heart! behold here the Remains of the once ruined, yet now happy, Clarissa Harlowe!--- See what thou thyself must quickly be;--- and REPENT!---"

Yet to shew, that I die in perfect charity with all the world, I do most sincerely forgive Mr. Lovelace the wrongs he has

done me.

If my father can pardon the error of his unworthy child, fo far as to suffer her corpse to be deposited at the feet of her grandfather, as above requested, I could wish (my missortunes being so notorious) that a short discourse might be pronounced

over

over my remains before they be interred. The subject of the discourse I shall determine before I conclude this writing.

So much written about what deferves not the least confideration, and about what will be Nothing when this wri ing comes to be opened and read, will be excused when my present unhappy circumstances and absence from all my natural friends are considered.

And now, with regard to the worldly matters which I shall die possessed of, as well as to those which of right appertain to me, either by the Will of my said grandsather, or otherwise;

Thus do I dispose of them.

In the first place, I give and bequeath all the real estates in or to which I have any claim or title by the said Will, to my ever-honoured father James Harlowe, Esq; and that rather than to my brother and sister, to whom I had once thoughts of devising them, because, if they survive my father, those estates will assuredly vest in them, or one of them, by virtue of his favour and indulgence, as the circumstances of things with regard to marriage-settlements, or otherwise, may require; or, as they may respectively merit by the continuance of their duty.

The house late my grandfather's, called The Grove, and by him, in honour of me, and of fome of my voluntary employments, my dairy-house, and the furniture thereof as it now stands (the pictures and large iron chest of old plate excepted) I also bequeath to my said father; only begging it as a favour, that he will be pleased to permit my dear Mrs. Norton to pass the remainder of her days in that house; and to have and enjoy the apartments in it known by the name of The boufekeeper's apartments, with the furniture in them; and which (plain and neat) was bought for me by my grandfather, who delighted to call me his housekeeper; and which therefore in his life-time I used as such: The office to go with the apartments. And I am the more earnest in this recommendation, as I had once thought to have been very happy there with the good woman; and because I think her prudent management will be as beneficial to my father, as his favour can be convenient to her.

But with regard to what has accrued from that estate, since my grandfather's death, and to the sum of nine hundred and seventy pounds, which proved to be the moiety of the money that my said grandfather had by him at his death, and which moiety he bequeathed to me for my sole and separate use [as he did the other moiety, in like manner, to my sister, (a)] and which sum, (that I might convince my brother and sister, that I wished not of

for an independence upon my father's pleasure) I gave into my father's hands, together with the management and produce of the whole estate devised to me---- These sums, however confiderable when put together, I hope I may be allowed to dispose of absolutely, as my Love and my Gratitude (not confined wholly to my own family, which is very wealthy in all its branches) may warrant: And which therefore I shall dispose of in the manner hereaster mentioned. But it is my will, and express direction, that my father's account of the above-mentioned produce may be taken and established absolutely (and without contravention or question) as he shall be pleased to give it to my cousin Morden, or to whom else he shall choose to give it; so as that the said account be not subject to litigation, or to the controul of my Executor, or any other person.

My father, of his love and bounty, was pleafed to allow me the same quarterly sums that he allowed my sister for apparel and other requisites; and (pleased with me then) used to say, that those sums should not he deducted from the estate and essects bequeathed to me by my grandsather: But having mortally offended him (as I sear it may be said) by one unhappy step, it may be expected, that he will reimburse himself those sums--- It is therefore my will and direction, that he shall be allowed to pay and satisfy himself for all such quarterly or other sums, which he was so good as to advance me from the time of my grandsather's death; and that his account of such sums shall likewise be taken without questioning: the money, however, which I lest behind me in my escritoire, being to be

taken in part of those disbursements.

My grandfather, who, in his goodness and favour to me, knew no bounds, was pleafed to bequeath to me all the family pictures at his late house, some of which are very masterly performances; with command, that if I died unmarried, or if married and had no descendents, they should then go to that son of his (if more than one should be then living) whom I should think would fet most value by them. Now, as I know that my honoured uncle, John Harlowe, Efq; was pleafed to express some concern that they were not left to him, as eldest fon; and as he has a gallery where they may be placed to advantage: and as I have reason to believe, that he will bequeath them to my father, if he survive him; who, no doubt, will leave them to my brother; I therefore bequeath all the faid family pictures to my faid uncle John Harlowe. In these pictures, however, I include not one of my own, drawn when I was about fourteen years of age; which I shall hereafter in another article bequeath.

My faid honoured grandfather having a great fondness for the old family plate, which he would never permit to be changed, having lived, as he used to say, to see a great deal of it come into request again in the revolution of fashions; and having left the same to me, with a command to keep it infire; and with power at my death to bequeath it to whomsoever I pleased that I thought would forward his desire; which was, as he expresses it, that it should be kept to the end of time: this samily plate, which is deposited in a large iron chest, in the strong room at his late dwelling-house, I bequeath intire to my honoured uncle Antony Harlowe, Esq; with the same injunctions which were laid on me; not doubting but he will confirm and strengthen them by his own last will.

I bequeath to my ever-valued friend Mrs. Judith Norton, to whose piety and care, seconding the piety and care of my ever-honoured and excellent mother, I owe, morally speaking, the qualifications, which, for Eighteen years of my life, made me beloved and respected, the full sum of fix hundred pounds, to

be paid her within three months after my death.

I bequeath also to the same good woman thirty guineas, for

mourning for her and for her fon my foster-brother.

To Mrs. Dorothy Hervey, the only fifter of my honoured mother, I bequeath the fum of fifty guineas, for a ring; and I beg of her to accept of my thankful acknowledgements for all her goodness to me from my infancy; and particularly for her patience with me, in the several altercations that happened between my brother and fifter, and me, before my unhappy departure from Harlowe-place.

To my kind and much-valued coufin Miss Dolly Hervey, daughter of my aunt Hervey, I bequeath my watch and equipage, and my best Mechlin and Brussels head-dresses and ruffles; also my gown and petricoat of flowered filver of my own work; which having been made up but a few days before I was con-

fined to my chamber, I never wore.

To the same young lady I bequeath likewise my harpsichord,

my chamber-organ, and all my music-books.

As my Sister has a very pretty library; and as my beloved Miss Howe has also her late father's, as well as her own, I bequeath all my books in general, with the cases they are in, to my said cousin Dolly Hervey. As they are not ill-chosen for a woman's library, I know that she will take the greater pleasure in them (when her friendly grief is mellowed by time into a remembrance more sweet than painful) because they were mine; and because there are observations in many of them of my own writing; and some very judicious ones, written by the truly reverend Dr. Lewen.

I also bequeath to the same young lady twenty-five guineas for a ring, to be worn in remembrance of her true friend.

If I live not to fee my worthy cousin William Morden, Esq; I desire my humble and grateful thanks may be given to him for his favours and goodness to me; and particularly for his endeavours to reconcile my other friends to me, at a time when I was doubtful whether he would forgive me himself. As he is in great circumstances, I will only beg of him to accept of two or three trisles, in remembrance of a kinswoman who always honoured bim as much as he loved ber. Particularly, of that piece of flowers which my uncle Robert, his father, was very earnest to obtain, in order to carry it abroad with him.

I defire him likewise to accept of the little miniature picture fet in gold, which his worthy father made me sit for to the famous Italian master whom he brought over with him; and which he presented to me, that I might bestow it, as he was pleased to say, upon the man whom one day I should be most inclined to sayour.

To the same gentleman I also bequeath my rose diamond ring, which was a present from his good father to me; and will be the more valuable to him on that account.

I humbly request Mrs. Annabella Howe, the mother of my dear Miss Howe, to accept of my respectful thanks for all her favours and goodness to me, when I was so frequently a visiter to her beloved daughter; and of a ring of twenty-five

guineas price.

My picture at whole length, which is in my late grandfather's closet, (excepted in an article above from the family pictures) drawn when I was near fourteen years of age; about which time my dear Miss Howe and I began to know, to distinguish, and to love one another—— so dearly—— I cannot express how dearly—— I bequeath to that sister of my heart: of whose friendship, as well in adversity as prosperity, when I was deprived of all other comfort and comforters, I have had such instances, as that our Love can only be exceeded in that State of Perfection, in which I hope to rejoice with her hereaster, to all Eternity.

I bequeath also to the same dear friend my best diamond ring, which is in the private drawer of my escritoire, with other jewels. As also all my finished and framed pieces of needlework; the flower-piece excepted, which I have already be-

queathed to my coufin Morden.

These pieces have all been taken down, as I have heard (a);

and my relations will have no heart to put them up again: but if my good mother chooses to keep back any one piece (the above capital piece, as it is called, excepted) not knowing but some time hence she may bear the fight of it; I except that also from this general bequest; and direct it to be presented to her.

My whole-length picture in the Vandyke taste (b), that used to hang in my own parlour, as I was permitted to call it, I bequeath to my aunt Hervey, except my mother shall think sit

to keep it herself.

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I bequeath to the worthy Charles Hickman, Efq; the locket with the minature picture, which I have constantly worn, and shall continue to wear near my heart till the approach of my last hour (c), of the lady whom he best loves. It must be the most acceptable present that can be made him, next to the band of the dear original. And O my dear Miss Howe, let it not be long before you permit his claim to the latter--- for indeed you know not the value of a virtuous mind in that Sex; and how preserable such a mind is to one distinguished by the more dazling slights of unruly wit; altho' the latter were to be joined by that specious outward appearance which is too-too often permitted to attract the hasty eye, and susceptible heart.

I make it my earnest request to my dear Miss Howe, that the will not put herself into mourning for me. But I desire her acceptance of a ring with my hair; and that Mr. Hickman will also accept of the like; each of the value of fifteen guineas.

I bequeath to Lady Betty Lawrance, and to her fifter Lady Sarah Sadleir, and to the right honourable Lord M. and to their worthy nieces Miss Charlotte and Miss Martha Montague, each an enamelled ring, with a cypher Cl. H. with my hair in crystal, and round the inside of each, the day, month, and year of my death: Each ring, with brilliants, to cost twenty guineas. And this as a small token of the grateful sense I have of the honour of their good opinions and kind wishes in my favour; and of their truly noble offer to me of a very considerable annual provision, when they apprehended me to be intirely destitute of any.

To the reverend and learned doctor Arthur Lewen, by whose instructions I have been equally delighted and benefited, I bequeath twenty guineas for a Ring. If it should please God to call him to Himself, before he can receive this small bequest, it is my will, that his worthy daughter may have the benefit of it.

In token of the grateful fense I have of the civilities paid me by Mrs. and Miss Howe's domestics, from time to time in my visits there, I bequeath thirty guineas to be divided among them, as their dear young mistress shall think proper.

To

⁽b) Vol. III. p. 259. (c) See p. 210. of this Volume.

To each of my worthy companions and friends Mifs Biddy Lloyd, Miss Fanny Alston, Miss Rachel Biddulph, and Miss Cartwright Campbell, I bequeath five guineas for a ring.

To my late maid-servant Hannah Burton, an honest, faithful creature, who loved me, reverenced my mother, and respected my fifter, and never sought to do any thing unbecoming of her character, I bequeath the fum of fifty pounds, to be paid within one month after my decease, she labouring under ill health: And if that ill health continue, I commend her for farther affiftance to my good Mrs. Norton, to be put upon my Poor's fund, hereafter to be mentioned.

To the Coachman, Groom, and Two Footmen, and Five Maids at Harlowe-place, I bequeath ten pounds each; To the

Helper five pounds.

tartel to beign has efected worker To my Sister's maid Betty Barnes, I bequeath ten pounds, to shew that I resent not former disobligations; which I believe were owing more to the infolence of office, and to natural pertness, than to personal ill-will, of we asserted a find to make

All my wearing apparel, of whatever fort, that I have not been obliged to part with, or which is not already bequeathed, (my linen excepted) I defire Mrs. Norton will accept of.

The trunks and boxes in which my cloaths are fealed up, I defire may not be opened, but in presence of Mrs. Norton for

of fome one deputed by her) and of Mrs. Lovick.

To the worthy Mrs. Lovick abovementioned, from whom I have received great civilities, and even maternal kindnesses; and to Mrs. Smith (with whom I lodge) from whom also I have received great kindnesses; I bequeath all my linen, and all my unfold laces; to be divided equally between them, as they shall agree; or, in case of disagreement, the same to be fold. and the money arising to be equally shared by them.

And I bequeath to the fame two good women, as a further token of my thankful acknowlegements of their kind love and compassionate concern for me, the sum of twe ty guineas each.

To Mr. Smith, the husband of Mrs. Smith above-named, I bequeath the fum of ten guineas, in acknowlegement of his civilities to me. a sat and books and lot manages and all

To Sarah, the honest maid-fervant of Mrs. Smith, to whom (having no fervant of my own) I have been troublefome, I bequeath five guineas; and ten guineas more, in lieu of a fuit of my wearing-apparel, which once, with fome linen, I thought of leaving to her. With this the may purchase what may be more suitable to her liking and degree. A How as the

To the honest and careful widow Ann Shelburne, my nurse. over and above her wages, and the little customary perquifites

that

that may belong to her, I bequeath the fum of ten guineas. Hers is a careful, and (to perfons of fuch humanity and tenderness) a melancholy employment, attended in the latter part of life with great watching and fatigue, which is hardly ever enough confidered.

The few books I have at my present lodgings, I desire Mrs. Lovick to accept of; and that she be permitted, if she please, to take a copy of my book of meditations, as I used to call it; being extracts from the best of books; which she seemed to approve of, although suited particularly to my own case. As for the book itself, perhaps my good Mrs. Norton will be glad

to have it, as it is written all with my own hand.

1

In the middle drawer of my escritoire at Harlowe-place, are many letters and copies of letters, put up according to their dates, which I have written or received in a course of years (ever fince I learned to write) from and to my grandfather, my father and mother, my uncles, my brother and fifter, on occafional little absences; my late uncle Morden, my cousin Morden; Mrs. Norton, and Miss Howe, and other of my companions and friends before my confinement at my Father's: as also from the three reverend gentlemen, Dr. Blome, Mr. Arnold, and Mr. Tompkins, now with God; and the very reverend Dr. Lewen, on serious subjects. As these letters exhibit a correspondence that no young person of my fex need to be ashamed of, allowing for the time of life when mine were written; and as many excellent things are contained in those written to me; and as Miss Howe, to whom most of them have been communicated, wished formerly to have them, if the furvived me: for these reasons, I bequeath them to my faid dear friend Miss Anna Howe; and the rather, as she had for fome years past a very considerable share in the correfpondence.

I do hereby make, constitute and ordain, John Belford, of Edgworth in the county of Middlefex, Esq; the sole Executor of this my Last Will and Testament; having previously obtained his leave so to do. I have given the reasons which induced me to ask this gentleman to take upon him this trouble, to Miss

Howe. I therefore refer to her on this fubject.

But I do most earnestly beg of him the said Mr. Belford, that, in the execution of this trust, he will (as he has repeatedly promised) studiously endeavour to promote peace with, and suppress resentments in every one; so as that all farther mischiefs may be prevented, as well from as to his friend. And in order to this, I beseech him to cultivate the friendship of my worthy cousin Morden; who, as I presume to hope (when he understands

understands it to be my dying request) will give him his advice and affistance in every article where it may be necessary; and who will perhaps be so good as to interpose with my relations, if any difficulty should arise about carrying any of the articles of this my Last Will into execution, and to soften them in o the wished-for condescension:—— For it is my earnest request to Mr. Belsord, that he will not seek by Law, or by any fort of violence, either by word or deed, to extort the performance from them. If there be any articles of a merely domestic nature, that my relations shall think unsit to be carried into execution; such articles I leave intirely to my said cousin Morden and Mr. Belsord to vary, or totally dispense with, as they shall agree upon the matter; or, if they two differ in opinion, they will be pleased to be determined by a third person, to be chosen by them both.

Having been pressed by Miss Howe and her mother, to collect the particulars of my fad flory, and given expectation that I would, in order to do my character justice with all my friends and companions: but not having time before me for the painful task, it has been a pleasure to me to find, by extracts kindly communicated to me by my faid Executor, that I may fafely trust my fame to the justice done me by Mr. Lovelace, in his letters to him my faid Executor. And as Mr. Belford has engaged to contribute what is in his power towards a compilement to be made of all that relates to my story, and knows my whole mind in this respect; it is my defire, that he will cause two copies to be made of this collection; one to remain with Miss Howe, the other with himself; and that he will shew or lend his copy, if required, to my aunt Hervey, for the fatisfaction of any of my family; but under fuch restrictions as the said Mr. Belford shall think fit to impose; that neither any other person's fafety may be endangered, nor his own honour fuffer, by the communication.

I bequeath to my faid Executor, the sum of one hundred guineas, as a grateful tho' insufficient acknowlegement of the trouble he will be at in the execution of the trust he has so kindly undertaken. I desire him likewise to accept of twenty guineas for a ring. And that he will reimburse himself for all the charges and expences which he shall be at in the execution of this trust.

In the worthy Dr. H. I have found a physician, a father and a friend. I beg of him, as a testimony of my gratitude, to accept of twenty guineas for a ring.

I have the same obligations to the kind and skilful Mr. Coddard, who attended me as my apothecary. His very moderate bill I have discharged down to yesterday. I have always thought it incumbent upon testators to shorten all they can the trouble of their executors. I know I under-rate the value of Mr. Goddard's attendances, when over and above what may accrue from yesterday, to the hour that will finish all, I desire fifteen guineas for a ring may be presented to him.

To the reverend Mr. ---- who frequently attended me and prayed by me in my last stages, I also bequeath fifteen guineas

for a ring.

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There are a fet of honest indigent people, whom I used to call my poor, and to whom Mrs. Norton conveys relief each month, or at shorter periods, in proportion to their necessities, from a sum I deposited in her hands, and from time to time recruited, as means accrued to me; but now nearly, if not wholly expended: Now, that my fault may be as little aggravated as possible by the sufferings of the worthy people whom Heaven gave me a heart to relieve; and as the produce of my Grandfather's estate (including the moiety of the sums he had by him, and was pleased to give me at his death, as above-mentioned) together with what I shall further appropriate to the same use in the subsequent articles, will, as I hope, more than answer all my legacies and bequests; it is my will and defire, that the remainder, be it little or much, shall become a fund to be appropriated, and I hereby direct, that it be appropriated, to the like purposes with the sums which I put into Mrs. Norton's hands, as aforesaid---- And this under the direction and management of the faid Mrs. Norton, who knows my whole mind in this particular. And in case of her death, or of her desire to be acquitted of the management thereof; it is my earnest request to my dear Miss Howe, that she will take it upon herself: and at her own death, that she will transfer what shall remain undisposed of at the time, to such persons, and with such limitations, restrictions and provisoes, as she shall think will best anfwer my intention. For, as to the management and distribution of all or any part of it, while in Mrs. Norton's hands or her own, I will, that it be intirely discretional, and without account, either to my Executor or any other person.

Altho' Mrs. Norton, as I have hinted, knows my whole mind in this respect; yet it may be proper to mention, in this last solemn Act, that my intention is, that this fund be intirely set apart and appropriated to relieve temporarily, from the interest thereof (as I dare say it will be put out to the best advantage) or even from the principal, if need be, the honest, industrious, labouring poor only; when sickness, lameness, unforeseen losses, or other accidents disable them from sollowing their lawful callings; or to affist such honest people of large

families

families as shall have a child of good inclinations to put out to

fervice, trade or husbandry.

It has always been a rule with me in my little donations, to endeavour to aid and fet forward the fober and industrious poor. Small helps, if feafonably afforded, will do for such; and fo the fund may be of more extensive benefit: an ocean of wealth will not be sufficient for the idle and dissolute: whom, therefore, since they will be always in want, it will be no charity to relieve, if worthier creatures shall by that means be deprived of such affistance as may set the wheels of their industry going, and put them in a sphere of useful action.

But it is my express will and direction, that let this fund come out to be ever so considerable, it shall be applied only in support of the temporary exigencies of the persons I have described; and that no one family or person receive from it, at one time, or in one year, more than the sum of twenty pounds.

It is my will and defire, that the fet of jewels which was my grandmother's, and prefented to me foon after her death by my grandfather, be valued; and the worth of them paid to my Executor, if any of my family choose to have them; or otherwise, that they be fold, and go to the augmentation of my poor's fund.—— But if they may be deemed an equivalent for the sums my father was pleased to advance to me since the death of my grandfather, I desire, that they may be given up to him,

I prefume, that the diamond necklace, folitaire, and buckles, which were properly my own, prefented by my mother's uncle Sir Josias Brookland, will not be purchased by any one of my family, for a too obvious reason: in this case I desire, that they may be sent to my Executor; and that he will dispose of them to the best advantage; and apply the money to the uses of my will.

In the beginning of this tedious writing, I referred to the latter part of it, the naming of the subject of the discourse which I wished might be delivered at my suneral, if permitted to be interred with my ancestors: I think the following will be suitable to my case. I hope the alteration of the words ber and b, for bim and ber may be allowable.

"Let not ber that is deceived trust in vanity; for vanity hall be ber recompence. She shall be accomplished

" before ber time; and ber branch shall not be green.

" She shall shake off her unripe grape as the vine, and shall cast off her slower as the blighted olive (a)."

⁽a) Job xv. 31, 32, 33.

But if I am to be interred in town, let only the usual Burialfervice be read over my corpse.

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If my body be permitted to be carried down, I bequeath ten pounds to be given to the poor of the parish, at the discretion of the church-wardens, within a fortnight after my interrment.

If any necessary matter be omitted in this my Will; or if any thing appear doubtful or contradictory, as possibly may be the case; fince, besides my inexperience in these matters, I am now at this time very weak and ill; having put off the finishing hand a little too long, in hopes of obtaining the last forgiveness of my honoured friends; in which case I should have acknowleged the favour with a fuitable warmth of duty, and filled up fome blanks which I left to the very last (a), in a more agreeable manner to myself, than now I have been enabled to do---in case of such omissions and impersections, I defire that my cousin Morden will be so good as to join with Mr. Belford in confidering them, and in comparing them with what I have more explicitly written; and if, after that, any doubt remain. that they will be pleafed to apply to Miss Howe, who knows my whole heart: And I defire that their construction may be established: And I hereby establish it, provided it be unanimous, and direct it to be put in force, as if I had fo written and determined myfelf.

And Now, O my bleffed REBEEMER, do I, with a lively faith, humbly lay hold of Thy meritorious Death and Sufferings; hoping to be washed clean in Thy precious Blood from all my sins: In the bare hope of the happy confequences of which, how light do those sufferings seem (grievous as they were at the time) which I considently trust will be a means, by Thy Grace, to work out for me a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!

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borreter I gaining auch Clarifea Harlowe.

Signed, fealed, published, and declared, the day and year above-written, by the faid Clariffa Harlowe, as her LaftWill and Testament; contained in seven sheets of paper, all written with her own hand, and every sheet signed and sealed by herself, in the presence of Us,

John Williams, 117 Bonne month of and Hall Arthur Bedall, 117 Bed bling parties we stoke the Elizabeth Swanton.

(a) p. 133, of this Volume.

LETTER [LXXXVII.]

Colonel MORDEN, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Sat. Sept. 16.

Have been employed in a most melancholy task. In

reading the Will of the dear deceased.

The unhappy Mother and Mrs. Norton chose to be abfent on the affecting occasion. But Mrs. Harlowe made it her earnest request, that every article of it should be fulfilled.

They were all extremely touched with the preamble.

The first words of the Will—'I Clarissa Harlowe, now

by strange melancholy accidents, lodging, &c. drew

tears from fome, fighs from all.

The directions for her funeral, in case she were or were not permitted to be carried down; the mention of her orders having been given for the manner of her being laid out, and the presence of mind so visible throughout the whole, obtained their admiration, expressed by hands and eyes listed up, and by falling tears.

When I read the direction, 'That her body was not to be viewed, except any of her relations should vouchfase for the last time to look upon her;' they turned away, and turned to me, three or four times alternately. Mrs. Hervey and Miss Arabella sobbed; the Uncles wiped their eyes; the Brother looked down; the Father wrung his

hands.

I was obliged to stop at the words, ' That she was

· No-body's.

But when I came to the address to be made to the accursed man, 'if he were not to be diverted from seeing 'ber dead, whom once before he had seen in a manner 'dead' — execration, and either vows or wishes of revenge, filled every mouth.

These were still more fervently renewed, when the

came to hear read her forgiveness of even this man.

You remember, Sir, on our first reading of the Will in town, the observations I made on the foul play which it is evident the excellent creature met with from this abandoned man, and what I said upon the occasion. I am not used to repeat things of that nature.

The

The dear creature's noble contempt of the Nothing, as she as nobly calls it, about which she had been giving such particular directions, to wit, her Body; and her apologizing for the particularity of those directions from the circumstances she was in—had the same, and as strong an effect upon me, as when I first read the animated paragraph; and, pointed by my eye (by turns cast upon them all) affected them all.

When the article was read which bequeathed to the father the grandfather's estate, and the reason assigned for it (so generous and so dutiful) the father could sit no longer, but withdrew, wiping his eyes, and lifting up his hands at Mr. James Harlowe; who arose to attend him to the door, as Arabella likewise did—All he could say—O Son!—O Girl! Girl!—as if he reproached them for the parts they had acted, and put him upon acting.

But yet, on some occasions, this Brother and Sister shew-

ed themselves to be true Will-disputants.

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Let tongue and eyes express what they will, Mr. Belford, the reading of a Will, where a person dies worth anything considerable, generally affords a true test of love to the deceased.

The cloaths, the thirty guineas for mourning to Mrs. Norton, with the recommendation of the good woman for housekeeper at The Grove, were thought sufficient, had he article of 600 l. which was called monstrous, been mitted. Some other passages in the Will were called lights, and such subimfies as distinguish people of imagination from those of judgment.

My coufin Dolly Hervey was grudged the Library. Miss larlowe said, That as she and her sister never bought the me books, she would take that to herself, and would ake it up to her cousin Dolly one way or other.

I intend, Mr. Belford, to fave you the trouble of inter-

fing—The Library shall be my coufin Dolly's.

Mrs. Hervey could hardly keep her feat. On this ocfion, however, she only said, That her late dear and ever ar niece, was too good to her and hers. But, at another te, she declared, with tears, that she could not forgive sfelf for a letter she wrote (a) (looking at Miss Arabella,

⁽a) See Vol. III. p. 248.

whom, it feems, unknown to any-body, she had consulted before she wrote it) and which, she said, must have wounded a spirit, that now, she saw, had been too deeply wounded before.

O my aunt, faid Arabella, no more of that!— Who would have thought that the dear creature had been fuch

a penitent?

Mr. John and Mr. Antony Harlowe were so much affected with the articles in their favour (bequeathed to them without a word or hint of reproach or recrimination) that they broke out into self accusations; and lamented, that their sweet niece, as they called her, was now got above all grateful acknowlegement and returns.

Indeed, the mutual upbraidings and grief of all present, upon those articles in which every one was remembered for good, so often interrupted me, that the reading took up above six hours. But curses upon the accursed man were a refuge to which they often resorted, to exonerate

themselves.

How wounding a thing, Mr. Belford, is a generous and well-distinguished forgiveness! What Revenge can be more effectual and more noble, were Revenge intended, and were it wished to strike remorse into a guilty or ingrateful heart! But my dear cousin's motives were all Duty and Love. She seems indeed to have been, as much as mortal could be, Love itself. Love sublimed by a purity, by a true delicacy, that hardly any woman before her could boast of. O Mr. Belford, what an Example would she have given in every station of life (as Wife, Mother, Mistress, Friend, had her lot sallen upon a man blessed with a mind like her own!

The 600 l. bequeathed to Mrs. Norton, the Library to Miss Hervey, and the Remembrances to Miss Howe, were not the only articles grudged. Yet to what purpose did they regret the pecuniary bequests, when the Poors sund, and not themselves, would have had the benefit, had not

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those legacies been bequeathed?

But enough passed to convince me, that my cousin was absolutely right in her choice of an Executor out of the family. Had she chosen one in it, I dare say, that her Will would have been no more regarded than if it had been

the Will of a dead King; than that of Louis XIV. in particular,; fo flagrantly broken thro' by his nephew the Duke of Orleans before he was cold. The only will of that Monarch perhaps which was ever disputed.

But little does Mr. James Harlowe think, that while he is grasping at hundreds, he will most probably lose thoufands, if he be my furvivor. A man of a spirit so selfish

and narrow, shall not be my heir.

You will better conceive, Mr. Belford, than I can express, how much they were touched at the hint, that the dear creature had been obliged to part with some of her cloaths.

Silent reproach seized every one of them, when I came to the passage where she mentions, that she deferred filling up some blanks, in hopes of receiving their last blessing

and forgiveness.

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I will only add, that they could not bear to hear read the concluding part, so solemnly addressed to her Redeemer. They all arose from their seats, and crouded out of the apartment we were in. And then, as I afterwards found, separated, in order to seek that consolation in solitary retirement, which, tho' they could not hope for from their own reflections, yet, at the time, they had less reafon to expect in each other's company. I am, SIR,

Your faithful and obedient Servant, WM. MORDEN.

LETTER LXXXV.

Mr. BELFORD, To the Right Honourable Lord M.

London, Sept. 14. My Lord, AM very apprehensive, that the assair between Mr. Lovelace and the late excellent Miss Clarissa Harlowe will be attended with further bad consequences, notwithstanding her dying injunctions to the contrary. I would therefore humbly propose, that your Lordship and his other relations will forward the purpose your kinsman lately had to go abroad; where I hope he will flay till all is blown over. But as he will not stir, if he know the true motives of your wishes, the avowed inducement, as I hinted once to Mr. Mowbray, may be fuch as respects his own health both of person and mind. To Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville all countries are alike; and they perhaps will accompany him.

I am glad to hear that he is in a way of recovery: But this the rather induces me to press the matter. And I

think no time should be lost.

Your Lordship has heard, that I have the honour to be the Executor of this admirable lady's last Will. I transcribe from it the following paragraph.

He then transcribes the article which so gratefully mentions this Nobleman, and the Ladies of his family, in relation to the rings she bequeaths them, about which he desires their commands.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Miss Montague, To John Belford, Esq; Sir, M. Hall, Friday, Sept. 15.

MY Lord having the gout in his right-hand, his Lordfhip, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, have commanded me to inform you, that before your letter came Mr. Lovelace was preparing for a foreign tour. We shall endeavour to hasten him away on the motives you sug-

geft.

We are all extremely affected with the dear lady's death. Lady Betty and Lady Sarah have been indisposed ever fince they heard of it. They had pleased themselves, as had my fifter and felf, with the hopes of cultivating her acquaintance and friendship after he was gone abroad, upon her own terms. Her kind remembrance of each of us has renewed, tho' it could not heighten, our regrets for so irreparable a loss. We shall order Mr. Finch, our goldsmith, to wait on you. He has our directions about the rings. They will be long, long worn in memory of the dear testatrix.

Every-body is affured, that you will do all in your power to prevent farther ill consequences from this melancholy affair. My Lord desires his compliments to you. I am, Sir,

Your kumble Servant,

CH. MONTAGUE.

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This collection having run into a much greater length than was wished, it is thought proper to omit several Letters that passed between Colonel Morden, Miss Howe, Mr. Belford, and Mr. Hickman, in relation to the execution of the Lady's Will, &c.

It is however necessary to observe on this subject, That the unhappy mother, being supported by the two uncles, influenced the afflicted father to over-rule all his fon's objections, and to direct a literal observation of the Will; and at the same time to give up all the sums which he was impowered by it to reimburse himself; as also to take

upon himself to defray the funeral expences.

Mr. Belford fo much obliged Miss Howe by his steadiness, equity, and dispatch, and by his readiness to contribute to the directed collection, that she voluntarily entered into a correspondence with him, as the representative of her beloved friend. In the course of which, he communicated to her (in confidence) the Letters which passed between him and Mr. Lovelace, and, by Colonel Morden's confent, those which passed between that gentleman and himself.

He fent with the first parcel of letters which he had transcribed out of short-hand for Miss Howe, a letter to Mr. Hickman, dated the 16th of September; in which

he expresses himself as follows:

' But I ought, Sir, in this parcel to have kept out one letter. It is that which relates to the interview between 'yourfelf and Mr. Lovelace, at Mr. Dormer's (a). In which Mr. Lovelace treats you with an air of levity, which neither your person, your character, nor your com-" mission, deserved; but which was his usual way of treating every one whose business he was not pleased with. hope, Sir, you have too much greatness of mind, to be disturbed at this letter, should Miss Howe communicate it to you; and the rather, as it is impossible that you ' should suffer with her on that account.' He then excuses Mr. Lovelace, as a good-natured man, with all his faults; and gives instances of his still greater freedoms with himself.

To this Mr. Hickman answers, in his letter of the 18th. ' As to Mr. Lovelace's treatment of me in the letter you are pleased to mention, I shall not be concerned at it, whatever

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⁽a) See Vol. VI. Letter liu.

whatever it be. I went to him prepared to expect odd behaviour from him; and was not disappointed. I argue to myself, in all such cases as this, as Miss Howe, from her ever-dear friend, argues, That if the reflections thrown upon me are just, I ought not only to forgive them, but to endeavour to profit by them: If unjust, that I ought to despise them, and the reflecter too; since it would be inexcusable to strengthen by anger an enemy whose malice might be disarmed by contempt. And, moreover, I should be almost forry to find myself spoken well of by a man who could treat as he treated a lady who was an orna-

ment to her fex, and to human nature.

'I thank you, however, Sir, adds he, for your confideration for me in this particular; and for your whole

letter, which gives me fo defirable an inftance of that
 friendship which you honoured me with the affurances

of, when I was last in town; and which I as cordially

embrace, as wish to cultivate.'

Miss Howe, in hers of the 20th, acknowleging the receipt of the letters, and papers, and legacies, sent with Mr. Belford's letter to Mr. Hickman, assures him, 'That' no use shall be made of his communications, but what he

fhall approve of.'

He had mentioned with compassion the distresses of the Harlowe family— 'Persons of a pitiful nature, says she, may pity them. I am not one of those. You, I think,

pity the infernal man likewise; while I from my heart

grudge him his phrenfy, because it deprives him of that remorfe, which, I hope, on his recovery, will never leave

him. At times, Sir, let me tell you, that I hate your

whole Sex for his fake; even men of unblameable characters; whom at those times I cannot but look upon as

· persons I have not yet found out.

'If my dear creature's personal jewels, proceeds she, be sent up to you for sale, I desire that I may be the purchaser of them, at the highest price — Of the necklace

and folitaire particularly.
O what tears did the perusal of my beloved's Will cost

me!—But I must not touch upon the heart-piercing subject. I can neither take it up, nor quit it, but with execration of the villain whom all the world must execrate.'

Mr.

Mr. Belford, in his answer, promises, that she shall be the purchaser of the jewels, if they come into his hands.

He acquaints her, that the family had given Col. Morden the keys of all that belonged to the dear departed: That the unhappy mother had (as the Will allows) ordered a piece of needlework to be fet aside for her, and had defired Mrs. Norton to get the little book of Meditations transcribed, and to let her have the original, as it was all of her dear daughter's hand-writing; and as it might, when she could bear to look into it, administer consolation to herself. And that she had likewise reserved for herself her picture in the Vandyke taste.

Mr. Belford sends with this letter to Miss Howe the lady's memorandum-book; and promises to send her copies of the several posthumous letters. He tells her, that Mr. Lovelace being upon the recovery, he had inclosed the posthumous letter directed for him to Lord M. that his Lordship might give it to him, or not, as he should find he could bear it. The following is a copy of that Letter.

To Mr. LOVELACE.

Thursday, Aug. 24.

Told you, in the letter I wrote to you on Tuesday last (a), that you should have another sent you when I had got to my Father's house.

I presume to say, that I am now, at your receiving of This, arrived there; and I invite you to follow me, as soon as you can be prepared for so great a journey.

Not to allegorize further — My fate is now, at your perusal of this, accomplished. My doom is unalterably fixed: And I am either a miserable, or a happy being to all Eternity. If bappy, I owe it solely to the Divine mer-

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(a) See p. 17. of this Volume.

The Reader may observe, by the date of this letter, that it was written within two days of the allegorical one, to which it refers; and while the lady was labouring under the increased illness occasioned by the burries and terrors which Mr. Lowelace had put her into, to avoid the wisit he was so earnest to make her at Smith's---So early written, perhaps, that she might not be surprised by death into a seeming breach of her word.

High as her Christian spirit soars in this letter, the reader has seen, in Letter xlviii. and in other places, that that exalted spirit carried her to

fill more divine elevations, as she drew nearer to ber end,

cy: If miserable, to your undeserved cruelty .- And confider now, for your own fake, gay, cruel, fluttering, unhappy man! consider, whether the barbarous and persidious treatment I have met with from you, was worthy of the hazard of your immortal foul; fince your wicked views were not to be effected but by the wilful breach of the most folemn vows that ever were made by man; and those aided by a violence and baseness unworthy of a human creature.

In time then, once more, I wish you to consider your ways. Your golden dream cannot long laft. Your prefent courfe can yield you pleasure no longer than you can keep off thought or reflection. A hardened infensibility is the only foundation on which your inward tranquillity is built. When once a dangerous fickness seizes you; when once effectual remorfe breaks in upon you; how dreadful will be your condition! How poor a triumph will you then find it, to have been able, by a feries of black perjuries, and studied baseness, under the name of Gallantry or Intrigue, to betray poor unexperienced young creatures, who perhaps knew nothing but their duty till they knew you!-Not one good action in the hour of languishing to recollect, not one worthy intention to revolve, it will be all conscience and horror; and you will wish to have it in your power to compound for annihilation.

Reflect, Sir, that I can have no other motive in what I write, than your good, and the fafety of other innocent creatures, who may be drawn in by your wicked arts and perjuries. You have not, in my wishes for your future welfare, the wifnes of a suppliant wife, endeavouring for her own fake, as well as for yours, to induce you to reform those ways. They are wholly disinterested, as undeserved. But I should mistrust my own penitence, were I capable of wishing to recompense evil for evil - if, black as your offences have been against me, I could not forgive, as I

with to be forgiven.

I repeat, therefore, that I do forgive you. And may the Almighty forgive you too! Nor have I, at the writing of this, any other effential regrets than what are occasioned by the grief I have given to parents, who till I knew you were the most indulgent of parents; by the scandal given to the other branches

branches of my family; by the difreputation brought upon my Sex; and by the offence given to Virtue in my fall.

As to myfelf, you have only robbed me of what once were my favourite expectations in the transient life I shall have guitted when you receive This. You have only been the cause that I have been cut off in the bloom of youth. and of curtailing a life, that might have been agreeable to myself, or otherwise, as had suited the designs and ends of Providence. I have reason to be thankful, for being taken away from the evil of supporting my part of a yoke, with a man fo unhappy I will only fay, that, in all prcbability, every hour I had lived with him might have brought with it some new trouble. And I am (indeed through sharp afflictions and distresses) indebted to you. secondarily, as I humbly presume to hope, for so many years of glory, as might have proved years of danger, temptation, and anguish, had they been added to my mortal life.

So, Sir, tho' no thanks to your intention, you have done me real fervice; and in return, I wish you happy. But such has been your life hitherto, that you can have no time to lose, in setting about your repentance. Repentance to such as have lived only carelesly, and in the omission of their regular duties, and who never aimed to draw any poor creatures into evil, is not so easy a task, nor so much in our own power, as some imagine. How difficult a grace then to be obtained, where the guilt is premeditated, wilful, and complicated!

To fay I once respected you with a preference, is what I ought to blush to own, since at the very time, I was far from thinking you even a moral man; tho' I little thought that you, or indeed that any man breathing, could be what you have proved yourself to be. But, indeed, Sir, I have long been greatly above you: For, from my heart I have despised you, and all your ways, ever since I saw what

manner of man you were.

Nor is it to be wondered, that I should be able so to do, when that preference was not grounded on ignoble motives. For I was weak enough, and presumptuous enough, to hope to be a means in the hand of Providence to reclaim a man, whom I thought worthy of the attempt.

P 4

Nor have I yet, as you will fee by the pains I take, on this folemn occasion, to awaken you out of your sensual

dream, given over all hopes of this nature.

Hear me therefore, O Lovelace! as one speaking from the dead—Lose no time— Set about your repentance instantly—Be no longer the instrument of Satan, to draw poor souls into those subtile snares, which at last shall intangle your own feet. Seek not to multiply your offences, till they become beyond the power, as I may say, of the Divine Mercy to forgive; since justice, no less than mercy, is an attribute of the Almighty.

Tremble and reform, when you read what is the portion

of the wicked man from God. Thus it is written: ' The triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment. He is cast into a net by his own feet-He walketh upon a snare. Terrors fhall make him afraid on every fide, and shall drive him to his feet. His strength shall be hunger bitten, and destruction shall be ready at his fide. The first-born of death shall devour his strength. His remembrance shall perish from the earth; and he shall have no name in the streets. He shall be chased out of the world. He fhall neither have fon nor nephew among his people. ' They that have feen him, shall say, Where is he? He fhall fly away as a dream: He shall be chased away as a vision of the night. His meat is the gall of asps within him. He shall flee from the iron weapon, and the bow of steel shall strike him thro'. A fire not blown shall consume him. The heaven shall reveal his iniquity, and the earth shall rise up against him. The worm shall feed sweetly on him. He shall be no more remembered.—This is the fate of him that knoweth not God.'-

Whenever you shall be inclined to consult the Sacred Oracles, from whence the above threatenings are extracted, you will find doctrines and texts, which a truly penitent and contrite heart may lay hold of for its consolation.

May yours, Mr. Lovelace, become such! And may you be enabled to escape the fate denounced against the abandoned man, and be intitled to the mercies of a longsuffering and gracious God, is the sincere prayer of

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

M. Hall, Thursday, Sept. 14.

EVER fince the fatal seventh of this month, I have been lost to myself, and to all the joys of life. I might have gone farther back than that fatal feventh; which, for the future, I will never see anniversarily revolve but in fables; only till that curfed day I had fome gleams of hope now and then darting in upon me.

They tell me of an odd letter I wrote to you (a). I remember I did write. But very little of the contents of

what I wrote do I remember.

I have been in a curfed way. Methinks fomething has been working strangely retributive. I never was such a fool as to disbelieve a Providence: Yet am I not for refolving into judgments every-thing that temporarily chances to wear an avenging face. Yet if we must be punished either here or hereafter for our misdeeds, better here, fay I, than hereafter. Have I not then an interest to think my punishment already not only begun, but completed; fince what I have suffered, and do suffer, passes all description?

To give but one instance of the retributive—Here I, who was the barbarous cause of the loss of senses for a week together to the most inimitable of women, have been punished with the loss of my own — Preparative to -Who knows what?-When, O when, shall I know a

joyful hour?

I am kept excessively low; and excessively low I am. This fweet creature's posthumous letter sticks close to All her excellencies rife up hourly to my remembrance.

Yet dare I not to indulge in these melancholy reflections. I find my head strangely working again?—Pen, begone!

Friday, Sept. 15. I RESUME, in a sprightly vein, I hope-Mowbray and Tourville have just now -

But what of Mowbray and Tourville !- What's the world?—What's any-body in it?—

Yet

(a) See bis delirious letter, p. 251.

Yet are they highly exasperated against thee, for the last letter thou wrotest to them (a)—Such an unfriendly, such a merciless—

But it won't do!—I must again lay down my pen—O Belford, Belford! I am still, I am still, most miserably abfent from myself! Shall never, never, more be what I was!

SATURDAY, Sunday, Nothing done. Incapable of anything.

HEAVY, damnably heavy, and fick at foul, by Jupiter!
—I must come into their expedient. I must see what

Monday, Sept. 18.

change of climate will do.

You tell these fellows, and you tell me, of repenting and reforming—But I can do neither. He who can, must not have the extinction of a Clarissa Harlowe to answer for.—Harlowe!—Curse upon the name!—And curse upon myself for not changing it, as I might have done!—Yet have I no need of urging a curse upon myself—I have it essectually.

'To fay I once respected you with a preference (b)'— In what stiff language does maidenly modesty on these nice occasions express itself!——To fay I once loved you, is the English; and there is truth and ease in the expression. ——'To fay I once loved you,' then let it be; 'is what I

ought to blush to own."

And dost thou own it?—Excellent creature! and dost thou then own it?—What music in these words from such an angel!—What would I give that she were in being, and could and would own that she loved me?

But indeed, Sir, I have long been greatly above you.

Long, my bleffed charmer !---Long indeed --- For you have been ever greatly above me, and above your fex, and above all the world.

'That preference was not grounded on ignoble mo-

What a wretch was I, to be so distinguished by her, and yet to be so unworthy of her hope to reclaim me!

Then, how generous her motives! Not for her own fake merely, not altogether for mine, did she hope to reclaim

(a) This letter appears not. (b) See p. 319.

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claim me; but equally for the fake of innocents who

might otherwise be ruined by me.

And now, why did she write this letter, and why direct it to be given me when an event the most deplorable had taken place, but for my good, and with a view to the safety of innocents she knew not? --- And when was this letter written? Was it not at the time, at the very time, that I had been pursuing her, as I may say, from place to place; when her soul was bowed down by calamity and persecution; and herself was denied all forgiveness from relations the most implacable?

Exalted creature! --- And couldst thou at fuch a time, and so early, and in such circumstances, have so far subdued thy own just resentments, as to wish happiness to the principal author of all thy distresses? Wish happiness to him who had robbed thee 'of all thy favourite expectations in this life?' To him who had been the cause 'that thou

'wert cut off in the bloom of youth?'

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Heavenly aspirer! — What a frame must thou be in, to be able to use the word ONLY, in mentioning these important deprivations!—And as this was before thou puttedst off mortality, may I not presume, that thou now,

Not derogating from thy perfect bliss,
Surveyst all beaven around, and wishest for me?

Consider my ways'—Dear life of my life! Of what avail is consideration now, when I have lost the dear creature, for whose sake alone it was worth while to bave consideration?—Lost her beyond retrieve—Swallowed up by the greedy grave—For ever lost her—That, that's the sting.—Matchless woman!—How does this reslection wound me!

'Your golden dream cannot long last.'—Divine prophetes! my golden dream is already over. 'Thought' and reslection are no longer to be kept off.'—No longer continues that 'hardened insensibility' thou chargest upon me.—'Remorse has broken in upon me.'—'Dreadful is my condition!'—'It is all conscience and horror with me!—A thousand vulturs in turn are preying upon my heart!

But no more of these fruitless resections---Since I am incapable of writing any-thing else; since my pen will

flide into this gloomy subject, whether I will or not; I will once more quit it; nor will I again resume it, till I

can be more its master, and my own.

All I took pen to write for, is however unwritten. It was, in few words, to wish you to proceed with your communications, as usual. And why should you not?---Since, in her ever-to-be-lamented death, I know everything shocking and grievous.---Acquaint me, then, with all thou knowest, which I do not know: How her relations, her cruel relations take it; and whether, now, the barbed dart of after-reflection sticks not in their hearts, as in mine, up to the very feathers.

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I WILL foon quit this kingdom. For now my Clarissa is no more, what is there in it (in the world indeed) worth living for?—But should I not first, by some masterly mischief, avenge her and myself upon her cursed family?

The accused woman, they tell me, has broken her leg. Why was it not her neck? --- All, all, but what is owing to her relations, is the fault of that woman, and of her hell-born nymphs. The greater the virtue, the nobler the triumph, was a sentence for ever in their mouths.--I have had it several times in my head to set fire to the execrable house; and to watch at the doors and windows, that not a devil in it escape the consuming slames. Had the house stood by itself, I had certainly done it.

But, it feems, the old wretch is in the way to be rewarded, without my help. A shocking letter is received of somebody's, in relation to her---Yours, I suppose---Too

shocking for me, they fay, to fee at present (a).

They govern me as a child in strings: Yet did I suffer fo much in my fever, that I am willing to bear with them,

till I can get tolerably well.

At present I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep. Yet are my disorders nothing to what they were: For, Jack, my brain was on fire day and night: And had it not been of

the afteftos kind, it had all been confumed.

I had no distinct ideas, but of dark and confused misery: It was all conscience and horror indeed! Thoughts of hanging, drowning, shooting; then rage, violence, mischief, and despair, took their turns with me. My lucid inter-

vals still worse, giving me to reslect upon what I was the hour before, and what I was likely to be the next, and perhaps for life---The sport of enemies! the laughter of sools! and the hanging-sleev'd, go-carted property of hired slaves; who were perhaps to find their account in manacling, and (abhorr'd thought!) in personally abusing me by blows and stripes!

Who can bear such reslections as these? To be made to fear only, to such a one as me, and to sear such wretches too!---What a thing was this, but remotely to apprehend! And yet, for a man to be in such a state, as to render it necessary for his dearest friends to suffer this to be done for his own sake, and in order to prevent further mis-

chief!---There is no thinking of these things!

I will not think of them, therefore: But will either get a train of chearful ideas, or hang myself, by to-morrow morning.

Were paradise, to such a life as mine.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Wedn. Sept. 20.

Write to demand back again my last letter. I own it was my mind at the different times I wrote it; and, whatever ailed me, I could not belp writing it. Such a gloomy impulse came upon me, and increased as I wrote, that, for my soul, I could not forbear running into the Miserable.

'Tis strange, very strange, that a man's conscience should be able to force his singers to write whether he will or not; and to run him into a subject he more than once, at the very time, resolved not to think of.

Nor is it less strange, that (no new reason occurring) he should, in a day or two more, so totally change his mind; have his mind, I should rather say, so wholly illuminated by gay hopes, and rising prospects, as to be ashamed of what he had written.

For, on reperusal of a copy of my letter, which fell into my hands by accident, in the hand-writing of my cousin Charlotte.

Charlotte, who, unknown to me, had transcribed it, I find it to be such a letter as an enemy would rejoice to see.

This I know, that were I to have continued but one week more in the way I was in when I wrote the latter part of it, I should have been confined, and in straw, the next: For I now recollect, that all my distemper was returning upon me with irresistible violence---and that in

fpite of water-gruel and foupe maigre.

I own, that I am still excessively grieved at the disappointment this admirable woman made it so much her whimsical choice to give me. But, since it has thus fallen out; since she was determined to leave the world; and since she actually ceases to be; ought I, who have such a share of life and health in hand, to indulge gloomy reflections upon an event that is passed; and being passed, cannot be recalled?—Have I not had a specimen of what will be my case, if I do?

For, Belford ('tis a folly to deny it) I have been, to

use an old word, quite bestraught.

Why, why, did my mother bring me up to bear no controul? Why was I so educated, as that to my very tutors it was a request, that I should not know what contradiction or disappointment was?—Ought she not to have known what cruelty there was in her kindness?

What a punishment, to have my first very great disappointment touch my intellect! — And intellects once touched—But that I cannot bear to think of—Only thus far; The very repentance and amendment wished me so heartily by my kind and cross dear, have been invalidated and postponed, who knows for how long? the amendment at least:—Can a madman be capable of either?

Once touch'd therefore, I must endeavour to banish those gloomy reslections, which might otherwise have brought on the right turn of mind; and this, to express myself in Lord M.'s style, that my wits may not be sent

a wooll-gathering.

For, let me moreover own to thee, that Dr. Hale, who was my good Aftolfo [You read Ariosto, Jack] and has brought me back my wit-jar, had much ado, by starving diet, by profuse phlebotomy, by slaying blisters, eylethole-cupping, a dark room, a midnight solitude in a mid-

day

day sun, to effect my recovery. And now, for my comfort, he tells me, that I may still have returns upon sulfunctions—Horrible! most horrible!—and must be as careful of myself at both Equinoctials, as Cæsar was warned to be of the ides of March.

How my heart fickens at looking back upon what I was. Denied the Sun, and all comfort: All my visiters, low-born, tiptoe attendants: Even those tiptoe slaves never approaching me but periodically, armed with gallipots, bolus's, and cephalic draughts; delivering their orders to me in hated whispers; and answering other curtain-holding impertinents, inquiring how I was, and how I took their execrable potions, whisperingly too! What a cursed still-life this!—Nothing active in me, or about me, but the worm that never dies.

Again I haften from the recollection of scenes, which

will, at times, obtrude themselves upon me.

Adieu, Belford!

But return me my last letter—and build nothing upon its contents. I must, I will, I have already, overcome these fruitless gloominesses. Every hour my constitution rises stronger and stronger to befriend me; and, except a tributary sigh now and then to the memory of my heart's beloved, it gives me hope, that I shall quickly be what I was,—Life, spirit, gaiety, and once more the plague of a Sex, that has been my plague, and will be every man's plague, at one time or other of his life.

I repeat my defire, however, that you will write to me as usual. I hope you have good store of particulars by you to communicate, when I can better bear to hear of the dispositions that were made for all that was mortal of

my beloved Clarissa.

But it will be the joy of my heart to be told, that her implacable friends are plagued with remorfe. Such things as those you may now send me: For company in misery is some relief; especially when a man can think those he hates as miserable as himself.

Once more adieu, Jack!

LETTER LXXXIX.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Efq;

Am preparing to leave this kingdom. Mowbray and Tourville promife to give me their company in a month or two.

I'll give thee my route.

I shall first to Paris; and, for amusement and diversion sake, try to renew some of my old friendships: Thence to some of the German courts: Thence, perhaps, to Vienna: Thence descend thro' Bavaria and the Tyrol to Venice, where I shall keep the carnival: Thence to Florence and Turin: Thence again over mount Cenis to France: And, when I return again to Paris, shall expect to see my friend Belford, who by that time, I doubt not, will be all crusted and bearded over with penitence, self-denial, and mortification; a very anchorite, only an itinerant one, journeying over in hope to cover a multitude of his own fins, by proselyting his old companion.

But let me tell thee, Jack, if stock rises on, as it has done since I wrote my last letter, I am afraid thou wilt find a difficult task in succeeding, should such be thy purpose.

Nor, I verily think, can thy own penitence and reformation hold. Strong habits are not fo eafily rooted out. Old Satan has had too much benefit from thy faithful fervices, for a feries of years, to let thee fo eafily get out of his clutches, He knows what will do with thee. A fine strapping Bona Roba, in the Chartres-taste, but well-limb'd, clear-complexion'd, and Turkish-ey'd; thou the first man with her, or made to believe so, which is the fame thing; how will thy frosty face shine upon such an object! How will thy trifful vifage be illumined by it! A composition will be made between thee and the grand tempter: Thou wilt promise to do him suit and service till old age and inability come. And then will he, in all probability, be fure of thee for ever. For, wert thou to outlive thy present reigning appetites, he will trump up fome other darling fin, or make a now fecondary one darling, in order to keep thee firmly attached to his infernal interests. Thou wilt continue resolving to amend,

but

but never amending, till grown old before thou art aware, (a dozen years after thou art old with every-body else) thy for-time-built tenement having lasted its allotted period, he claps down upon thy grizzled head the universal trapdoor: And then all will be over with thee in his own way.

Thou wilt think these hints uncharacteristic from me. But yet I cannot help warning thee of the danger thou art actually in; which is the greater, as thou seemest not to know it. A few words more, therefore, on this subject.

Thou hast made good resolutions. If thou keepest them not, thou wilt never be able to keep any. But, nevertheless, the devil and thy time of life are against thee: And six to one thou failest. Were it only that thou hast resolved, six to one thou failest. And if thou dost, thou wilt become the scoff of men, and the triumph of devils.—Then how will I laugh at thee! For this warning is not from principle. Perhaps I wish it were: But I never lyed to man, and hardly ever said truth to woman. The first is what all free livers cannot say: The second, what every one can.

I am mad again, by Jupiter!—But, thank my stars, not gloomily so!—Farewel, farewel, farewel, for the third

or fourth time, concludes

Thy LOVELACE.

I believe Charlotte and you are in private league together. Letters, I find, have passed between her, and you, and Lord M. I have been kept strangely in the dark of late: But will soon break upon you all, as the Sun upon a midnight thief. Remember, that you never sent me the copy of my Beloved's Will.

LETTER XC.

Mr. Belford, To Robert Lovelace, Esq;

Friday, Sept. 22.

JUST as I was fitting down to answer yours of the 14th to the 18th, in order to give you all the confolation in my power, came your revoking letter of Wednesday.

I am

I am really concerned, and disappointed, that your first

was fo foon followed by one fo contrary to it.

The shocking letter you mention, which your friends with-hold from you, is indeed from me. They may now, I see, shew you any-thing. Ask them, then, for that letter, if you think it worth while to read aught about the true mother of your mind.

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I WILL suppose, that thou hast just read the letter thou callest shocking; and which I intended to be so. And let me ask, What thou thinkest of it? Dost thou not tremble at the horrors the vilest of women labours with, on the apprehensions of death, and suture judgment?—How sit the reslections that must have been raised by the perusal of this letter upon thy yet unclosed eylet-holes? Will not some serious thoughts mingle with thy melilot, and tear off the callus of thy mind, as that may flay the leather from thy back, and as thy epispastics may strip the parchment from thy plotting head? If not, then indeed is thy conscience seared, and no hopes will lie for thee.

Mr. Belford then gives an account of the wretched Sinclair's terrible exit, which he had just then received.

If this move thee not, I have news to acquaint thee with, of another dismal catastrophe that is but within this hour come to my ear, of another of thy blessed agents. Thy Tomeinson!—Dying, and, in all probability, before this can reach thee, dead, in Maidstone gaol. As thou says in thy first letter, 'something strangely retri-

· butive feems to be working.'

This his case. He was at the head of a gang of smugglers, endeavouring to carry off run goods, landed last Tuesday, when a party of dragoons came up with them in the evening. Some of his comrades fled. McDonald being surrounded, attempted to fight his way thro', and wounded his man; but having received a shot in his neck, and being cut deeply in the head by a broad-sword, he fell from his horse, was taken, and carried to Maidstonegaol: And there my informant left him, just dying, and assured of hanging if he recover.

Absolutely destitute, he got a kinsman of his to apply to

me, and, if in town, to the rest of the confraternity, for something, not to support him was the word (for he expected not to live till the fellow returned) but to bury him.

I never employed him but once; and then he ruined my project. I now thank Heaven that he did. But I fent him three guineas; and promised him more, as from you, and Mowbray, and Tourville, if he live a few days, or to take his tryal. And I put it upon you to make further inquiry of him, and to give him what you think fit.

His messenger tells me, That he is very penitent: That he weeps continually. He cries out, that he has been the vilest of men: Yet palliates, that his necessities made him worse than he should otherwise have been [An excuse which none of us can plead]: But that what touched him most of all, was a vile imposture he was put upon, to serve a certain gentleman of fortune, to the ruin of the most excellent woman that ever lived; and who, he had heard, was dead of grief

was dead of grief.

Let me consider, Lovelace --- Whose turn can be next?

--- I wish it may not be thine. But fince thou givest me one piece of advice (which I should indeed have thought out of character, hadst thou not taken pains to convince me, that it proceeds not from principle) I will give thee another: And that is, 'Prosecute, as fast as thou canst, thy 'intended tour.' Change of scene, and of climate, may establish thy health: While this gross air, and the approach of winter, may thicken thy blood; and, with the help of a conscience, that is upon the struggle with thee, and like a cunning wrestler watches its opportunity to give thee another fall, may make thee miserable for thy life.

I return your revoked letter. Don't destroy it, however. The same dialect may one day come in fashion

with you again.

As to the family at Harlowe-Place, I have most affecting letters from Colonel Morden relating to their grief and distress. You, to whom the occasion is owing, do well to rejoice in their compunction: But, as one well observes, Averse as they were to you, they must and they would have been reconciled in time, had you done her justice.

I should be forry, if I could not fay, that what you have warned me of in sport, makes me tremble in carnest.

I hope (for this is a ferious subject with me, tho' nothing can be so with you) that I never shall deserve, by my apostasy, to be the scoff of men, and the triumph of devils.

All that you fay, of the difficulty of conquering rooted habits, is but too true. Those, and time of life, are indeed too much against me: But, when I resect upon the ends (fome untimely) of those of our companions whom we have formerly lost; upon Belton's miserable exit; upon the howls and screams of Sinclair, which are still in my ears; and now upon your miferable Tomlinfon; and compare their ends with the happy and defirable end of the inimitable Miss Harlowe; I hope I have reason to think my footing morally fecure. Your caution, nevertheless, will be of use, however you might design it: And fince I know my weak fide, I will endeavour to fortify myself in that quarter by marriage, as soon as I can make myfelf worthy of the confidence and esteem of some virtuous woman; and, by this means, become the fubject of your envy, rather than of your scoffs.

I have already begun my retributory purposes, as I may call them. I have settled an annual sum for life upon poor John Lostus, whom I disabled, while he was endeavouring to protect his young mistress from my lawless attempts. I rejoice, that I succeeded not in that; as I do in recollecting many others of the like sort, in which I miscarried.

Poor Farley, who had become a bankrupt, I have fet up again: But have declared, that the annual allowance I make her shall cease, if I hear she returns to her former courses: And I have made her accountable for her conduct to the good widow Lovick, whom I have taken, at a handsome salary, for my housekeeper at Edgeware (for I have let the house at Watsord); and she is to dispense the quarterly allotment to her, as she merits.

This good woman shall have other matters of the like nature under her care, as we grow better acquainted: And I make no doubt that she will answer my expectations, and that I shall be both confirmed and improved by her conversation: For she shall generally sit at my own table.

The undeferved fufferings of Miss Clarissa Harlowe, her exalted merit, her exemplary preparation, and her happy end, will be standing subjects with us.

She

She shall read to me, when I have no company; write for me, out of books, passages she shall recommend. Her years (turn'd of sifty) and her good character, will secure me from scandal; and I have great pleasure in reslecting, that I shall be better myself for making her happy.

Then, whenever I am in danger, I will read some of the admirable lady's papers: Whenever I would abhor my former ways, I will read some of thine, and copies of my

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The consequence of all this will be, that I shall be the delight of my own relations of both fexes, who were wont to look upon me as a lost man. I shall have good order in my own family, because I shall give the example myfelf. I shall be visited and respected, not perhaps by Lovelace, by Mowbray, and by Tourville, because they cannot fee me upon the old terms, and will not, perhaps, fee me upon the new, but by the best and worthiest gentlemen, clergy as well as laity, all around me. I shall look upon my past follies with contempt; upon my old companions with pity. Oaths and curses shall be for ever banished from my mouth: In their place shall succeed conversation becoming a rational being, and a gentleman. And inflead of acts of offence, subjecting me perpetually to acts of defence, will I endeavour to atone for my past evils, by doing all the good in my power, and by becoming an univerfal benefactor to the extent of that power.

Now, tell me, Lovelace, upon this faint sketch of what I hope to do, and to be, if this be not a scheme infinitely preserable to the wild, the pernicious, the dangerous ones,

both to body and foul, which we have purfued?

I wish I could make my sketch as amiable to you, as it appears to me. I wish it with all my soul: For I always loved you. It has been my missortune that I did: For this led me into infinite riots and sollies, which otherwise,

I verily think, I should not have been guilty of.

You have a great deal more to answer for, than I have, were it only in the temporal ruin of this admirable woman. Let me now, while yet you have youth, and health, and intellect, prevail upon you: For I am afraid, very much afraid, that such is the enormity of this single wickedness, in depriving the world of such a shining light,

that if you do not quickly reform, it will be out of your power to reform at all; and that Providence, which has already given you the fates of your agents Sinclair and Tomlinfon to take warning by, will not let the principal

offender escape, if he slight the warning.

You will, perhaps, laugh at me for these serious restections. Do, if you will. I had rather you should laugh at me for continuing in this way of thinking and acting, than triumph over me, as you threaten, on my swerving from purposes I have determined upon with such good reason, and from such good examples.

And so much for this subject at present.

I should be glad to know when you intend to set out.

I have too much concern for your welfare, not to wish

you in a thinner air, and more certain climate.

What have Tourville and Mowbray to do, that they cannot fet out with you? They will not cover my company, I dare fay; and I shall not be able to endure theirs, when you are gone: Take them therefore with you.

I will not, however, forswear making you a visit at Paris, at your return from Germany and Italy: But hardly with the hope of reclaiming you, if due reflection upon what I have set before you, and upon what you have written in your two last, will not by that time have done it.

I suppose I shall see you before you go. Once more, I wish you were gone. This heavy island-air cannot do

for you what that of the continent will.

I do not think I ought to communicate with you, as I used to do, on this side the Channel: Let me then hear from you on the opposite shore, and you shall command the pen, as you please; and, honestly, the power, of

J. BELFORD

LETTER XCI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Tuesday, Sept. 26.

FATE, I believe in my conscience, spins threads for tragedies, on purpose for thee to weave with.—Thy Watford uncle, poor Belton, the fair Inimitable (Exalted creature)

creature! and is she to be found in such a list!) the accursed woman, and Tomlinson, seem to have been all doomed to give thee a theme for the Dismal and the Horrible!—And, by my soul, as Lord M. would phrase it, thou dost work it going.

That's the horrid thing: A man cannot begin to think, but causes for thought croud in upon him: The gloomy takes place; and mirth and gaiety abandon his heart for

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Poor McDonald! — I am really forry for the fellow. — He was an useful, faithful, solemn variet, who could act incomparably any part given him, and knew not what a blush was.—He really took honest pains for me in the last affair; which has cost him and me so dearly in reslection. Often gravell'd, as we both were, yet was he never daunted. — Poor McDonald, I must once more say!—For carrying on a solemn piece of roguery, he had no equal.

I was so solicitous to know if he were really as bad as thou hast a knack of painting every-body whom thou singlest out to exercise thy murdering pen upon, that I dispatched a man and horse to Maidstone, as soon as I had thine; and had word brought me, that he died in two hours after he had received thy three guineas. And all thou wrotest of his concern in relation to the ever-dear

Miss Harlowe, it seems, was true.

I can't help it, Belford!—I have only to add, that it is happy that the poor fellow lived not to be hanged; as it feems he would have been: For who knows, as he had got into such a penitential strain, what might have been

in his dying speech?

When a man has not great good to comfort himself with, it is right to make the best of the little that may offer. There never was any discomfort happened to mortal man, but some little ray of consolation would dart in, if the wretch was not so much a wretch, as to draw, instead of undraw, the curtain, to keep it out.

And so much, at this time, and for ever, for poor Capt.

Tomlinson, as I called him.

Your folicitude to get me out of this heavy changeable climate, exactly tallies with every-body's here. They all believe.

believe, that travelling will establish me. Yet I think I am quite well. Only these plaguy new's and full's, and the equinoctials, fright me a little when I think of them; and that is always: For the whole family are continually ringing these changes in my ears, and are more sedulously intent, than I can well account for, to get me out of the kingdom.

But wilt thou write often, when I am gone? Wilt thou then piece the thread where thou brokest it off? Wilt thou give me the particulars of their distress, who were my auxiliaries in bringing on the event that affects me?—Nay, principals rather: Since, say what thou wilt, what

did I do worth a woman's breaking her heart for?

Faith and troth, Jack, I have had very hard usage, as I have often said:—To have such a plaguy ill name given me, pointed at, screamed out upon, run away from, as a mad dog would be; all my own friends ready to renounce me!—

Yet I think I deserve it all: For have I not been as ready to give up myself, as others are to condemn me?

What madness, what folly, this!—Who will take the part of a man that condemns himself?—Who can? He that pleads guilty to an indictment, leaves no room for ought but the sentence. Out upon me, for an impolitic wretch! I have not the art of the least artful of any of our Christian princes; who every day are guilty of ten times worse breaches of faith; and yet, issuing out a manifesto, they wipe their mouths, and go on from infraction to infraction, from robbery to robbery; commit devastation upon devastation; and destroy—for their glory! And are rewarded with the names of Conquerors, and are dubb'd Le Grand; praised, and even dessed, by orators and poets, for their butcheries and depredations.

While I, a poor, fingle, harmless prowler; at least comparatively harmless; in order to satisfy my hunger, steal but one poor lamb; and every mouth is opened, every

hand is lifted up, against me.

Nay, as I have just now heard, I am to be manifestood against, tho' no prince: For Miss Howe threatens to have the case published to the whole world.

I have a good mind not to oppose it; and to write an answer

answer to it, as soon as it comes forth, and exculpate myfelf, by throwing all the fault upon the old ones. And this I have to plead, supposing all that my worst enemies can allege against me were true,— That I am not answerable for all the extravagant and unforeseen consequences that this affair has been attended with.

And this I will prove demonstrably by a case, which, but a few hours ago, I put to Lord M. and to the two

Misses Montague. This it is:

Suppose A, a miser, had hid a parcel of gold in a secret place, in order to keep it there, till he could lend it out at extravagant interest.

Suppose B in such great want of this treasure, as to be

unable to live without it,

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And suppose A, the miser, has such an opinion of B, the wanter, that he would rather lend it to him, than to any mortal living; but yet, tho' he has no other use in the world for it, insists upon very unconscionable terms.

B would gladly pay common interest for it; but would be undone (in his own opinion, at least, and that is every thing to him) if he complied with the miser's terms; since he would be sure to be soon thrown into gaol for the debt, and made a prisoner for life. Wherefore guessing (being an arch, penetrating fellow) where the sweet hoard lies, he searches for it, when the miser is in a prosound sleep, finds it, and runs away with it.

B, in this case, can be only a thief, that's plain, Jack.

Here Miss Montague put in very smartly. — A thief, Sir, said she, that steals what is and ought to be dearer to me than my life, deserves less to be forgiven, than he who murders me.

But what is this, cousin Charlotte, said I, that is dearer to you, than your life? Your honour, you'll say—I will not talk to a lady (I never did) in a way she cannot answer me—But in the instance for which I put my case (allowing all you attribute to the phantom) what honour is lost, where the will is not violated, and the person cannot help it? But, with respect to the case put, how knew Vol. VII.

we, till the theft was committed, that the mifer did actually fet so romantic a value upon the treasure?

Both my coufins were filent; and my Lord cursed me,

because he could not answer me; and I proceeded.

Well then, the result is, that B can only be a thief; that's plain—To pursue, therefore, my case—

Suppose this same miserly A, on awaking, and searching for, and finding his treasure gone, takes it so much to heart, that he starves himself;

Who but himself is to blame for that?—Would either Equity, Law, or Conscience, hang B for a murder?

And now to apply, faid I -

None of your applications, cried my coufins, both in a breath.

None of your applications, and be d-n'd to you, the

passionate Peer.

Well then, returned I, I am to conclude it to be a case so plain, that it needs none; looking at the two girls, who tried for a blush apiece. And I hold myself, of consequence, acquitted of the death.

Not so, cried my Lord [Peers are judges, thou knowest, Jack, in the last resort]: For if, by committing an unlawful act, a capital crime is the consequence, you are

answerable for both.

Say you so, my good Lord?—But will you take upon you to say, supposing (as in the present case) a Rape (saving your presence, cousin Charlotte, saving your presence, cousin Patty); Is death the natural consequence of a Rape?—Did you ever hear, my Lord, or did you, Ladies, that it was?—And if not the natural consequence, and a lady will destroy herself, whether by a lingering death, as of grief; or by the dagger, as Lucretia did; Is there more than one sault the man's?—Is not the other her's?—Were it not so, let me tell you, my dears, chucking each of my blushing cousins under the chin, we either have had no men so wicked as young Tarquin was, or no women so virtuous as Lucretia, in the space of—How many thousand years, my Lord?—And so Lucretia is recorded as a single wonder!

You may believe I was cry'd out upon. People who

cannot

eannot answer, will rave: And this they all did. But I insisted upon it to them, and so I do to you, Jack, that I ought to be acquitted of every-thing but a common thest, a private larceny, as the lawyers call it, in this point. And were my life to be a forfeit to the Law, it would not be for murder.

Besides, as I told them, there was a circumstance strongly in my favour in this case: For I would have been glad, with all my soul, to have purchased my forgiveness by a compliance with the terms I sirst boggled at. And this I offered; and my Lord, and Lady Betty, and Lady Sarah, and my two cousins, and all my cousins cousins, to the fourteenth generation, would have been bound for me— But it would not do: The sweet miser would break her heart, and die; and how could I help it?

Upon the whole, Jack, had not the lady died, would there have been half so much said of it, as there is? Was I the cause of her death? or, Could I help it? And have there not been, in a million of cases like this, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand that have not ended as this has ended?—How hard, then, is my fate! — Upon my soul, I won't bear it as I have done; but, instead of takeing guilt to myself, claim pity. And this (since yesterday cannot be recalled) is the only course I can pursue to make myself easy. Proceed anon.

LETTER XCII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

BUT what a pretty scheme of life hast thou drawn out for thyself, and thy old widow! By my soul, Jack, I am mightily taken with it. There is but one thing wanting in it; and that will come of course: Only to be in the commission, and one of the quorum. Thou art already provided with a clerk, as good as thou'lt want; for thou understandest Law, and she Conscience: A good Lord Chancellor between ye!—I should take prodigious pleasure to hear thee decide in a bastard case, upon thy new notions, and old remembrances.

But raillery apart [All gloom at heart, by Jupiter! altho' the pen and the countenance assume airs of levity!]:

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houas a If, after all, thou canst so easily repent and reform, as thou thinkest thou canst: If thou canst thus shake off thy old sins, and thy old habits: And if thy old master will so readily dismiss so tried and so faithful a servant, and permit thee thus calmly to enjoy thy new system; no room for scandal; all temptation ceasing: And if at last (thy reformation warranted and approved by time) thou marriest, and livest honest:—Why, Belford, I cannot but say, that if all these IF's come to pass, thou standest a good chance to be a happy man!

All I think, as I told thee in my last, is, that the devil knows his own interest too well, to let thee off so easily. Thou thyself tellest me, that we cannot repent when we will. And indeed I found it so: For, in my lucid intervals, I made good resolutions: But, as health turned its blyth side to me, and opened my prospects of recovery, all my old inclinations and appetites returned; and this letter, perhaps, will be a thorough conviction to thee, that I am as wild a fellow as ever, or in the way to be so.

Thou askest me, very seriously, If, upon the faint sketch thou hast drawn, thy new scheme be not infinitely preferable to any of those which we have so long pursued?—Why, Jack—Let me reslect—Why, Belford—I can't say but it is. It is really, as Biddy in the play says, a good

comfortable scheme.

But when thou tellest me, That it was thy misfortune to love me, because thy value for me made thee a wickeder man than otherwise thou wouldst have been; I desire thee to revolve this affertion: And I am persuaded, that thou wilt not find thyself in so right a train as thou imaginest.

No false colourings, no glosses, does a true penitent aim at. Debasement, dissidence, mortification, contrition, are all near of kin, Jack, and inseparable from a repentant spirit.—If thou knowest not this, thou art not got three steps (out of threescore) towards repentance and amendment. And let me remind thee, before the grand accuser comes to do it, that thou wert ever above being a passive sollower in iniquity. Tho' thou hadst not so good an invention as he to whom thou writest, thou hadst as active an heart for mischief, as ever I met with in man.

Then for improving an hint, thou wert always a true

English-

Englishman. I never started a roguery, that did not come out of thy forge in a manner ready anvilled and hammered for execution, when I have sometimes been at a loss

to make any-thing of it myself.

What indeed made me appear to be more wicked than thee, was, that I being a handsome fellow, and thou an ugly one, when we had started a game, and hunted it down, the poor frighted puss generally chose to throw herself into my paws, rather than into thine: And then, disappointed, hast thou wiped thy blubber-lips, and marched off to start a new game, calling me a wicked fellow all the while.

In short, Belford, thou wert an excellent farter and fetter. The old women were not assaid for their daughters, when they saw such a face as thine. But, when I came, whip, was the key turned upon their girls. And yet all signified nothing; for Love, upon occasion, will draw an elephant thro' a key-hole. But for thy HEART, Belford, who ever doubted that?

Nor even in this affair, that sticks most upon me, and which my conscience makes such a handle of against me, art thou so innocent as thou fansiest thyself. Thou wilt stare at this: But it is true; and I will convince thee of

it in an instant.

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Thou fayst, thou wouldst have faved the lady from the ruin she met with. Thou art a pretty fellow for this: For how wouldst thou have saved her? What methods didst

thou take to fave her?

Thou knewest my designs all along. Hadst thou a mind to make thyself a good title to the merit to which thou now pretendest to lay claim, thou shouldest, like a true knight-errant, have sought to set the lady free from her inchanted castle. Thou shouldst have apprised her of her danger; have stolen in, when the giant was out of the way; or, hadst thou the true spirit of chivalry upon thee, and nothing else would have done, have killed the giant; and then something wouldst thou have had to brag of.

'O but the giant was my friend: He reposed a considence in me: And I should have betrayed my friend, and his considence!' This thou wouldst have pleaded, no doubt. But try this plea upon thy present principles,

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and thou wilt fee what a caitiff thou wert to let it have weight with thee, upon an occasion where a breach of con-

fidence is more excuseable than to keep the secret.

Thou canst not pretend, and I know thou wilt not, that thou wert asraid of thy life by taking such a measure: For a braver sellow lives not, nor a more searless, than Jack Belford. I remember several instances, and thou canst not forget them, where thou hast ventured thy bones, thy neck, thy life, against numbers, in a cause of roguery; and hadst thou had a spark of that virtue, which now thou art willing to slatter thyself thou hast, thou wouldst surely have run a risk to save an innocence, and a virtue, that it became every man to protect and espouse. This is the truth of the case, greatly as it makes against myself. But I hate an hypocrite from my soul.

I believe I should have killed thee at the time, if I could, hadst thou betrayed me thus. But I am sure now, that I would have thanked thee for it, with all my heart; and thought thee more a father, and a friend, than my real father, and my best friend—And it was natural for thee to think, with so exalted a merit as this lady had, that this would have been the case, when consideration took place of passion; or, rather, when that damn'd sondness for intrigue ceased, which never was my pride so much, as it is

now, upon reflection, my curfe.

Set about defending thyfelf, and I will probe thee still deeper, and convict thee still more effectually, that thou hast more guilt than merit even in this affair. And as to all the others, in which we have hunted in couples, thou wert always the forwardest whelp, and more ready, by far, to run away with me, than I with thee. Yet canst thou now compose thy horse-muscles, and cry out, How much more hast thou, Lovelace, to answer for, than I have!— Saying nothing, neither, when thou says this, were it true:—For thou wilt not be tried, when the time comes, by comparison.

In short, thou mayst, at this rate, so miserably deceive thyself, that, notwithstanding all thy self-denial and mortification, when thou closest thy eyes, thou mayst perhaps open them in a place where thou thoughtest least to be.

However, confult thy old woman on this subject. I

shall be thought to be out of character, if I go on in this strain. But really, as to a title to merit in this affair, I do assure thee, Jack, that thou less deservest praise than an horse-pond: And I wish I had the sousing of thee.

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I AM actually now employed in taking leave of my friends in the country. I had once thoughts of taking Tomlinson, as I called him, with me: But his destiny has frustrated that intention.

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Next Monday I think to see you in town; and then you, and I, and Mowbray, and Tourville, will laugh off that evening together. They will both accompany me (as I expect you will) to Dover, if not cross the water. I must leave you and them good friends. They take extremely amiss the treatment you have given them in your last letters. They say, you strike at their understandings. I laugh at them; and tell them, that those people who have least, are the most apt to be angry when it is called in question.

Make up all the papers and narratives you can spare me against the time. The Will particularly I expect to take with me. Who knows but that those things, which will help to secure you in the way you are got into, may

Thou talkest of a wife, Jack: What thinkest thou of our Charlotte? Her family and fortune, I doubt, according to thy scheme, are a little too high. Will those be an objection? Charlotte is a smart girl. For piety (thy present turn) I cannot say much: Yet she is as serious as most of her Sex, at her time of life—Would flaunt it a little, I believe too, like the rest of them, were her reputation under covert.

But it won't do neither, now I think of it:—Thou art fo homely, and fo aukward a creature! Hast such a boat-swain like air!—People would think she had picked thee up in Wapping, or Rotherhith; or in going to see some new ship launched, or to view the docks at Chatham, or Portsmouth. So gaudy and so clumsy! Thy tawdriness won't do with Charlotte!—So sit thee down contented, Belford.

Q4

Yet would I fain secure thy morals too, if matrimony will do it.

Let me see!-Now I have it.

Has not the widow Lovick a daughter, or a niece? It is not every girl of fortune and family that will go to prayers with thee once or twice a day. But fince thou art for takeing a wife to mortify with, what if thou marriest the widow herself?—She will then have a double concern in thy conversion. You and she may tête à tête pass many a comfortable winter's evening together, comparing experiences, as the good folks call them.

I am ferious, Jack. Faith I am. And I would have

thee take it into thy wife confideration.

LETTER XCIII.

Mr. BELFORD, To Colonel MORDEN.

Thursday, Sept. 21.

GIVE me leave, dear Sir, to address myself to you in a very serious and solemn manner on a subject that I must not, cannot dispense with; as I promised the divine lady, that I would do every-thing in my power to prevent that further mischief which she was so very apprehensive of.

I will not content myself with distant hints. It is with very great concern that I have just now heard of a declaration which you are said to have made to your relations at Harlowe-Place, That you will not rest till you have avenged your cousin's wrongs upon Mr. Lovelace.

Far be it from me to offer to defend the unhappy man, or even unduly to extenuate his crime: But yet I must say, that the family, by their persecutions of the dear lady at first, and by their implacableness afterwards, ought, at least, to share the blame with him. There is even great reason to believe, that a lady of such a religious turn, her virtue neither to be surprised nor corrupted, her will inviolate, would have got over a mere personal injury; especially as he would have done all that was in his power to repair it; and as, from the application of all his family in his favour, and other circumstances attending his sincere

and voluntary offer, the lady might have condescended, with greater glory to herself, than if he had never offended.

When I have the pleasure of seeing you next, I will acquaint you, Sir, with all the circumstances of this melancholy story; from which you will see, that Mr. Lovelace was extremely ill-treated, at first, by the whole family, this admirable lady excepted. This exception, I know, heightens his crime: But as his principal intention was but to try her virtue; and that he became so earnest a suppliant to her for marriage; and as he has suffered so deplorably in the loss of his reason, for not having it in his power to repair her wrongs; I presume to hope, that much is to be pleaded against such a resolution as you are said to have made.

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I will read to you at the same time some passages from letters of his; two of which (one but this moment received) will convince you, that the unhappy man, who is but now recovering his intellects, needs no greater punishment than what he has from his own resections.

I have just now read over the copies of the dear lady's posthumous letters. I fend them all to you, except that directed for Mr. Lovelace; which I reserve till I have the pleasure of seeing you. Let me intreat you to read once more that to yourself; and that to her brother (a); which latter I now send you; as they are in point to the present subject.

I think, Sir, they are unanswerable. Such, at least, is the effect they have upon me, that I hope I shall never be provoked to draw my sword again in a private quarrel.

To the weight these must needs have upon you, let me add, that the unhappy man has given no new occasion of offence, since your visit to him at Lord M's, when you were so well satisfied of his intention to repair his crimes, that you yourself urged to your dear cousin her forgiveness of him.

Let me also (tho' I presume to hope there is no need, when you coolly consider every-thing) remind you of your own promise to your departing cousin; relying upon which, her last moments were the easier.

⁽a) See p. 235.

My dear colonel Morden, the highest injury was to ber: Her family all have a share in the cause: She forgives it: Why should we not endeavour to imitate what we admire?

You asked me, Sir, when in town, If a brave man could be a premeditatedly base one?—Generally speaking, I believe Bravery and Baseness are incompatible. But Mr. Lovelace's character, in the instance before us, affords a proof of the truth of the common observation, That there is no general rule but has its exceptions: For England, I believe, as gallant a nation as it is deemed to be, has not in it a braver spirit than his; nor a man who has greater skill at his weapons; nor more calmness with his skill.

I mention not this with a thought that it can affect Col. Morden; who, if he be not with-held by SUPERIOR MOTIVES, as well as influenced by those I have reminded him of, will tell me, That this skill, and this bravery, will make him the more worthy of being called upon by him.

To these superior motives then I refer myself: And with the greater considence; as a pursuit ending in blood would not, at this time, have the plea lie for it with any-body, which sudden passion might have with some: But would be construed by all, to be a cool and deliberate act of revenge for an evil absolutely irretrievable: An act, which a brave and noble spirit, such as the gentleman's to whom I now write, is not capable of.

Excuse me, Sir, for the sake of my executorial duty and promise, keeping in eye the dear lady's personal injunctions, as well as written will, inforced by letters posthumous. Every article of which (solicitous as we both are to see it duly performed) she would have dispensed with, rather than farther mischief should happen on her account. I

am.

Dear SIR, Your affectionate and faithful Servant, JOHN BELFORD.

The following is the posthumous letter to Col. Morden, referred to in the above.

LETTER XCIV.

Superscribed,

To my beloved Cousin WILLIAM MORDEN, Esq; To be delivered after my death.

My dearest Cousin,

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As it is uncertain, from my present weak state, whether, if living, I may be in a condition to receive as I ought the favour you intend me of a visit, when you come to London, I take this opportunity to return you, while able, the humble acknowlegements of a grateful heart, for all your goodness to me from childhood till now: And more particularly for your present kind interposition in my favour—God Almighty for ever bless you, dear Sir, for the kindness you endeavoured to procure for me.

One principal end of my writing to you in this folemn manner, is, to beg of you, which I do with the utmost earnestness, that when you come to hear the particulars of my story, you will not suffer active resentment to take

place in your generous breast on my account.

Remember, my dear cousin, that vengeance is God's province; and he has undertaken to repay it; nor will you, I hope, invade that province:— Especially as there is no necessity for you to attempt to vindicate my same; since the offender himself (before he is called upon) has stood forth, and offered to do me all the justice that you could have extorted from him, had I lived: And when your own person may be endangered by running an equal risque with a guilty man.

Duelling, Sir, I need not tell you, who have adorned a public character, is not only an usurpation of the Divine prerogative; but it is an insult upon magistracy and good government. 'Tis an impious act. 'Tis an attempt to take away a life that ought not to depend upon a private sword: An act, the consequence of which is to hurry a soul (all its sins upon its head) into perdition; endangering that of the poor triumpher — Since neither intend to give to the other that chance, as I may call it, for the

Divine mercy, in an opportunity for repentance, which

each presumes to hope for himself.

Seek not then, I befeech you, Sir, to aggravate my fault, by a pursuit of blood, which must necessarily be deemed a consequence of it. Give not the unhappy man the merit (were you assuredly to be the victor) of falling by your hand. At present he is the persidious, the ingrateful deceiver; but will not the forseiture of his life, and the probable loss of his soul, be a dreadful expiation for having made me miserable for a few months only, and thro' that misery, by the Divine savour, happy to all Eternity?

In such a case, my cousin, where shall the evil stop? And who shall avenge on you?—And who on your aven-

ger?

Let the poor man's conscience then, dear Sir, avenge me. He will one day find punishment more than enough from that. Leave him to the chance of repentance. If the Almighty will give him time for it, why should you deny it him?—Let him still be the guilty aggressor; and let no one say, Clarissa Harlowe is now amply revenged in his fall; or, in the case of yours (which Heaven avert!) that her fault, instead of being buried in her grave, is perpetuated, and aggravated, by a loss far greater than that of herself.

Often, Sir, has the more guilty been the vanquisher of the less. An Earl of Shrewsbury, in the reign of Charles II. as I have read, endeavouring to revenge the greatest injury that man can do to man, met with his death at Barn-Elms, from the hand of the ignoble Duke who had vilely dishonoured him. Nor can it be thought an unequal dispensation, were it generally to happen, that the usurper of the Divine prerogative should be punished for his presumption by the man whom he sought to destroy, and who, however previously criminal, is put, in this case, upon a necessary act of self-defence.

May Heaven protect you, Sir, in all your ways; and, once more I pray, reward you for all your kindness to me: A kindness so worthy of your heart, and so exceedingly grateful to mine: That of seeking to make peace, and to reconcile parents to a once beloved child; uncles

to a niece late their favourite; and a brother and fifter to a fifter whom once they thought not unworthy of that tender relation. A kindness so greatly preferable to the ven-

geance of the murdering fword.

Be a comforter, dear Sir, to my honoured parents, as you have been to me: And may we, thro' the Divine goodness to us both, meet in that blessed Eternity, into which, as I humbly trust, I shall have entered when you read This.

So prays, and to her latest hour will pray, my dear cousin Morden, my Friend, my Guardian, but not my Avenger—[Dear Sir! remember That!]—

Your ever-affectionate and obliged

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XCV.

Colonel MORDEN, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq; Dear Sir, Sat. Sept. 23.

A M very forry, that any-thing you have heard I have

faid should give you uneafiness.

I am obliged to you for the letters you have communi-

cated to me; and still further for your promise to favour me with others occasionally.

All that relates to my dear cousin I shall be glad to see, be it from whom it will.

I leave to your own discretion, what may or may not be proper for Miss Howe to see from so free a pen as mine.

I admire her spirit. Were she a man, do you think, Sir, she would, at this time, have your advice to take upon

fuch a subject as that you write upon?

Fear not, however, that your communications shall put me upon any measures that otherwise I should not have taken. The wickedness, Sir, is of such a nature, as admits not of aggravation.

Yet I do affure you, that I have not made any refolu-

tions that will be a tie upon me.

I have indeed expressed myself with vehemence upon the occasion. Who could forbear to do so? But it is not my way to resolve in matters of moment, till opportunity brings the execution of my purposes within my reach. We shall see what manner of spirit this young man will be acted by, on his recovery. If he continue to brave and defy a family, which he has so irreparably injured—If—But resolutions depending upon future contingencies are best left to future determination, as I just now hinted.

Mean time, I will own, that I think my coufin's arguments unanswerable. No good man but must be concluded

by them. -But, alas! Sir, who is good?

As to your arguments; I hope you will believe me, when I affure you, as I now do, that your opinion, and your reasonings, have, and will always have, great and deserved weight with me: And that I respect you still more than I did, if possible, for your exposulations in favour of the end of my cousin's pious injunctions to me. They come from you, Sir, with the greatest propriety, as her executor and representative; and likewise as you are a man of humanity, and a well-wisher to both parties.

I am not exempt from violent passions, Sir, any more than your friend; but then I hope they are only capable of being raised by other peoples insolence, and not by my own arrogance, If ever I am stimulated by my imperfections and my resentments to act against my judgment, and my cousin's injunctions; some such resections as these that follow, will run away with my reason. Indeed they

are always prefent with me.

In the first place; My own disappointment: Who came over with the hope of passing the remainder of my days in the conversation of a kinswoman so beloved; and to whom I had a double relation, as her cousin and trustee.

Then I reflect, too-too often perhaps for my engagements to her in her last hours, that the dear creature could only forgive for herself. She, no doubt, is happy: But who shall forgive for a whole family, in all its branches made miserable for their lives?

That the more faulty her friends were as to her, the more enormous his ingratitude, and the more inexcufable— What! Sir, was it not enough, that she suffered what she did for him, but the barbarian must make her suffer for her sufferings for his sake?—

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Passion makes me express this weakly: Passion refuses strength sometimes, where the propriety of a resentment prima facie declares expression to be needless. I leave it to you, Sir, to give this reslection its due force.

That the author of this diffusive mischief perpetrated it premeditatedly, wantonly, in the gaiety of his heart. To try my cousin, say you, Sir? To try the virtue of a Clarissa, Sir!—Had she then given him any cause to doubt her virtue?—It could not be.—If he averrs that she did—I am indeed called upon—But I will have patience.

That he carried her, as now it appears, to a vile brothel, purposely to put her out of all human resource; Himself out of the reach of all humane remorse: And that, finding her proof against all the common arts of delusion, base and unmanly arts were there used to effect his wicked purposes. Once dead, the injured faint, in her will, says, be has seen her.

That I could not know this, when I faw him at M. Hall: That, the object of his attempts confidered, I could not suppose there was such a monster breathing as he: That it was natural for me to impute her refusal of him rather to transitory resentment, to consciousness of human frailty, and mingled doubts of the sincerity of his offers, than to villainies, which had given the irreversible blow, and had at that instant brought her down to the gates of death, which in a very few days inclosed her.

That he is a man of defiance: A man who thinks to awe every-one by his infolent darings, and by his pretensions to superior courage and skill.

That, differed as he is to his name, and to the character of a gentleman, the man would not want his merit, who, in vindication of the dishonoured distinction, should expunge and blot him out of the worthy lift.

That the injured family has a fon, who, however unworthy of such a fister, is of a temper vehement, unbridled, sierce, unequal therefore (as he has once indeed been found) to a contention with this man: The loss loss of which son, by a violent death, on such an occasion, by a hand so justly hated, would complete the misery of the whole family: And who, nevertheless, resolves to call him to account, if I do not: His very misehaviour perhaps to such a sister stimulating his perverse heart to do her memory the more signal justice; tho' the attempt might be fatal to him.

Then, Sir, to be a witness, as I am every hour, to the calamity and distress of a family to which I am related; every-one of whom, however averse to an alliance with him while it had not taken place, would no doubt have been soon reconciled to the admirable creature, had the man (to whom, for his family and fortunes it was not a disgrace to be allied) done her but common justice!

To fee them hang their pensive heads; mope about, shunning one another; tho' formerly never used to meet but to rejoice in each other; afflicting themselves with reflections, that the last time they respectively saw the dear creature it was here, or there, at such a place, in such an attitude; and could they have thought that it would have been the last?

Every-one of them reviving instances of her excellencies, that will for a long time make their very blessings a

curse to them!

Her closet, her chamber, her cabinet, given up to me to disfurnish, in order to answer (now too late obliging!) the legacies bequeathed; unable themselves to enter them; and even making use of less convenient back-stairs, that they may avoid passing by the doors of her apartment!

Her parlour locked up; the walks, the retirements, the summer-house in which she delighted, and used to pursue her charming works; that, in particular, from which she went to the fatal interview; shunned,

or hurried by, or over!

Her perfections, nevertheless, called up to remembrance, and enumerated: Incidents and graces, unheeded before, or passed over in the groupe of her numberless perfections, now brought into notice, and dwelt upon! The very servants allowed to expatiate upon these praiseful topics to their principals! Even eloquent in their praises— The distressed principals listening and weeping! Then to see them break in upon the zealous applauders, by their impatience and remorse, and throw abroad their helpless hands, and exclaim; then again to see them listen to hear more of her praises, and weep again—They even encouraging the servants to repeat, how they used to be stopt by strangers to ask after her, and by those who knew her, to be told of some new instances to her honour—How aggravating all this!

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elt 'he In dreams they see her, and desire to see her: Always an angel, and accompanied by angels: Always clad in robes of light: Always endeavouring to comfort them, who declare that they shall never more know comfort!

What an example she set! How she indited! How she drew! How she wrought! How she talked! How she sung! How she played! Her voice, music! Her accent, harmony!

Her conversation how instructive! how sought after!
The delight of persons of all ages, of both sexes, of all ranks! Yet how humble, how condescending!
Never were dignity and humility so illustriously mingled!

At other times, how generous, how noble, how charitable, how judicious in her charities! In every action laudable! In every attitude attractive! In every appearance, whether full-dressed, or in the house-wise's more humble garb, equally elegant, and equally lovely! Like or resembling Miss Clarissa Harlowe, they now remember to be a praise denoting the highest degree of approveable excellence, with every-one, whatever person, action, or rank, spoken of.

The defirable daughter; the obliging kinswoman; the affectionate fister (All envy now subsided!); the faithful, the warm friend; the affable, the kind, the benevolent mistress! — Not one fault remembered! All their severities called cruelties: Mutually accuse-

ing each other; each him and herself; and all to raise ber character, and torment themselves.

Such, Sir, is the angel, of whom the vilest of men has deprived the world! You, Sir, who know more of the barbarous machinations and practices of this strange man, can help me to still more inflaming reasons, were they needed, why a man not perfect may stand excused to the generality of the world, if he should pursue his vengeance.

But I will force myself from the subject, after I have repeated, that I have not yet made any resolutions that can bind me. Whenever I do, I shall be glad they may be such as may merit the honour of your approbation.

I fend you back the copies of the posthumous letters. I fee the humanity of your purpose in the transmission of them to me; and I thank you most heartily for it. I presume, that it is owing to the same laudable consideration, that you kept back the copy of that to the wicked man himself.

I intend to wait upon Miss Howe in person with the diamond ring, and such other of the effects bequeathed to her as are here. I am, SIR,

Your most faithful and obliged Servant,

WM. MORDEN.

Mr. Belford, in his answer to this letter, farther inforces the lady's dying injunctions; and rejoices that the Colonel has made no vindictive resolutions; and hopes everything from his prudence and confideration, and from his promise given to the dying lady.

He refers to the feeing him in town an account of the dreadful ends of two of the greatest criminals in his coufin's affair. 'This, fays he, together with Mr. Love-

lace's diforder of mind, looks as if Providence had already taken the punishment of these unhappy wretches

' into its own hands.'

He desires a day's notice of his coming to town, lest

otherwise he may be absent at the time.

This he does, tho' he tells him not the reason, with a view to prevent a meeting between him and Mr. Lovelace; who may be in town (as he apprehends) about the same time, in his way to go abroad.

LETTER XCVI.

Colonel MORDEN, To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Dear Sir, Tuefday, Sept. 26.

I Cannot help congratulating myfelf as well as you, that we have already got thro' with the family every arti-

cle of the Will, where they have any concern.

You left me a discretional power, in many instances; and, in pursuance of it, I have had my dear cousin's personal jewels valued; and will account to you for them, at the highest price, when I come to town, as well as for other matters that you were pleased to intrust to my management.

nagement.

These jewels I have presented to my cousin Dolly Hervey, in acknowledgement of her love to the dear departed. I have told Miss Howe of this; and she is as well pleased with what I have done, as if she had been the purchaser of them herself. As that young lady has jewels of her own, she could only have wished to purchase these for her beloved friend's sake.

The grandmother's jewels are also valued; and the money will be paid me, for you, to be carried to the uses of

the Will.

Mrs. Norton is preparing, by general consent, to enter upon her office as housekeeper at The Grove. But it is my opinion, that she will not be long on this side Heaven.

I waited upon Miss Howe myself, as I told you I would, with what was bequeathed to her and her mother. If I make a few observations with regard to that young lady, so dear to my beloved cousin, you will not be displeased perhaps, as you have not a personal acquaintance with her.

There never was a firmer and nobler friendship in women, than that which the wretched man has put an end

to, between my dear cousin and Miss Howe.

Friendship, generally speaking, Mr. Belford, is too fervent a slame for semale minds to manage: A light, that but in few of their hands burns steady, and often hurries the Sex into slight and absurdity. Like other extremes, it is hardly ever durable. Marriage, which is the highest

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state of friendship, generally absorbs the most vehement friendships of female to female; and that whether the wed. lock be happy, or not.

What female mind is capable of two fervent friendships

at the same time?

This I mention as a general observation: But the friend. ship that subfisted between these two ladies affords a remarkable exception to it: Which I account for from those qualities and attainments in both, which, were they more common, would furnish more exceptions still in favour of the Sex. Both had an inlarged, and even a liberal education: Both had minds thirsting after virtuous knowlege, Great readers both: Great writers- And early familiar writing I take to be one of the greatest openers and improvers of the mind, that man or woman can be imployed in.] Both generous. High in fortune; therefore above that dependence each on the other, that frequently destroys the familiarity which is the cement of friendship. excelling in different ways, in which neither fought to emulate the other. Both bleffed with clear and diffinguishing faculties; with folid fense; and from their first intimacy [I have many of my lights, Sir, from Mrs. Norton] each feeing something in the other to fear, as well as love; yet making it an indispensable condition of their friendship each to tell the other of her failings; and to be thankful for the freedom taken. One by nature gentle; the other made so, by her love and admiration of her exalted friend-Impossible that there could be a friendship better calculated for duration.

I must however take the liberty to blame Miss Howe for her behaviour to Mr. Hickman. And I infer from it, that even women of sense are not to be trusted with

power.

By the way, I am fure I need not defire you not to communicate to this fervent young lady the liberties I

take with her character.

I dare say, my cousin could not approve of Miss Howe's behaviour to this gentleman: A behaviour which is talked of by as many as know Mr. Hickman and her. Can a wife young lady be easy under such censure? — She must know it.

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Mr.

Mr. Hickman is really a very worthy man. Every-body speaks well of him. But he is gentle-dispositioned, and he adores Miss Howe; and Love admits not of an air of even due dignity to the object of it. Yet will he hardly ever get back the reins he has yielded up; unless she, by carrying too far the power she seems at present too sensible of, should, when she has no favours to confer which he has not a right to demand, provoke him to throw off the too heavy yoke. And should he do so, and then treat her with negligence, Miss Howe, of all the women I know, will be the least able to support herself under it. She will then be more unhappy than she ever made him: For a man who is uneasy at home can divert himself abroad; which a woman cannot so easily do, without scandal.

Permit me to take further notice, as to Miss Howe; that it is very obvious to me, that she has, by her haughty behaviour to this worthy man, involved herself in one difficulty, from which she knows not how to extricate herself with that grace, which accompanies all her actions. She intends to have Mr. Hickman. I believe she does not dislike him. And it will cost her no small pains to descend from the elevation she has climbed to.

Another inconveniency she will suffer from her having taught every-body (for she is above disguise) to think, by her treatment of Mr. Hickman, much more meanly of him than he deserves to be thought of. And must she not suffer dishonour in bis dishonour?

Mrs. Howe is much disturbed at her daughter's behaviour to the gentleman. He is very deservedly a favourite of hers. But (another failing in Miss Howe!) her mother has not all the authority with her that her daughter's good sense ought to permit her to have. It is very disticult, Mr. Belford, for people of different or contrary dispositions (tho' no bad people neither) to mingle Reverence with their Love for each other; even where Nature has called for Love in the relationship.

Miss Howe is open, generous, noble. The Mother has not any of these fine qualities. Parents, in order to preferve their childrens veneration for them, should take great care not to let them see any-thing in their conduct,

or behaviour, or principles, which they themselves would

not approve of in others.

But, after all, I fee that there is something so charmingly brilliant and frank in Miss Howe's disposition, altho' at present visibly overclouded by grief, that it is impossible not to love her even for her failings. She may, and I hope she will, make Mr. Hickman an obliging wife. And if she do, she will have an additional merit with me; since she cannot be apprehensive of check or controul; and may therefore by her generosity and prudence lay an obligation upon her husband, by the performance of what is no more than her duty.

Her mother both loves and fears her. Yet is Mrs. Howe a woman of vivacity, and ready enough, I dare fay, to cry out when she is pained. But, alas! she has, as I hinted above, weakened her authority by the narrow-

ness of her mind.

Yet once she praised her daughter to me for the generosity of her spirit, with so much warmth, that had I not known the old lady's character, I should have thought her generous berself. And yet I have always observed, that people even of narrow tempers are ready to praise generous ones:—And thus have I accounted for it, that such persons generally find it to their purpose, that all the world should be open minded but themselves.

The old lady applied herself to me, to urge to the young one the contents of the Will, in order to hasten her to fix a day for her marriage: But desired that I would not

let Miss Howe know that she did.

I took the liberty upon it to tell the young lady, that I hoped that ber part of a Will, fo foon, and fo punctually, in almost all its other articles, fulfilled, would not

be the only one that would be flighted.

Her answer was, She would consider of it: And made me a courtefy with such an air, as shewed me, that she thought me more out of my sphere, than I could allow her to think me, had I been permitted to argue the point with her.

I found both Miss Howe and her own servant-maid in deep mourning. This, it seems, had occasioned a great debate at first between her mother and her. Her mother had đ

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the words of the Will on her fide; and Mr. Hickman's interest in her view; as her daughter had said, that she would wear it for fix months at least. But the young lady carried her point—'Strange, said she, if I, who shall mourn the heavy, the irreparable loss to the last hour of my life, should not shew my concern to the world for a few months.'

Mr. Hickman, for his part, was so far from uttering an opposing word on this occasion, that, on the very day that Miss Howe put on hers, he waited on her in a new suit of mourning, as for a near relation. His servants and equipage made the same respectful appearance.

Whether the mother was consulted by him in it, I cannot say; but the daughter knew nothing of it, till she saw him in it. She looked at him with surprize, and asked him, for whom he mourned?

The dear, and ever-dear Miss Harlowe, he said.

She was at a loss, it feems—At last—All the world ought to mourn for my Clarissa, said she; but who, Man, (that was her address to him) thinkest thou to oblige by this appearance?

It is more than appearance, madam. I love not my own fister, worthy as she is, better than I loved Miss Clarissa Harlowe. I oblige myself by it. And if I disoblige not you, that is all I have to wish.

She surveyed him, I am told, from head to foot. She knew not, at first, whether to be angry or pleased—At length, I thought at first, said she, that you might have a bolder and freer motive—But (as my mamma says) you may be a well-meaning man, tho' generally a little wrong-headed—However, as the world is censorious, and may think us nearer of kin than I would have it supposed, I must take care, honest friend, that I am not seen abroad in your company.

But let me add, Mr. Belford, that if this compliment of Mr. Hickman (or this more than compliment, as I may well call it, fince the worthy man speaks not of my dear cousinwithout emotion) does not produce a short day, I shall think Miss Howe has less generosity in her temper than I am willing to allow her.

You will excuse me, Mr. Belford, I dare say, for the particularities which you have invited and encouraged.

Having now feen every-thing that relates to the Will of my dear cousin brought to a desirable iffue, I will fet about making my own. I shall follow the dear creature's example, and give my reasons for every article, that there may be no room for after-contention.

What but a fear of death, a fear unworthy of a creature who knows that he must one day as surely die as he was born, can hinder any one from making such a disposition?

I hope foon to pay my respects to you in town. Mean

time, I am, with great respect, dear SIR,

Your faithful and affectionate humble Servant,

and a property of the states and the

Wm. Morden.

LETTER XCVII.

Mr. BELFORD, To Miss Howe.

Madam, Thursday, Sept. 28.

I DO myself the honour to send you with This, according to my promise (a), copies of the posthumous let-

ters written by your exalted friend.

These will be accompanied with other letters, particularly a copy of one from Mr. Lovelace, begun to be written on the 14th, and continued down to the 18th (b). You will judge by it, Madam, of the dreadful anguish that his spirits labour with, and of his deep remorse.

Mr. Lovelace fent for this letter back. I complied; but I first took a copy of it. As I have not told him that I have done so, you will be pleased to forbear communicating of it to any body but Mr. Hickman. That gentleman's perusal of it will be the same as if no-body but

yourself saw it.

One of the letters of Colonel Morden's which I inclose, you will observe, Madam, is only a copy (c). The true reason for which, as I will ingenuously acknowlege, is, some free, but respectful observations which the Colonel has made upon you, Madam, for declining to carry into execution your part of your dear friend's last requests. I have therefore, in respect to that worthy gentleman (having a caution from him on that head) omitted those parts.

Will

Will you allow me, Madam, however, to tell you, that I myself could not have believed that my inimitable testatrix's own Miss Howe would have been the most backward in performing such a part of her dear friend's last Will, as is intirely in her own power to perform-Especially, when that performance would make one of the most deferving men in England happy; and whom, I prefume, the proposes to honour with her hand?

Excuse me, Madam. I have a most fincere veneration for you; and would not disoblige you for the world.

I will not prefume to make remarks on the letters I fend you: Nor upon the informations I have to give you of the dreadful end of two unhappy wretches, who were the greatest criminals in the affair of your adorable friend. These are the infamous Sinclair, and a person whom you have read of no doubt in the letters of the charming Innocent, by the name of Captain Tomlinson.

The wretched woman died in the extremest tortures and despondency: The man from wounds got in defending himself in carrying on a contraband trade: Both accusing themselves in their last hours, for the parts they had acted against the most excellent of women, as of the

crime they had most remorfe for.

Give me leave to fay, Madam, that if your compassion be not excited for the poor man who fuffers from his own anguish of mind, as you will see by his letter; and for the unhappy family, whose remorfe, as you will fee by Col. Morden's, is fo deep; -your terror must. And yet I. shall not wonder, if the just sense of the irreparable loss you have fustained hardens a heart against pity, which, on a less extraordinary occasion, would want its principal grace, if it were not compassionate.

I am, Madam, with the greatest respect and gratitude.

Your most obliged and faithful bumble Servant.

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XCVIII

Miss Howe, To John Belford, Esq. medicary of regular Sat. Sept. 30.

Little thought I ever could have owed fo much obligation to any man, as you have laid me under. And yet what you have fent me has almost broken my heart. and ruined my eyes. Abstract haftening that ment and and the

I am furprised, tho' agreeably, that you have so soon, and fo well, got over that part of the trust you have en-

gaged in which relates to the family.

gu shor Plashor . It may be presumed, from the exits you mention of two of the infernal man's accomplices, that the thunderbolt will not stop short of the principal. Indeed I have some pleasure to think it feems rolling along towards the devoted head that has plotted all the mischief. But let me, however, fay, that altho' I think Mr. Morden not altogether in the wrong in his reasons for resenting, as he is the dear creature's Kinsman and Trustee; yet I think you very much in the right in endeavouring to diffuade him from it, as you are her Executor, and act in pursuance of her earnest request.

But what a letter is that of the infernal man! I cannot observe upon it. Neither can I, for very different reafons, upon my dear creature's posthumous letters; particularly on that to him. Oh! Mr. Belford! what numberless perfections died, when my Clarissa drew her last breath!

If decency be observed in his letters (for I have not vet had patience to read above two or three of them, besides this horrid one, which I return you inclosed) I may some time hence be curious to look, by their means, into the hearts of wretches, which, tho' they must be the abhorrence of virtuous minds, will, when laid open (as I prefume they are in them) afford a proper warning to those who read them, and teach them to detest men of such profigate characters.

If your reformation be fincere, you will not be offended that I except you not on this occasion .- And thus have I helped you to a criterion to try yourfelf by.

By this letter of the wicked man it is apparent, that there

there are still wickeder women. But see what a guilty commerce with the devils of your fex will bring those to. whose morals ye have ruined!— For these women were once innocent: It was man that made them otherwise. The first bad man, perhaps, threw them upon worse men: Those upon still worse; till they commenced devils incarnate- The height of wickedness, or of shame, is not arrived at all at once, as I have fomewhere heard observed.

But this man, this monster rather, for bim to curse these women, and to curfe the dear creature's family (implacable as the latter were) in order to lighten a burden he voluntarily took up, and groans under, is meanness added to wickedness: And in vain will he one day find his low plea of tharing with her friends, and with those common wretches, a guilt which will be adjudged him as all his own; tho' they too may meet with their punishment: As it is evidently begun; in the first, in their inesfectual reproaches of one another; in the second, as you have told me.

This letter of the abandoned wretch I have not shewn to any-body; not even to Mr. Hickman: For, Sir, I must tell you, I do not as yet think it the same thing as only feeing it myfelf. And land of hard of her

Mr. Hickman, like the rest of his sex, would grow upon indulgence. One distinction from me would make him pay two to himself. Insolent creepers, or incroachers, all of you! To shew any of you a favour to-day,

you would expect it as a right to-morrow.

I am, as you fee, very open and fincere with you; and defign in another letter to be still more fo, in answer to your call, and Colonel Morden's call, upon me, in a point that concerns me to explain myfelf upon to my beloved creature's Executor, and to her only tender and only worthy relation.

I cannot but highly applaud Colonel Morden for his nome they are in their

generofity to Miss Dolly Hervey.

S

O that he had arrived time enough to fave my inimitable friend from the machinations of the vilest of men, and from the envy and malice of the most felfish and implacable of brothers and fifters!

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XCIX

Miss Howe, To John Belford, Esq;

the has reversely on ton recovering Monday, Oct. 2.

THEN you question me, Sir, as you do, and on a fubject fo affecting to me, in the character of the reprefentative of my best-beloved friend, and have in every particular hitherto acted up to that character, you are intitled to my regard: Especially as in your questioning of me you are joined by a gentleman, whom I look upon as the dearest and nearest (because worthiest) relation of my dear friend: And who, it feems, has been so severe a cenfurer of my conduct, that your politeness will not permit you to fend me his letter, with others of his; but a copy only, in which the passages reflecting upon me are omitted.

I presume, however, that what is meant by this alarming freedom of the Colonel's, is no more than what you both have already hinted to me; as if you thought I were not inclined to pay fo much regard to my beloved creature's last Will, in my own case, as I would have others pay to it. A charge that I ought not to be quite filent

omprunicate, the tells me, are the peculiar anyabing You have observed, no doubt, that I have seemed to value myfelf upon the freedom I take in declaring my fentiments without reserve upon every subject that I pretend to touch upon: And I can hardly question that I have, or shall, in your opinion, by my unceremonious treatment of you upon so short an acquaintance, run into the error of those, who, wanting to be thought above hypocrify and flattery, fall into rufticity, if not ill-manners: a common fault with such, who, not caring to correct conflitutional failings, feek to gloss them over by some nominal virtue; when all the time, perhaps, it is native arrogance; or, at least, a contracted rust, that they will not, because it would give them pain, submit to have round upon all the marned per. Ho beld

You fee, Sir, that I can, however, be as free with myfelf as with you: And, by what I am going to write, you will find me still more free: And yet I am aware, that fuch of my fex as will not assume some little dignity, and exact

exact respect from yours, will render themselves cheap; and perhaps, for their modely and diffidence, be repaid with foorn and infult.

But the scorn I will endeavour not to deserve; and the

infult I will not bear, no sm northwy I fluini

In some of the dear creature's papers, which you have had in your possession, and must again have for transcription, you will find feveral friendly but fevere reprehenfions of me, on account of a natural, or, at least, an babitual, warmth of temper, which she was pleased to im-

bedearest and nearest (because worthiell) religin of stud I was thinking to give you her charge against me in her own words, from one of her letters delivered to me with her own hands, on taking leave of me, on the last visit fhe honoured me with, But I will supply that charge by confession of more than it imports; to wit, That I am ' haughty, uncontroulable, and violent in my temper;' This I fay: " Impatient of contradiction,' was my beloved's charge (from any-body but her dear felf, the thould have faid); and aim not at that affability, that gentleness ' next to meekness, which, in the letter I was going to communicate, she tells me, are the peculiar and indifpentable characteristics of a real fine lady; who, she is pleafed to fay, should appear to be gall-less as a dove; and never should know what warmth or high spirit is, but in the cause of Religion or Virtue; or in cases where her own honour, the honour of a friend, or that of an

innocent person, is concerned.' nogu nov to mame Now, Sir, as I must needs plead guilty to this indictment, do you think I ought not to resolve upon a Single Life? I, who have fuch an opinion of your fex, that I think there is not one man in an hundred whom a woman of fense and spirit can either bonour or obey, tho' you make us promife both, in that folemn form of words which unites or rather binds us to you in marriage?

When I look round upon all the married people of my acquaintance, and fee how they live, and what they bear, who live best, I am confirmed in my dislike to the State.

Well do your fex contrive to bring us up fools and idiots, in order to make us bear the yoke you lay upon our fhoulshoulders; and that we may not despise you from our hearts (as we certainly should, if we were brought up as you are) for your ignorance, as much as you often make us do (as it is) for your insolence.

These, Sir, are some of my notions. And, with these notions, let me repeat my question, Do you think I ought

to marry at all?

If I marry either a fordid or an imperious wretch, can I, do you think, live with him? And ought a man of a contrary character, for the sake of either of our reputa-

tions, to be plagued with me?

Long did I stand out against all the offers made me, and against all the persuasions of my mother; and, to tell you the truth, the longer, and with the more obstinacy, as the person my choice would have at first fallen upon, was neither approved by my mother, nor by my dear friend. This riveted me to my pride, and to my opposition: For altho' I was convinced after a while, that my choice would neither have been prudent nor happy; and that the specious wretch was not what he had made me believe he was; yet could I not easily think of any other man: And indeed, from the detection of him, took a settled aversion to the whole sex.

At last Mr. Hickman offered himself; a man worthy of a better choice. He had the good fortune [he thinks it so] to be agreeable (and to make his proposals agreeable)

to my mother man on douler I ten beinne llaw

As to myself; I own, that were I to have chosen a Brother, Mr. Hickman should have been the man; virtuous, sober, sincere, friendly, as he is. But I wished not to marry: Nor knew I the man in the world whom I could think deserving of my beloved friend. But neither of our

parents would let us live fingle.

The accurfed Lovelace was proposed warmly to ber, at one time; and, while she was yet but indifferent to him, they by ungenerous usage of him (for then, Sir, he was not known to be Beelzebub himself) and by endeavouring to force her inclinations in favour first of one worthless man, then of another, in antipathy to him, thro' her foolish brother's caprice, turned that indifference (from the natural

natural generofity of her foul) into a regard which she never otherwise would have had for a man of his character.

Mr. Hickman was proposed to me. I refused him again and again. He persisted: My mother his advocate. My mother made my beloved friend his advocate too. I told him my aversion to all men: To him: To matrimony.—Still he persisted. I used him with tyranny: Led indeed partly by my temper, partly by design; hoping thereby to get rid of him; till the poor man (his character unexceptionably uniform) still persisting, made himself a merit with me by his patience. This brought down my pride [I never, Sir, was accounted very ungenerous, nor quite ingrateful] and gave me, at one time, an inferiority in my own opinion to him; which lasted just long enough for my friends to prevail upon me to promise him encouragement; and to receive his addresses.

Having so done, when the weather-glass of my pride got up again, I found I had gone too far to recede. My mother and my friend both held me to it. Yet I tried him; I vexed him an hundred ways; and not so much neither with design to vex him, as to make him hate me, and de-

cline his fuit.

He bore this, however; and got nothing but my pity: Yet still my mother and my friend, having obtained my promise (made, however, not to him, but to them) and being well assured that I valued no man more than Mr. Hickman (who never once disobliged me in word, or deed, or look, except by his foolish perseverance) in-

fifted upon the performance: a sylbasia around radol.

While my dear friend was in her unhappy uncertainty, I could not think of marriage: And now, what encouragement have I? — She, my monitrefs, my guide, my counfel, gone, for ever gone!—By whose advice and instructions I hoped to acquit myself tolerably in the State into which I could not avoid entering. For, Sir, my mother is so partially Mr. Hickman's friend, that I am sure, should any difference arise, she would always censure me, and acquit him; even were he ungenerous enough to remember me in his day.

This, Sir, being my fituation, confider how difficult it

is for me to think of marriage. Whenever we approve, we can find an hundred good reasons to justify our approbation. Whenever we dislike, we can find a thousand to justify our dislike. Every-thing in the latter case is an impediment: Every shadow a bugbear.—Thus can I enumerate and swell perhaps only imaginary grievances; I must go whither he would have me to go: Vifit whom he would have me to vifit: Well as I love to write (tho' now, alas! my grand inducement to write is over) it must be to whom he pleases? And Mrs. Hickman (who, as Mis Howe, cannot do wrong) would hardly ever be able to do right. Thus, the tables turned upon me, I am reminded of my brokenvowed obedience; Madam'd up perhaps to matrimonial perfection, and all the wedded warfare practifed comfortably over between us (for I shall not be passive under infolent treatment) till we become curfes to each other, a byeword to our neighbours, and the jest of our own servants.

But there must be bear and forbear, methinks some wise body will tell me: But why must I be teazed into a State where that must be necessarily the case; when now I can do as I please, and wish only to be let alone to do as best pleases me? And what, in effect, does my mother say?

Anna Howe, you now do every thing that pleases you:

'You now have no-body to controul you: You go and you come; you dress and you undress; you rise and you

go to rest; just as you think best: But you must be hap-

' pier still, child!—'
As how, Madam?

Why, you must marry, my dear, and have none of these options; but, in every-thing, do as your husband

commands you.'

This is very hard, you will own, Sir, for such a one as me to think of. And yet, engaged to enter into that State, as I am, how can I help myself? My mother presentes me; my friend, my beloved friend, writing as from the dead, presses me; and you, and Mr. Morden, as Executors of her Will, remind me; the man is not as a Executors of her Will, remind me; the man is not as a fraid of me [I am sure, were I the man, I should not have half his courage]; and I think I ought to conclude to punish him (the only effectual way I have to do it) for his perverse adherence and persecution, as many other persons are punished, with the grant of his own wishes.

Let me then affure you, Sir, that when I can find, in the words of my charming friend in her Will, writing of her cousin Hervey, that my grief for her is mellowed by time into a remembrance more sweet than painful, that I may not be utterly unworthy of the passion a man of some merit has for me. I will answer the request of my dear friend. fo often repeated, and so earnestly pressed; and Mr. Hickman shall find, if he continue to deserve my gratitude, that my endeavours shall not be wanting to make him amends for the patience he has had, and must full for a little while longer have, with me: And then will it be his own fault (I hope not mine) if our marriage answer not those happy prognostics, which filled her generous presaging mind, upon this view, as she once, for my encouragement, and to induce me to encourage him, told me.

Thus, Sir, have I, in a very free manner, accounted to you, as to the Executor of my beloved friend, for all that relates to you, as such, to know; and even for more than I needed to do, against myself: Only that you will find as much against me in some of ber letters; and so, losing no-

thing, I gain the character of ingenuity with you.

And thus much for the double reprimand, on my delaying my part of the performance of my dear friend's Will.

And now let me remind you of one great article relateing to yourfelf, while you are admonishing me on this fubject: It is furnished me by her posthumous letter to you- I hope you will not forget, that the most benevolent of her fex expresses herself as earnestly concerned for your thorough reformation, as the does for my marrying. You'll see to it then, that her wishes are as completely anfwered in that particular, as you are defirous they should be in all others.

I have, I own, disobeyed the dear creature in one article; and that is, where she defires that I will not put my-

felf into mourning. I could not help it. We 196 102

I fend this and mine of Saturday last together: And will not add another word, after I have told you, that I think myself

Your obliged Servant,

A. Howe. LET-

LETTER C.

Mr. BELFORD, To Miss HowE.

Thursday night, OA.5.

I Return you, Madam, my most respectful thanks for your condescending hint, in relation to the pious wishes of your exalted friend for my thorough reformation.

I will only fay, that it shall be my earnest and unwearied endeavour to make those generous wishes effectual: And I hope for the Divine blessing upon such my

endeavours, or else I know they will be in vain.

I cannot, Madam, express how much I think myself obliged to you for your further condescension, in writing to me so frankly the state of your past and present mind, in relation to the Single and Matrimonial Life. If the lady by whom, as the Executor of her inimitable friend, I am thus honoured, bas failings, never were failings so lovely in woman!—How much more lovely, indeed, than the virtues of many of her sex!

I might have ventured into the hands of such a lady the Colonel's letter, without transcription or omission. That worthy gentleman exceedingly admires you; and his caution was the effect of his politeness only, and of his regard

for you.

I send you, Madam, a letter from Lord M. to myself; and the copies of three others written in consequence of that. These will acquaint you with Mr. Lovelace's departure from England, and with other particulars, which you will be curious to know.

Be pleased to keep to yourself such of the contents as your own prudence will suggest to you ought not to be

feen by any-body elfe.

I am, Madam, with the profoundest and most grateful respect,

Your faithful and obliged humble Servant,

Louis quality of the Streets's

JOHN BELFORD.

LETTER CI.

Lord M. To JOHN BELFORD, Efq;

Dear Sir, M. Hall, Friday, Sept. 29.

MY kinsman Lovelace is now setting out for London; proposing to see you, and then to go to Dover, and so embark. God send him well out of the kingdom!

On Monday he will be with you, I believe. Pray let me be favoured with an account of all your conversations; for Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville are to be there too; and whether you think he is grown quite his own man again. What I mostly write for is, to wish you to keep Colonel Morden and him asunder, and so to give you notice of his going to town. I should be very loth thee should be any mischief between them, as you gave me notice that the Colonel threatened my nephew. But my kinsman would not bear that; so no body let him know that he did. But I hope there is no fear: For the Colonel does not, as I hear, threaten now. For his own sake, I am glad of that; for there is not such a man in the world as my kinsman is said to be, at all the weapons—As well he was not; he would not be so daring.

We shall all here miss the wild fellow. To be sure,

there is no man better company when he pleafes.

Pray, do you never travel thirty or forty mile? I should be glad to see you here at M. Hall. It will be charity, when my kinsman is gone; for we suppose you will be his chief correspondent: Altho' he has promised to write to my nieces often. But he is very apt to forget his promises; To us his relations particularly. God preserve us all; Amen! prays

Your very bumble Servant,

M.

LETTER CII.

Mr. BELFORD, To Lord M.

My Lord, London, Tuesday night, Oct. 3.

I Obey your Lordship's commands with great pleasure.
Yesterday in the afternoon Mr. Lovelace made me a visit at my lodgings. As I was in expectation of one R 6 from

from Colonel Morden about the fame time, I thought proper to carry him to a tavern which neither of us frequented (on pretence of an half-appointment); ordering notice to be fent me thither, if the Colonel came: And Mr. Lovelace fent to Mowbray, and Tourville, and Mr. Doleman of Uxbridge (who came to town to take leave

of him) to let them know where to find us and shoot and

Mr. Lovelace is too well recovered, I was going to fay. I never faw him more gay, lively, and handsome. We had a good deal of blufter about some parts of the Truft I have engaged in; and upon freedoms I had treated him with; in which, he would have it, that I had exceeded our agreed on limits: But on the arrival of our three old companions, and a nephew of Mr. Doleman's (who had a good while been defirous to pass an hour with Mr. Love-

lace) it blew off for the prefent.

Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville had also taken some exceptions at the freedoms of my pen; and Mr. Lovelace, after his way, took upon him to reconcile us; and did it at the expence of all three; and with fuch an infinite run of humour and raillery, that we had nothing to do but laugh at what he faid, and at one another. I can deal tolerably with him at my pen; but in conversation he has no equal. In short, it was his day. He was glad, he faid, to find himself alive; and his two friends clapping and rubbing their hands twenty times in an hour, declared, that now once more he was all himself; the charmingst fellow in the world; and they would follow him to the furthest part of the globe.

I threw a bur upon his coat now-and then; but none

would flick.

Your Lordship knows, that there are many things which occasion a roar of applause in conversation, when the heart is open, and men are resolved to be merry, which will neither bear repeating, nor thinking of afterwards. Common things, in the mouth of a man we admire, and whose wit has passed upon us for sterling, become, in a gay hour, uncommon. We watch every turn of such a one's countenance, and are resolved to laugh when he smiles, even before he utters what we are expecting to flow from his lips.

Mr.

Mr. Doleman and his nephew took leave of us by Twelve. Mowbray and Tourville grew very noify by One; and were carried off by Two. Wine never moves Mr. Lovelace, notwithstanding a vivacity which generally helps on over-gay spirits. As to myself, the little part I had taken in their gaiety kept me unconcerned.

The clock struck Three before I could get him into any serious or attentive way—So natural to him is gaiety of heart; and such strong hold had the liveliness of the evening taken of him. His conversation you know, my Lord, when his heart is free, runs off to the bottom without any

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But after that hour, and when we thought of parting, he became a little more serious: And then he told me his designs, and gave me a plan of his intended tour; wishing

heartily, that I could have accompanied him.

We parted about Four; he not a little distatisfied with me; for we had some talk about subjects which, he said, he loved not to think of; to wit, Miss Harlowe's Will; my Executorship; papers I had in considence communicated to that admirable lady [with no unfriendly design, I assure your Lordship]; and he insisting upon, and I refusing, the return of the letters he had written to me from the time that he had made his first addresses to her.

He would see me once again, he said; and it would be upon very ill terms if I complied not with his request. Which I bid him not expect. But, that I might not deny him every thing, I told him, that I would give him a copy of the Will; tho' I was sure, I said, when he read

it, he would wish he had never seen it.

I had a message from him about Eleven this morning, desiring me to name a place at which to dine with Him, and Mowbray, and Tourville, for the last time: And soon after another from Colonel Morden, inviting me to pass the evening with him at the Bedford-Head in Covent-Garden. And, that I might keep them at distance from one another, I appointed Mr. Lovelace at the Eagle in Susfolk-Street.

There I met him, and the two others. We began where we left off at our last parting; and were very high with each other. But, at last, all was made up, and he offered

offered to forget and forgive every-thing, on condition that I would correspond with him while abroad, and continue the feries which had been broken thro' by his illness; and particularly give him, as I had offered, a copy of the

Lady's Will.

I promifed him: And he then fell to raillying me on my gravity, and on my Reformation-schemes, as he called them. As we walked about the room, expecting dinner to be brought in, he laid his hand upon my shoulder, then pushed me from him with a curse; walking round me, and furveying me from head to foot; then calling for the observation of the others, he turned round upon his heel, and, with one of his peculiar wild airs, Ha, ha, ha, ha, burst he out, that these four-faced proselytes should take it into their heads that they cannot be pious, without forfeiting both their good-nature and good manners!-Why lack, turning me about, pr'ythee look up, man !- Dost thou not know, that Religion, if it has taken proper hold of the heart, is the most chearful countenance-maker in the world?—I have heard my beloved Miss Harlowe say so: And she knew, or no-body did. And was not ber aspect a benign proof of the observation? But by these wamblings in thy curfed gizzard, and thy aukward grimaces, I fee thou'rt but a novice in it yet! - Ah, Belford, Belford, thou haft a confounded parcel of briars and thorns to trample over barefoot, before Religion will illumine thefe gloomy features!

I give your Lordship this account, in answer to your

defire to know, if I think him the man he was?

In our conversation at dinner, he was balancing whether he should set out the next morning, or the morning after. But finding he had nothing to do, and Colonel Morden being in town (which, however, I told him not of) I turned the scale; and he agreed upon setting out to morrow morning; they to see him imbark; and I promised to accompany them for a morning's ride (as they proposed their horses); but said, that I must return in the afternoon.

With much reluctance they let me go to my evening's appointment: They little thought with whom: For Mr. Lovelace had put it as a case of honour to all of us, whether.

ther, as he had been told that Mr. Morden and Mr. James Harlowe had thrown out menaces against him, he ought to leave the kingdom till he had thrown himself in their way.

Mowbray gave his opinion, that he ought to leave it like a man of honour, as he was; and if he did not take those gentlemen to task for their opprobrious speeches, that at least he should be seen by them in public before he went away; else they might give themselves airs, as if

he had left the kingdom in fear of them.

To this he himself so much inclined, that it was with distinctly I persuaded him, that, as they had neither of them proceeded to a direct and formal challenge; as they knew he had not made himself distinct of access; and as he had already done the family injury enough; and it was Miss Harlowe's earnest desire, that be would be content with that; he had no reason, from any point of honour, to delay his journey; especially as he had so just a motive for his going, as the establishing of his health; and as he might return the sooner, if he saw occasion for it.

I found the Colonel in a very solemn way. We had a good deal of discourse upon the subject of letters which had passed between us in relation to Miss Harlowe's Will,

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and to her family.

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He has some accounts to settle with his banker; which, he says, will be adjusted to morrow; and on Thursday he proposes to go down again, to take leave of his friends;

and then intends to fet out directly for Italy.

I wish Mr. Lovelace could have been prevailed upon to take any other tour, than that of France and Italy. I did propose Madrid to him: But he laugh'd at me, and told me, that the proposal was in character from a Mule; and from one who was become as grave as a Spaniard of the old cut, at ninety.

I expressed to the Colonel my apprehensions, that his cousin's dying injunctions would not have the force upon

him, that were to be wished.

They have great force upon me, Mr. Belford, faid he; or one world would not have held Mr. Lovelace and me thus long. But my intention is to go to Florence; not to lay my bones there, as upon my cousin's death I told you I thought to do; but to settle all my affairs in those parts.

parts, and then to come over, and refide upon a little paternal estate in Kent, which is strangely gone to ruin in my absence. Indeed, were I to meet Mr. Lovelace, either here or abroad, I might not be answerable for the

consequence.

He would have engaged me for to-morrow. But having promised to attend Mr. Lovelace on his journey, as I have mentioned, I faid, I was obliged to go out of town, and was uncertain as to the time of my return in the evening. And fo I am to fee him on Thursday morning at my own lodgings.

I will do myself the honour to write again to your Lordship to-morrow night. Mean time, I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's. &c.

LETTER CIII.

Mr. BELFORD, To Lord M.

Wedn. night, Oct. 4. My Lord. T Am just returned from attending Mr. Lovelace as far as Gad's-Hill near Rochester. He was exceeding gay all the way. Mowbray and Tourville are gone on with him. They will fee him embark, and under fail; and promise to follow him in a month or two; for they say. there is no living without him, now he is once more himself.

He and I parted with great and even folemn tokens of affection; but yet not without gay intermixtures, as I will

acquaint your Lordship.

Taking me aside, and clasping his arms about me, · Adieu, dear Belford! faid he: May you proceed in the course you have entered upon ! - Whatever airs I give " myfelf, this charming creature has fast hold of me bere-

(clapping his hand upon his heart); and I must either appear what you fee me, or be what I fo lately was.-

O the divine creature!' lifting up his eyes -

But if I live to come to England, and you remain · fixed in your present way, and can give me encouragement, I hope rather to follow your example, than to ridicule you for it. This Will (for I had given him a copy of it) I will make the companion of my folitary

hours.

hours. You have told me part of its melancholy contents; and that, and her posthumous letter, shall be my

' fludy; and they will prepare me for being your disciple,

if you hold on.

- 'You, Jack, may marry, continued he; and I have a wife in my eye for you.—Only thou'rt such an aukward mortal' [He saw me affected, and thought to make me smile]: But we don't make ourselves, except it be worse, by our dress. Thou art in mourning now, as well as I: But if ever thy ridiculous turn lead thee again to be Beau-brocade, I will bedizen thee, as the girls say, on my return, to my own fancy, and according to thy own natural appearance—Thou shalt doctor my soul, and I will doctor thy body: Thou shalt see what a clever fellow I will make of thee.
- 'As for me, I never will, I never can, marry—That I will not take a few liberties, and that I will not try to flart some of my former game, I won't promise—Habits are not easily shaken off—But they shall be by way of weaning. So return and reform shall go together.

"And now, thou forrowful monkey, what aileth thee?"

I do love him, my Lord.

'Adieu!—And once more adieu!—embracing me— 'And when thou thinkest thou hast made thyself an interest out yonder (looking up) then put in a word for

' thy Lovelace.'

Joining company, he recommended to me, to write often; and promised to let me quickly hear from him; and that he would write to your Lordship, and to all his family round; for he said, that you had all been more kind to him, than he had deserved.

And fo we parted.

I hope, my Lord, for all your noble family's fake, that we shall see him soon return, and reform, as he promises.

I return your Lordship my humble thanks for the honour of your invitation to M. Hall. The first letter I receive from Mr. Lovelace shall give me the opportunity of embracing it. I am, my Lord,

Your most faithful and obedient Servant,

J. BELFORD.

LETTER CIV.

Mr. BELFORD, To Lord M.

Thursday morning, Oct. 5.

I T may be some satisfaction to your Lordship, to have a brief account of what has just now passed between Colonel Morden and me.

We had a good deal of discourse about the Harlowefamily, and those parts of the Lady's Will which still remain unexecuted; after which the Colonel addressed himfelf to me in a manner which gave me some surprize.

He flattered himself, he said, from my present happy turn, and from my good constitution, that I should live a great many years. It was therefore his request, that I would consent to be his Executor; since it was impossible for him to make a better choice, or pursue a better ex-

ample, than his cousin had set.

His heart, he said, was in it: There were some things in his cousin's Will and bis analogous; and he had named one person with me, with whom he was sure I would not resuse to be joined; and to whom he intended to apply for his consent, when he had obtained mine (a). [Intimating, as far as I could gather, that it was Mr. Hickman, son of Sir Charles Hickman; to whom I know your Lordship is not a stranger: For he said, Every one who was dear to his beloved cousin, must be so to him: and he knew, that the gentleman whom he had thoughts of, would have, besides my advice and assistance, the advice of one of the most sensible ladies in England.]

He took my hand, seeing me under some surprize: You must not hesitate, much less deny me, Mr. Belford. Indeed you must not. Two things I will assure you of: That I have, as I hope, made every-thing so clear, that you cannot have any litigation: And that I have done so justly, and I hope it will be thought so generously, by all my relations, that a mind like yours will rather have pleasure than pain in the Execution of this Trust. And this is

⁽a) What is between crotchets thus [], Mr. Belford omitted in the transcription of this Letter to Miss Howe.

what I think every honest man, who hopes to find an ho-

nest man for his Executor, should do.

I told him, that I was greatly obliged to him for his good opinion of me: That it was so much every man's duty to be an honest man, that it could not be self-praise to say, that I had no doubt to be found so. But if I accepted of this Trust, it must be on condition—

I could name no condition, he faid, interrupting me,

which he would refuse to comply with.

This condition, I told him, was, that as there was as great a probability of his being my furvivor, as I his, he would permit me to name him for mine; and, in that case,

a week should not pass before I made my Will.

With all his heart, he said; and the readier, as he had no apprehensions of suddenly dying; for what he had done and requested was really the effect of the satisfaction he had taken in the part I had already acted as his cousin's Executor; and in my ability, he was pleased to add: As well as in pursuance of his cousin's advice in the Preamble to her Will; to wit, 'That this was a work which should be set about in full health, both of body and mind.'

I told him, that I was pleased to hear him say, that he was not in any apprehension of suddenly dying; as this gave me assurance, that he had laid aside all thoughts of acting contrary to his beloved cousin's dying request.

Does it argue, said he, smiling, that if I were to pursue a vengeance so justifiable in my own opinion, I must be in apprehension of falling by Mr. Lovelace's hand? — I will assure you, that I have no fears of that fort. — But I know this is an ingrateful subject to you. Mr. Lovelace is your friend; and I will allow, that a good man may have a friendship for a bad one, so far as to wish him well, without countenancing him in his evil.

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I will affure you, added he, that I have not yet made any resolutions either way. I have told you what force my cousin's repeated requests have with me. Hitherto they have with-held me—But let us quit this subject.

This, Sir (giving me a sealed-up parcel), is my Will. It is witnessed. I made no doubt of prevailing upon you to do me the requested favour. I have a duplicate to leave with the other gentleman; and an attested copy, which I

shall deposit at my banker's. At my return, which will be in fix or eight months at farthest, I will allow you to make an exchange of yours, if you will have it so. I have only now to take leave of my relations in the country. And so God protect you, Mr. Belford! You will soon hear of me again.

He then very folemnly embraced me, as I did him:

And we parted.

I heartily congratulate with your Lordship on the narrow escape each gentleman has had from the other: For I apprehend, that they could not have met without fatal confequences.

Time, I hope, which subdues all things, will subdue

their refentments. I am, my Lord,

Your Lordsbip's most faithful and obedient Servant,

J. BELFORD.

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Several other Letters paffed between Miss Howe and Mr. Belford, relating to the disposition of the Papers and Letters; to the Poor's Fund; and to other articles of the Lady's Will: Wherein the method of proceeding in each case was adjusted. After which the Papers were returned to Mr. Belford, that he might order the two directed copies of them to be taken.

In one of these letters Mr. Belford requests Miss Howe to give the Character of the friend she so dearly loved: A task, he imagines, that will be as agreeable to herself, as

worthy of her pen.' worthy and to ash

I am more especially curious to know, fays be, what was

that particular disposition of her time, which I find mentioned in a letter which I have just dipt into,

where her fifter is enviously reproaching her on that

fcore (a). This information may perhaps enable

me, fays he, to account for what has often surprised me; How, at so tender an age, this admirable lady

became mistress of such extraordinary and such vari-

ous qualifications.'

This request produced the following Letter.

(a) See Vol. I. p. 286.

LETTER CV.

Miss Howe, To John Belford, Esq;

Am incapable of doing justice to the character of my beloved friend; and that not only from want of talents, but from grief; which, I think, rather increases than diminishes by time; and which will not let me sit down to a task that requires so much thought, and a greater degree of accuracy than I ever believed myself mistress of.

And yet I so well approve of your motion, that I will throw into your hands a few materials, that may serve by way of supplement, as I may say, to those you will be able to collect from the papers themselves, from Col. Morden's letters to you, particularly that of Sept. 23. (a); and from the letters of the detestable wretch himself, who, I sind, has done her justice, altho' to his own condemnation: All these together will enable you, who seem to be so great an admirer of her virtues, to perform the task; and, I think, better than any person I know. But I make it my request, that if you do any-thing in this way, you will let me see it.—If I find it not to my mind, I will add or diminish, as justice shall require.

She was a wonderful creature from her infancy: But I suppose you intend to give a character of her at those years when she was qualified to be an example to other young

ladies, rather than a history of her life.

Perhaps, nevertheless, you will choose to give a description of her person: And as you knew not the dear creature when her heart was easy, I will tell you, what yet,

in part, you can confirm;

That her shape was so fine, her proportion so exact, her features so regular, her complexion so lovely, and her whole person and manner was so distinguishedly charming, that she could not move without being admired and sollowed by the eyes of every one, tho' strangers, who never saw her before. Col. Morden's letter, above referred to, will confirm this.

In her dress she was elegant beyond imitation.

Her

Her stature rather tall than middling: In her whole aspect and air, a dignity, that bespoke the mind that ani-

mated all.

This native dignity, as I may call it, induced some superficial persons, who knew not how to account for the reverence which involuntarily filled their hearts on her appearance, to impute pride to her. But she knew not what pride, in the bad sense of the word, was.

You may throw in these sentences of hers, if you touch

upon this subject:

'Persons of accidental or shadowy merit may be proud:
But inborn worth must be always as much above conceit
as arrogance.'

'Who can be better or more worthy than they should be? And, Who shall be proud of talents they give not

to themselves?

'The darkest and most contemptible ignorance is that of not knowing one's self; and that all we have, and all we excel in, is the gift of God.'

'All human excellence is but comparative — There are persons who excel us, as much as we fancy we excel

the meanest.'

'In the general scale of beings, the lowest is as useful, and as much a link of the great chain, as the highest.'

'The excellence that makes every other excellence

amiable, is HUMILITY.'

' There is but one Pride pardonable; That of being

' above doing a base or dishonourable action.'

Such were the fentiments by which this admirable young lady endeavoured to conduct herfelf, and to regulate her conduct to others.

And in truth, never were affability and complacency (graciousness, some have called it) more eminent in any person, man or woman, than in her, to those who put it in her power to oblige them: Insomuch that the benefited has sometimes not known which to prefer; the grace bestowed, or the manner in which it was conferred.

It has been observed, that what was said of Henry IV. of France, might be said of her manner of refusing a request; That she generally sent from her presence the person resused nearly as well satisfied, as if she had granted it.

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Then she was so nobly fincere!—You cannot, Sir, expatiate too much upon her sincerity. I dare say, that in all her letters, in all the wretch's letters, her sincerity will not be found to be once impeachable, altho' her calamities were so heavy, the horrid wretch's wiles so subtle, and her struggles to free herself from them so active.

Severe, as she always was, in her reprehensions of a wilful and studied vileness; yet no one accused her judgment, or thought her severe in a wrong place: For her charity was so great, that she always chose to defend or acquit, where the fault was not so flagrant, that it became

a piece of justice to condemn it.

You must every-where insist upon it, that had it not been for the stupid persecutions of her relations, she never would have been in the power of this horrid profligate: And yet she was frank enough to acknowlege, that were person, and address, and alliance, to be allowably the principal attractives, it would not have been difficult for her eye to missead her heart.

When she was last with me, three happy weeks together! in every visit he made her, he left her more distatisfied

with him than before.

In obedience to her friends commands on her coming to me, she never would see him out of my company; and would often say, when he was gone(a), 'O my Nancy, This 'is not THE man.'—At other times, 'Gay, giddy creature! he has always something to be forgiven for.' At others, 'This man will much sooner excite one's Fears, 'than attract one's Love:' And then would she repeat, 'This is not THE man.—All that the world says of him cannot be untrue.—But what title have I to charge 'him, who intend not to have him?'—In short, had she been left to a judgment and discretion, which no-body ever questioned who had either, she would have discovered enough of him, to make her discard him for ever.

Her ingenuity in acknowleging any error she was

drawn into, you must also insist upon,

'Next to not erring, she used to say, was the owning of an error: And that the offering at an excuse in a blameable matter, was the undoubted mark of a disingenuous or perverse mind.'

(a) See Vol. 1. p. 64.

Yet one of her expressions upon a like subject deserves to be remembred: Being upbraided by a fevere cenfurer, upon a person's proving base, whom she had frequently defended; 'You had more penetration, Madam, than fuch a young creature as I can pretend to have. But altho'

human depravity may, I doubt, oftener justify the per-

' fon who judges harshly, than them who judge favour-' ably, yet will I not part with my charity; altho', for the

future, I will endeavour to make it confiftent with cau-

' tion and prudence.'

If you mention the beauties and graces of her pen, you may take notice, that it was always matter of furprize to her, that the Sex are generally so averse as they are to writeing; fince the Pen, next to the Needle, of all employments, is the most proper and best adapted to their genius's; and this as well for improvement as amusement: 'Who sees not, ' would she fay, that those women who take delight in writing excel the men in all the graces of the familiar. ' style? The gentleness of their minds, the delicacy of ' their sentiments (improved by the manner of their Edu-' cation) and the liveliness of their imaginations, qualify ' them to a high degree of preference for this employ-' ment: While men of learning, as they are called (of ' mere learning, however) aiming to get above that natu-' ral ease and freedom which distinguish This (and indeed · every other kind of writing) when they think they have best succeeded, are got above, or rather beneath, all na-" tural beauty."

And one hint you may give to the Sex, if you please, who are generally too careless in their orthography (a consciousness of a defect in which generally keeps them from writing) - She used to fay, 'It was a proof that a woman understood the derivation and sense of the words " the used, and that she stopt not at sound, when she spelt

" accurately."

You may take notice of the admirable facility she had in learning languages: That she read with great ease both Italian and French, and could hold a conversation in either, tho' she was not fond of doing so [And that she was not, be pleased to call it a fault]: That she had begun to apply herfelf to Latin.

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But that, notwithstanding all her acquirements, she was an excellent Obconomist and Housewife. And these qualifications, you must take notice, she was particularly fond of inculcating upon all her reading and writing companions of the Sex: For it was a maxim with her, 'That' a woman who neglects the Useful and the Elegant, which distinguish her own Sex, for the sake of obtaining the learning which is supposed more peculiar to the other, incurs more contempt by what she foregoes, than she gains credit by what she acquires.'

Let our Sex therefore (she used to say) seek to make themselves mistresses of all that is excellent, and not incongruous to their Sex, in the other; but without

' losing any-thing commendable in their own.'

Perhaps you will not think it amiss further to observe on this head, as it will shew that precept and example always went hand in hand with her, That her Dairy at her grandfather's was the delight of every one who saw it; and She, of all who saw her in it: For, in the same hour, whenever she pleased, she was the most elegant dairy-maid that ever was seen, or the finest lady that ever graced a circle.

Yet was this admirable creature mistress of all these domestic qualifications, without the least intermixture of Narrowness. She used to say, 'That, to define true generosity, 'it must be called, The happy medium between parsimony

and profusion.'

She was as much above Referve as Disguise. So communicative, that no young lady could be in her company half an hour, and not carry away instruction with her, whatever was the topic. Yet all sweetly infinuated; nothing given with the air of prescription: So that while she seemed to ask a question for information-sake, she dropt in the needful instruction, and left the instructed unable to decide, whether the thought (which being started, she, the instructed, could improve) came primarily from herself, or from the sweet instructers.

The Goths and Vandals in those branches of science which she aimed at acquiring, she knew how to detect and

expose; and all from Nature.

Propriety, another word for Nature, was her Law, as it is the foundation of all true judgment.

Vol. VII.

Her skill in Needleworks you will find mentioned perhaps in some of the letters. That piece which she bequeaths to her cousin Morden, is indeed a capital piece; a performance so admirable, that that gentleman's father, who resided chiefly abroad, was (as is mentioned in her Will) very desirous to obtain it, in order to carry it to Italy with him, to shew the curious of other countries (as he used to say) for the honour of his own, that the cloister'd confinement was not necessary to make English women excel in any of those sine Arts, which Nuns and Recluses value themselves upon.

Her quickness at these sort of works was assonishing; and a great encouragement to herself to prosecute them.

Mr. Morden's father would have been continually making her presents, would she have permitted him: And he used to call them, and so did her grandsather, tributes due to a merit so sovereign, and not presents.

I say nothing of her skill in Music, and of her charming Voice, when it accompanied her singers, tho' very extraor-

dinary, because she had her equals in both.

If she could not avoid Cards without incurring the cenfure of particularity, she would play; but then she always declared against playing high. 'Except for trisles, she 'used to say, she would not submit to Chance what she

was already fure of.'

At other times, 'She should make her friends a very 'ill compliment, if she supposed they would wish to be possessed of what of right belonged to her; and she 'should be very unworthy, if she desired to make herself

a title to what was theirs.'

'High gaming, in short, she used to say, was a sordid vice; an immorality; the child of avarice; and a direct breach of that commandment which sorbids us to covet what is our neighbour's.'

You will have occasion to mention her Charities. Her Will gives you hints of the peculiar nature of those: Indeed, for the prudent distribution of them, she had neither

example nor equal.

You may, if you defire to be particular in the account of them, confult Mrs. Norton upon this subject; and when I see what she will furnish, I shall perhaps make an addition to it.

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In all her Readings, and in her Conversations upon them, she was fonder of finding beauties than blemishes: Yet she used to lament, that certain writers of the first class, who were capable of exalting virtue, and of putting vice out of countenance, too generally employed themselves in works of imagination only, upon subjects merely speculative, difinteresting, and unedifying; from which no good moral or example could be drawn.

All she faid, and all she did, was accompanied with a natural ease and dignity, which set her above affectation, or the suspicion of it. For, with all her excellencies, she was forwarder to hear than speak; and hence no doubt

derived no small part of her improvement.

You are curious to know the particular distribution of her Time; which you suppose will help you to account for what you own yourself surprised at, to wit, how so young a Lady could make herself mistress of so many ac-

complishments.

I will premise, that she was from infancy inured to rise early in a morning, by an excellent, and, as I may say, a learned woman, Mrs. Norton, to whose care, wisdom, and example, she was beholden for the groundwork of her taste and acquirements, which meeting with such a genius, made it the less wonder that she surpassed most of her Age and Sex.

She used to say, 'It was incredible to think what might be done by early rising, and by long days well filled up.'

It may be added, That had she calculated according to the practice of too many, she had actually lived more years at Sixteen, than they had at Twenty-six.

She used to say, 'That no one could spend their time properly, who did not live by some Rule: Who did not appropriate the hours, as near as might be, to particular

purposes and employments.'

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In conformity to this felf-fet Lesson, the usual distribution of the twenty-four hours, when lest to her own choice, was as follows:

For REST fhe allotted SIX hours only.

She thought herself not so well, and so clear in her intellects (so much alive, she used to say) if she exceeded

this proportion. If she slept not, she chose to rise sooner. And in winter had her fire laid, and a taper ready burning to light it; not loving to give trouble to servants, 'whose harder work, and later hours of going to bed, she used to say, required consideration.'

I have blamed her for her greater regard to them, than to herself: But this was her answer: 'I have my choice: 'Who can wish for more? Why should I oppress others, to gratify myself? You see what free-will enables one to

do; while imposition would make a light burden heavy.

Her First THREE Morning Hours

Were generally passed in her Study, and in her Closetduties: And were occasionally augmented by those she faved from Rest: And in these passed her epistolary amusements.

TWO Hours she generally allotted to Domestic Management.

These at different times of the day, as occasions required; all the housekeeper's bills, in ease of her mother, passing thro' her hands. For she was a persect mistress of the four principal rules of arithmetic.

FIVE Hours to her Needle, Drawings, Music, &c.

In these she included the affistance and inspection she gave to her own servants, and to her sister's servants, in the needleworks required for the family: For her sister is a Modern. In these she also included Dr. Lewen's conversation-visits; with whom likewise she held a correspondence by letters. That reverend gentleman delighted himself and her, twice or thrice a week, if his health permitted, with these visits: And she always preferred his company to any other engagement.

TWO Hours she allotted to her Two first Meals.

But if conversation, or the defire of friends, or the falling in of company or guests, required it to be otherwise, she never scrupled to oblige; and would borrow, as she called it, from other distributions. And as she found it very hard not to exceed in this appropriation, she put down

ONE Hour more to Dinner-time Conversation,

To be added or subtracted, as occasions offered, or the desire of her friends required: And yet found it disticult, as she often said, to keep this account even; especially if Dr. Lewen obliged them with his company at their table: Which however he seldom did; for, being a valetudinarian, and in a regimen, he generally made his visits in the afternoon.

ONE Hour to Visits to the neighbouring Poor;

To a select number of whom, and to their children, she used to give brief instructions, and good books: And as this happened not every day, and seldom above twice a week, she had two or three hours at a time to bestow in this benevolent employment.

The remaining FOUR Hours,

Were occasionally allotted to supper, to conversation, or to reading after supper to the family. This allotment she called Her Fund, upon which she use to draw, to satisfy her other debits: And in this she included visits received and returned, shews, spectacles, &c. which, in a country-life, not occurring every-day, she used to think a great allowance, no less than two artificial days in fix, for amusements only: And she was wont to say, that it was hard if she could not steal time out of such a fund as this, for an excursion of even two or three days in a month.

If it be faid, that her relations, or the young neighbouring ladies, had but little of her time, it will be confidered, that besides these four hours in the twenty-sour, great part of the time she was employed in her needleworks, she used to converse as she worked: And it was a custom she had introduced among her acquaintance, that the young ladies in their visits used frequently, in a neighbourly way (in the winter evenings especially) to bring their work with them; and one of half a dozen of her select acquaintance used by turns to read to the rest as they were at work.

This was her usual method, when at her own command, for Six days in the week.

The SEVENTH DAY

She kept, as it ought to be kept: And as some part of it was frequently employed in works of mercy, the hour she allotted to visiting the neighbouring poor, was occasionally supplied from this day, and added to her fund.

But I must observe, that when in her grandsather's life-time she was three or four weeks at a time his house-keeper and guest, as also at either of her uncles, her usual distribution of time was varied: But still she had an eye to

it as nearly as circumstances would admit.

When I had the happiness of having her for my guest, for a fortnight or so, she likewise dispensed with her rules. In her account-book, since her ever-to-be-lamented death, I have found this memorandum:—'From such a day, to such a day, all holidays, at my dear Miss Howe's.' At her return:—'Account resumed such a day,' naming it; and then she proceeded regularly, as before.

Once a week she used to reckon with herself; when, if within the 144 hours contained in the six days she had made her account even, she noted it accordingly: If otherwise, she carried the debit to the next week's account; as thus: Debtor to the article of benevolent visits, so many

hours. And so of the rest.

But it was always an especial part of her care, that, whether visiting or visited, she shewed in all companies an intire ease, satisfaction, and chearfulness, as if she kept no such particular account, and as if she did not make herself answerable to herself for her occasional exceedings.

This method, which to others will appear perplexing and unnecessary, her early hours, and custom, had made

easy and pleasant to her.

And indeed, as I used to tell her, greatly as I admired her in all her methods, I could not bring myself to this tho' I had to early hours, and find the benefit of it) might I have had the world for my reward.

She used to answer: 'I do not think ALL I do necesfary for another to do: Nor even for myself: But when

it is more pleasant to me to keep such an account, than to let it alone; why may I not proceed in my superero-

gatories? — There can be no harm in it. It keeps up

my attention to accounts; which one day may be of use to me in more material instances. Those who will not keep a strict account, seldom long keep any. I neglect not more useful employments for it. And it teaches me to be covetous of time; the only thing of which we can be allowably covetous; since we live but once in this world; and when gone, are gone from it for ever.

O Mr. Belford! I can write no further on this subject. For, looking into the account-book for other particulars, I met with a most affecting memorandum; which, being written on the extreme edge of the paper, with a fine pen, and in the dear creature's smallest hand, I saw not before.—This it is; written, I suppose, at some calamitous period after the day named in it—Help me to a curse to blast the monster who gave occasion for it!—

' APRIL 10. The account concluded! -

And with it, all my worldly hopes and prospects!!!

I TAKE up my pen; but not to apologize for my execration.—Once more I pray to God to avenge me of him I —Me I say—For mine is the loss—Hers the gain.

O Sir! You did not, you could not know her, as I knew her! Never was fuch an excellence!—So warm, yet so cool a friend!—So much what I wish to be, but never shall be!—For, alas! my Stay, my Adviser, my Monitress, my Directress, is gone! for ever gone!

She honoured me with the title of The fifter of her heart: But I was only so in the Love I bore her (A Love beyond a fister's—infinitely beyond her fister's!); in the hatred I have to every mean and sordid action; and in my Love of Virtue:—For, otherwise, I am of a high and haughty temper, as I have acknowleged before, and very violent in my passions.

In short, she was the nearest perfection of any creature I ever knew. She never preached to me lessons she practised not. She lived the life she taught. All humility, meekness, self-accusing, others-acquitting, tho the shadow of the fault hardly hers, the substance theirs whose only honour was their relation to her.

To lose such a Friend, such a Guide—If ever my violence was justifiable, it is upon this recollection!—For the only lived to make me sensible of my failings, but not long enough to enable me to conquer them; as I was resolved to endeavour to do.

Once more then let me execrate — But now violence and passion again predominate! — And how can it be otherwise?

But I force myself from the subject, having lost the purpose for which I resumed my pen.

A. Howe.

LETTER CVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;
Paris, Octob. 14-25.

Scandunt eodem quo dominus: neque
Decedit ærata triremi, &
Post equitem sedet atra cura.

N a language so expressive as the English, I hate the pedantry of tagging or prefacing what I write with Latin scraps; and ever was a censurer of the mottomongers among our weekly and daily scribblers. But these verses of Horace are so applicable to my case, that, whether on shipboard, whether in my post-chaise, or in my inn at night, I am not able to put them out of my head. Dryden once I thought said well in these bouncing lines:

Man makes his Fate according to his mind.
The weak, low spirit Fortune makes her slawe:
But she's a drudge, when hector'd by the brave.
If Fate weave common thread, I'll change the doom,
And with new purple weave a nobler loom.

And in these:

Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me, I have a foul, that, like an ample shield, Can take in all, and verge enough for more. Fate was not mine: Nor am I Fate's — Souls know no conquerors—

But in the first quoted lines, considering them closely, there is nothing but blustering absurdity: In the other, the the poet fays not truth; for Conscience is the Conqueror of Souls: At least it is the Conqueror of mine: And who

ever thought it a narrow one?

But this is occasioned partly by poring over the affecting Will, and posthumous Letter. What an army of texts has she drawn up in array against me in the latter!—But yet, Jack, do they not shew me, that, two or three thousand years ago, there were as wicked fellows as myself?—They do—And that's some consolation.

But the generofity of her mind display'd in both, is what stings me most. And the more still, as it is now out of my power any way in the world to be even with her.

I ought to have written to you sooner. But I loiter'd two days at Calais, for an answer to a letter I wrote to engage my former travelling valet, De la Tour; an ingenious, ready fellow, as you have heard me say. I have

engaged him, and he is now with me.

I shall make no stay here; but intend for some of the Electoral courts. That of Bavaria, I think, will engage me longest. Perhaps I may step out of my way (if I can be out of my way any-where) to those of Dresden and Berlin: And it is not impossible that you may have one letter from me at Vienna. And then perhaps I may fall down into Italy by the Tirol; and so, taking Turin in my way, return to Paris; where I hope to see Mowbray and Tourville: Nor do I despair of you.

This a good deal differs from the plan I gave you. But you may expect to hear from me as I move; and whether

I shall pursue this route, or the other.

I have my former lodgings in the Rue St. Antoine: Which I shall hold, notwithstanding my tour: So they will be ready to accommodate any two of you, if you come hither before my return: And for this I have conditioned.

I write to Charlotte; and that is writing to all my relations at once.

Do thou, Jack, inform me duly of every-thing that passes:—Particularly, How thou proceedest in thy Reformation-scheme: How Mowbray and Tourville go on in my absence: Whether thou hast any chance for a wife [I amthe more solicitous on this head, because thou seemest to

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think.

think, that thy Mortification will not be complete, nor thy Reformation fecure, till thou art shackled]: How the Harlowes proceed in their penitentials: If Miss Howe be married, or near being so: How honest Doleman goes on with his Empiric, now he has dismissed his Regulars, or they him; and if any likelihood of his perfect recovery. Be sure be very minute: For every trisling occurrence relating to those we value, becomes interesting, when we are at a distance from them. Finally, prepare thou to piece thy broken thread, if thou wouldst oblige

Thy LOVELACE.

LETTER CVII.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, E/q;

London, Oct. 25.

Write, to shew you, that I am incapable of slighting even the minutest requests of an absent and distant friend. Yet you may believe, that there cannot be any great alterations in the little time that you have been out of England, with respect to the subjects of your inquiry. Nevertheless I will answer to each for the reason above given; and for the reason you mention, that even trisless and chit-chat are agreeable from friend to friend, and of friends, and even of those to whom we give the importance of deeming them our foes.

First, then, as to my Reformation-scheme, as you call it, I hope I go on very well. I wish you had entered upon the like, and could say so too. You would then find infinitely more peace of mind, than you are likely ever otherwise to be acquainted with. When I look back upon the sweep that has been made among us in the two or three past years, and forward upon what may still happen, I hardly think myself secure; tho' of late I have been guided by other lights than those of sense and appetite, which have hurried so many of our confraternity into

worldly ruin, if not into eternal perdition.

I am very earnest in my wishes to be admit

I am very earnest in my wishes to be admitted into the Nuptial State. But I think I ought to pass some time as a probationary, till, by steadiness in my good resolutions, I can convince some woman, whom I could love and honour,

and

and whose worthy example might confirm my morals, that there is one Libertine who had the grace to reform, before Age or Disease put it out of his power to sin on.

The Harlowes continue inconsoleable; and I dare say

will to the end of their lives.

Miss Howe is not yet married; but I have reason to think will soon. I have the honour of corresponding with her; and the more I know of her, the more I admire the nobleness of her mind. She must be conscious, that she is superior to half our Sex, and to most of her own; which may make her give way to a temper naturally hasty and impatient: But, if she meet with condescension in her man (and who would not veil to a superiority so visible, if it be not exacted with arrogance?) I dare say she will make an excellent wife.

As to Doleman, the poor man goes on trying and hoping with his Empiric. I cannot but fay, that as the latter is a fensible and judicious man, and not rash, opinionative, or over-fanguine, I have great hopes (little as I think of Quacks and Nostrum-mongers in general) that he will do him good, if his case will admit of it. My reasons are, That the man pays a regular and constant attendance upon him: Watches, with his own eye, every change, and new fymptom of his patient's malady: Varies his applications as the indications vary: Fetters not himself to rules laid down by the fathers of the art, who lived many hundred years ago; when difeases, and the causes of them, were different, as the modes of living were different from what they are now, as well as climates and accidents: That he is to have his reward, not in daily fees; but (after the first five guineas for medicines) in proportion as the patient himself shall find amendment.

As to Mowbray and Tourville; what novelties can be expected, in so short a time, from men, who have not sense enough to strike out or pursue new lights, either good or bad? Now, especially, that thou art gone, who wert the soul of all enterprize, and in particular their soul. Besides, I see them but seldom. I suppose they'll be at Paris before you can return from Germany; for they cannot live without you: And you gave them such a speci-

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think, that thy Mortification will not be complete, nor thy Reformation fecure, till thou art shackled]: How the Harlowes proceed in their penitentials: If Miss Howe be married, or near being so: How honest Doleman goes on with his Empiric, now he has dismissed his Regulars, or they him; and if any likelihood of his perfect recovery. Be sure be very minute: For every trisling occurrence relating to those we value, becomes interesting, when we are at a distance from them. Finally, prepare thou to piece thy broken thread, if thou wouldst oblige

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men of your recovered volatility, in the last evening's conversation, as equally delighted them, and concerned me.

I wish, with all my heart, that thou wouldst bend thy course towards the Pyreneans. I should then (if thou writest to thy cousin Montague an account of what is most observable in thy tour) put in for a copy of thy letters. I wonder thou wilt not; fince then thy subjects would be as new to thyfelf, as to

Thy BELFORD.

LETTER CVIII.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Efq;

Paris, Oct. 16-27.

Follow my last of the 14th, on occasion of a letter just now come to hand from Joseph Leman. The fellow is Conscience-ridden, Jack; and tells me, 'That he cannot rest either day or night for the mischiefs which he · fears he has been, and may still further be the means of doing.' He wishes, 'if it please God, and if it please

me, that he had never feen my Honour's face.' And what is the cause of his present concern, as to his own peculiar; what, but 'the flights and contempts which he receives from every one of the Harlowes; from those particularly, he fays, whom he has endeavoured to ferve as faithfully as his engagements to me would let him ferve them? And I always made him believe, he tells me · (poor weak foul as he was from his cradle!) that serving me was ferving both, in the long-run. But this, and the · death of his dear young lady, is a grief, he declares, that he shall never claw off, were he to live to the age of · Matthew-Salem: Althoff, and how somewer, he is fure, • that he shall not live a month to an end, being strangely • pined, and his stomach nothing like what it was: And · Mrs. Betty being also (now she has got his love) very · cross and slighting: But, thank his God for punishing • her! she is in a poor way berfell.

· But the chief occasion of troubling my Honour now, is not his own griefs only, altho F they are very great; • but to prevent future mischiefs to me: For he can assure · me, that Colonel Morden has fet out from them all, with with a full resolution to have his will of me: And he is

well affured, that he faid, and swore to it, as how he was resolved that he would either have my Honour's

heart's blood, or I should have his; or some such-like

' fad threatenings: And that all the family rejoice in it,

and hope I shall come short home.'

This is the substance of Joseph's letter; and I have one from Mowbray, which has a hint to the same effect. And I recollect now, that thou wert very importunate with me to go to Madrid, rather than to France and Italy, the last evening we passed together.

What I defire of thee, is, by the first dispatch, to let me faithfully know all that thou knowest on this head.

I can't bear to be threatened, Jack. Nor shall any man, unquestioned, give himself airs in my absence, if I know it, that shall make me look mean in any-body's eyes: That shall give my friends pain for me: That shall put them upon wishing me to change my intentions, or my plan, to avoid him. Upon such despicable terms as these, thinkest thou that I could bear to live?

But why, if such were his purpose, did he not let me know it, before I lest England? Was he unable to work himself up to a resolution, till he knew me to be out of

the kingdom?

As foon as I can inform myself where to direct to him, I will write to know his purpose; for I cannot bear sufpense, in such a case as this: That solemn act, were it even to be Marriage or Hanging, which must be done tomorrow, I had rather should be done to-day. My mind tires and sickens with impatience on ruminating upon scenes that can afford neither variety nor certainty. To dwell twenty days in expectation of an event that may be decided in a quarter of an hour, is grievous.

If he come to Paris, altho' I should be on my tour, he will very easily find out my lodgings: For I every day see some or other of my countrymen, and divers of them have I entertained here. I go frequently to the Opera, and to the Play, and appear at Court, and at all public places. And, on my quitting this city, will leave a direction whither my letters from England, or elsewhere, shall from time to time be forwarded. Were I sure, that his intention is

what

what Joseph Leman tells me it is, I would stay here, of shorten his course to me, let him be where he would.

I cannot get off my regrets on account of this dear Lady for the blood of me. If the Colonel and I are to meet, as he has done me no injury, and loves the memory of his cousin, we shall engage with the same sentiments, as to the object of our dispute: And that, you know, is no very common case.

In short, I am as much convinced that I have done wrong, as he can be; and regret it as much. But I will not bear to be threatened by any man in the world, how-

ever conscious of having deserved blame.

Adieu, Belford! Be fincere with me. No palliation, as thou valueft

Thy LOVELACE.

LETTER CIX.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, E/q;

London, October 26.

Cannot think, my dear Lovelace, that Colonel Morden has either threatened you in those gross terms mentioned by the vile, hypocritical, and ignorant Joseph Leman, or intends to follow you. They are the words of people of that fellow's class; and not of a gentleman: Not of Colonel Morden, I am fure. You'll observe, that Joseph pretends not to fay that he heard him speak them

I have been very folicitous to found the Colonel, for your fake, and for his own, and for the fake of the injunctions of the excellent lady to me, as well as to him, on that subject. He is (and you will not wonder that he should be) extremely affected; and owns, that he has expressed himself in terms of resentment on the occasion. Once he faid to me, That had his beloved cousin's case been that of a common seduction; and had she been drawn in by what Bishop Burnet calls The Delicacy of Intrigue (her own infirmity or credulity contributing to her fall) he could have forgiven you. But, in fo many words, He affured me, that he had not taken any refolutions; nor had he declared himself to the family in such a way as should bind him to refent: On the contrary, he has owned, that his

his cousin's injunctions have hitherto had the force upon

him which I could wish they should have.

He went abroad in a week after you. When he took his leave of me, he told me, That his defign was to go to Florence; and that he would fettle his affairs there; and then return to England, and here pass the remainder

of his days.

I was indeed apprehensive that if you and he were to meet, something unhappy might fall out: And as I knew that you proposed to take Italy, and very likely Florence, in your return to France, I was very solicitous to prevail upon you to take the court of Spain into your plan. I am still so. And if you are not to be prevailed upon to do that, let me intreat you to avoid Florence or Leghorn in your return, as you have visited both heretofore. At least, let not the proposal of a meeting come from you.

It would be matter of serious reflection to me, if the wery fellow, this Joseph Leman, who gave you such an opportunity to turn all the artillery of his masters against themselves, and to play them upon one another to savour your plotting purposes, should be the instrument in the devil's hand (unwittingly too) to avenge them all upon you: For should you even get the better of the Colonel, would the mischief end there?—It would but add remorse to your present remorse; since the interview must end in death; for he would not, I am consident, take his life at your hand. The Harlowes would, moreover, prosecute you in a legal way. You hate them; and they would be gainers by his death: Rejoicers in yours—And have you not done mischief enough already?

Let me therefore (and thro' me all your friends) have the fatisfaction to hear, that you are resolved to avoid this gentleman. Time will subdue all things. No-body doubts your bravery. Nor will it be known, that your plan is

changed thro' persuasion.

Young Harlowe talks of calling you to account. This is a plain evidence, that Mr. Morden has not taken the

quarrel upon himself for their family.

I am in no apprehension of any-body but Colonel Morden. I know it will not be a means to prevail upon you to oblige me, to say, that I am well assured, that this gentleman is a skilful swordsman; and that he is as cool

and

and sedate as skilful. But yet I will add, that if I had a value for my life, he should be the last man, except your-felf, with whom I would choose to have a contention.

I have, as you required, been very candid and fincere with you. I have not aimed at palliation. If you feek not Colonel Morden, it is my opinion he will not feek you: For he is a man of principle. But if you feek

him, I believe he will not shun you.

Let me re-urge (It is the effect of my love for you!) that you know your own guilt in this affair, and should not be again an aggressor. It would be pity, that so brave a man as the Colonel should drop, were you and he to meet: And, on the other hand, it would be dreadful, that you should be sent to your account unprepared for it; and pursuing a fresh violence. Moreover, seest thou not, in the deaths of two of thy principal agents, the handwriting upon the wall against thee?

My zeal on this occasion may make me guilty of repetition. Indeed I know not how to quit the subject. But if what I have written, added to your own remorfe and consciousness, cannot prevail, all that I might further urge

will be ineffectual.

Adieu therefore! Mayst thou repent of the past: And may no new violences add to thy heavy resections, and overwhelm thy suture hopes, is the wish of

Thy true Friend,

JOHN BELFORD.

LETTER CX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, E/q;

Munich, Nov. 11-22.

Received yours this moment, just as I was setting out for Vienna.

As to going to Madrid, or one fingle step out of the way, to avoid Colonel Morden, let me perish, if I do!—

You cannot think me fo mean a wretch.

And so you own, that he bas threatened me; but not in gross and ungentlemanly terms, you say. If he has threatened me like a gentleman, I will resent his threats like a gentleman. But he has not done as a man of ho-

nour,

F

mour, if he has threatened me at all behind my back. I would fcorn to threaten any man to whom I knew how to address myself either personally or by pen and ink.

As to what you mention of my guilt; of the handwriting on the wall; of a legal profecution, if he meet his fate from my hand; of his skill, coolness, courage, and fuch-like poltroon stuff; what can you mean by it? Surely you cannot believe, that such infinuations as those will weaken either my hands or my heart.—No more of this fort of nonsense, I beseech you, in any of your future letters.

He had not taken any refolutions, you fay, when you faw him. He must and will take resolutions, one way or other, very quickly; for I wrote to him yesterday, without waiting for this your answer to my last. I could not avoid it. I could not (as I told you in that) live in fufpense. I have directed my letter to Florence. Nor could, I suffer my friends to live in suspense as to my safety or otherwise. But I have couched it in such moderate terms, that he has fairly his option. He will be the challenger, if he take it in the sense in which he may so handsomely avoid taking it. And if he does, it will demonstrate that malice and revenge were the predominant passions with him; and that he was determined but to fettle his affairs, and then take his resolutions, as you phrase it.—Yet, if we are to meet (for I know what my option would be, in his case, on such a letter, complaisant as it is) I wish he had a worse, I a better cause. It would be sweet revenge to him, were I to fall by his hand. But what should I be the better for killing him?

I will inclose the copy of the letter I fent him.

50 50

On reperufing yours in a cooler moment, I cannot but thank you for your friendly love, and good intentions. My value for you, from the first hour of our acquaintance till now, I have never found misplaced; regarding at least your intention: Thou must, however, own a good deal of blunder of the over-do and under-do kind, with respect to the part thou actedst between me and the beloved of my heart. But thou art really an honest fellow, and a sincere and warm friend. I could almost wish I had not written to Florence till I had received thy letter now before me. But

it is gone. Let it go. If he wish peace, and to avoid violence, he will have a fair opportunity to embrace the one, and shun the other.—If not—he must take his fate.

But be this as it may, you may contrive to let young Harlowe know (He is a menacer too!) that I shall be in

England in March next, at farthest.

This of Bavaria is a gallant and polite court. Nevertheless, being uncertain whether my letter may meet with the Colonel at Florence, I shall quit it, and set out, as I intended, for Vienna; taking care to have any letter or message from him conveyed to me there: Which will soon bring me back hither, or to any other place to which I shall be invited.

As I write to Charlotte, I have nothing more to add, after compliments to all friends, than that I am

Wholly Yours.
LOVELACE.

To WILLIAM MORDEN, Esq; [Inclosed in the above.]

Munich, Nov. 10-21.

Have heard, with a great deal of surprize, that you have thought fit to throw out some menacing expres-

fions against me.

I should have been very glad, that you had thought I had punishment enough in my own mind, for the wrongs I have done to the most excellent of women; and that it had been possible for two persons so ardently joining in one love (especially as I was desirous, to the utmost of my power, to repair those wrongs) to have lived, if not on amicable terms, in such a way, as not to put either to the pain of hearing of threatenings thrown out in absence, which either ought to be despited for, if he had not spirit to take notice of them.

Now, Sir, if what I have heard be owing only to warmth of temper, or to sudden passion, while the loss of all other losses the most deplorable to me was recent, I not only excuse, but commend you for it. But if you are really determined to meet me on any other account (which, I own to you, is not however what I wish) it would be very blameable, and very unworthy of the character I desire to maintain

maintain as well with you as with every other gentle-

man, to give you a difficulty in doing it.

Being uncertain when this letter may meet you, I shall fet out to-morrow for Vienna; where any letter directed to the post-house in that city, or to Baron Windisgratz's (at the Favorita) to whom I have commendations, will come to hand.

Mean time, believing you to be a man too generous to make a wrong conftruction of what I am going to declare, and knowing the value which the dearest of all creatures had for you, and your relationship to her; I will not fcruple to affure you, that the most acceptable return will be, that Colonel Morden chooses to be upon an amicable, rather than upon any other footing, with

His fincere Admirer, and bumble Servant,

R. LOVELACE.

LETTER CXI.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Esq;

Lintz, { Nov. 28. Dec. 9.

Am now on my way to Trent, in order to meet Colonel Morden, in pursuance of his answer to my letter inclosed in my last. I had been at Presburgh, and had intended to visit some other cities of Hungary: But having obliged myself to return first to Vienna, I there met with his letter: Which follows.

Munich, { Nov. 21. Dec. 2. SIR. TOUR letter was at Florence four days before I arrived there.

That I might not appear unworthy of your favour, I fet out for this city the very next morning. I knew not but that the politeness of this court might have engaged, beyond his intention, a gentleman who has only his plea-

fures to pursue.

But being disappointed in my hope of finding you here, it becomes me to acquaint you, that I have such a defire to stand well in the opinion of a man of your spirit, that I cannot hefitate a moment upon the option, which I am

fure

fure Mr. Lovelace in my fituation (thus called upon) would make.

I own, Sir, that I have, on all occasions, spoken of your treatment of my ever-dear cousin as it deserved. It would have been very surprising if I had not. And it behoves me (now you have given me so noble an opportunity of explaining myself) to convince you, that no words fell from my lips, of you, merely because you were absent. I acquaint you, therefore, that I will attend your appointment; and would, were it to the farthest part of the globe.

I shall stay some days at this court; and if you please to direct for me at M. Kliensurt's in this city, whether I remain here or not, your commands will come safely and

speedily to the hands of, Sir,

Your most bumble Servant,

WM. MORDEN.

So you see, Belford, that the Colonel, by his ready, his even eagerly expressed acceptance of the offered interview, was determined. And is it not much better to bring such a point as this to an issue, than to give pain to friends for my safety, or continue in a suspense myself; as I must do, if I imagined that another had aught against me?

This was my reply:

SIR, Vienna, { Nov. 25. Dec. 6.

I Have this moment the favour of yours. I will suspend a tour I was going to take into Hungary, and instantly set out for Munich: And, if I find you not there, will proceed to Trent. This city being on the confines of Italy, will be most convenient, as I presume, to you, in your return to Tuscany; and I shall hope to meet you in it on the 134 of December.

I shall bring with me only a French valet and an English footman. Other particulars may be adjusted when I have the honour to see you. Till when I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

R. LOVELACE.

Now, Jack, I have no manner of apprehension of the event of this meeting. And I think I may say, He seeks me; not I him. And so let him take the consequence.

What

V

11

What is infinitely nearer to my heart, is, my ingratitude to the most excellent of women — My premeditated ingratitude!—Yet all the while enabled to distinguish and to adore her excellencies, in spite of the mean opinion of the Sex which I had imbibed from early manhood.

But this Lady has afferted the worthiness of her Sex, and most gloriously has she exalted it with me now. Yet, surely, as I have said and written an hundred times, there

cannot be fuch another woman.

But while my loss in her is the greatest of any man's, and while she was nearer to me, than to any other person in the world, and once she herself wished to be so, what an insolence in any man breathing to pretend to avenge her on me!—Happy! happy! thrice happy! had I known how to value, as I ought to have valued, the

glory of fuch a preference!

I will aggravate to myself this aggravation of the Colonel's pretending to call me to account for my treatment of a lady so much my own, lest, in the approaching interview, my heart should relent for one so nearly related to her, and who means honour and justice to her memory; and I should thereby give him advantages which otherwise he cannot have. For I know that I shall be inclined to trust to my skill, to save a man who was so much and so justly valued by her; and shall be loth to give way to my resentment, as a threatened man. And in this respect only am I forry for his skill, and his courage, lest I should be obliged, in my own defence, to add a chalk to a score that is already too long.

36 36

INDEED, indeed, Belford, I am, and shall be, to my latest hour, the most miserable of beings. Such exalted generosity!—Why didst thou put into my craving hands the copy of her Will? Why sentest thou to me the posthumous Letter?—What tho' I was earnest to see the Will? Thou knewest what they both were (I did not); and that it would be cruel to oblige me.

The meeting of twenty Colonel Mordens, were there twenty to meet in turn, would be nothing to me; would not give me a moment's concern, as to my own safety:

But my reflections upon my vile ingratitude to fo superior

an excellence will ever be my curse.

Had she been a Miss Howe to me, and treated me as if I were an Hickman, I had had a call for revenge; and policy (when I had intended to be an husband) might have justified my attempts to humble her. But a meek and gentle temper was hers, tho' a true heroine, whenever homour or virtue called for an exertion of spirit.

Nothing but my cursed devices stood in the way of my happiness. Remembrest thou not, how repeatedly, from the first, I poured cold water upon her rising slame, by meanly and ingratefully turning upon her the injunctions, which wirgin delicacy, and filial duty, induced her to lay

me under, before I got her into my power (a)?

Did she not tell me, and did I not know it, if she had not told me, that she could not be guilty of affectation or tyranny to the man whom she intended to marry (b)? I knew, as she once upbraided me, that from the time I had got her from her father's house, I had a plain path before me (c). True did she say, and I triumphed in the discovery, that from that time I had held her soul in suspense an hundred times (d). My Ipecacuanha trial alone was enough to convince an insidel, that she had a mind in which-love and tenderness would have presided, had I permitted the charming buds to put forth and blow (e).

She would have had no referves, as once she told me, had I not given her cause of doubt (f). And did she not own to thee, that once she could have loved me; and, could she have made me good, would have made me happy (g)? O Belford! here was Love; a Love of the noblest kind!—A Love, as she hints in her posshumous Letter (b), that

extended

(a) See Vol. iii. p. 96. See alfo Letters xvi. xliii, xliv. of the fame

Volume, and many other places.

(b) See Vol. v. p. 124.--- It may be observed further, that oll Clarissa's occasional lectures to Miss Howe, on that young lady's treatment of Mr. Hickman, prove, that she was berself above affectation and tyranny.-- See, more particularly, the advice she gives to that friend of her heart, Letter xvii. p. 64. of this Volume. --- 'O my dear,' says she in this Letter, 'that it had been my lot (as I was not permitted to live single) to have met with a man by whom I could have acted generously and unrefervedly! &cc. &cc.'

(c) Vol. v. p. 68, 117. (d) Vol. v. p. 126. (e) Vol. iv. Letters xxxvi. xxxvii. (f) Vol. v. p. 152. (g) See p. 186. of this Volume.

(b) See p. 317. of this Volume.

extended to the Soul; and which she not only avowed in her dying hours, but contrived to let me know it after death, in that Letter filled with warnings and exhortations, which had for their sole end my eternal welfare!

The curfed women, indeed, endeavoured to excite my vengeance, and my pride, by preaching to me eternally her doubts, her want of love, and her contempt of me. And my pride was, at times, too much excited by their vile infinuations. But had it even been as they faid; well might she, who had been affed to be courted and admired by every defiring eye, and worshiped by every respectful heart-Well might fuch a woman be allowed to draw back, when she found herself kept in suspense, as to the great question of all, by a defigning and intriguing spirit; pretending awe and distance, as reasons for reining-in a fervor, which, if real, cannot be reined-in.—Divine creature! Her very doubts, her referves (so justly doubting) would have been my affurance, and my glory! - And what other trial needed her virtue? What other needed a purity fo angelic (bleffed with fuch a command of her passions in the bloom of youth) had I not been a villainand a wanton, a conceited, a proud fool, as well as a villain?

These reflections sharpened, rather than their edge by time rebated, accompany me in whatever I do, and whereever I go; and single with all my diversions and amusements. And yet I go into gay and fplendid company. I have made new acquaintance in the different courts I have visited. I am both esteemed, and sought after, by persons of rank and merit. I visit the colleges, the churches, the palaces. I frequent the theatre: Am present at every public exhibition; and fee all that is worth feeing, that I had not seen before, in the cabinets of the curious: Am fometimes admitted to the toilette of an eminent toast, and make one with distinction at the assemblées of others -Yet can think of nothing, nor of any-body, with delight, but of my CLARISSA. Nor have I feen one woman with advantage to herself, but as she resembles in stature, air, complexion, voice, or in some feature, that charmer, that only charmer, of my foul.

What greater punishment, than to have these astonishing perfections,

perfections, which she was mistress of, strike my remembrance with such force, when I have nothing left me but the remorse of having deprived myself and the world of such a blessing? Now-and-then, indeed, am I capable of a gleam of comfort, arising (not ungenerously) from the moral certainty which I have of her everlasting happiness, in spite of all the machinations and devices which I set on foot to insnare her virtue, and to bring down so pure a mind to my own level.

For can I be, at worst (Avert that worst, O Thou Supreme, who only canst avert it!) So much a wretch, so very far abandon'd, But that I must, ev'n in the borrid'st gloom, Reap intervenient joy, at least some respite From pain and anguish, in her bliss—For why? This very soul must suffer—Not another. It can't be mine, if it could envy her, Or at her happiness repine—

30 30

IF I find myself thus miserable abroad, I will soon return to England, and follow your example, I think—turn hermit, or some plaguy thing or other, and see what a constant course of penitence and mortification will do for me. There is no living at this rate—D—n me if there be!

If any mishap should befal me, you'll have the particulars of it from De la Tour. He indeed knows not a word of English: But every modern tongue is yours. He is a trusty and ingenious fellow: And, if any thing happen, will have some other papers, which I shall have ready sealed up, for you to transmit to Lord M. And since thou art so expert, and so ready at Executorships, prythee, Belford, accept of the office for Me, as well as for my Clarista—CLARISSA LOVELACE let me call her.

By all that's good, I am bewitched to her memory. Her very name, with mine joined to it, ravishes my soul, and

is more delightful to me than the sweetest music.

Had I carried her (I must still recriminate) to any other place, than to that accursed woman's—For the potion was her invention and mixture; and all the persisted-in violence was at her instigation, and at that of her wretched daugh-

ters,

ters, who have now amply revenged upon me their own

ruin, which they lay at my door.

But this looks so like the confession of a thief at the gallows, that possibly thou wilt be apt to think, I am intimidated in prospect of the approaching interview. But far otherwise. On the contrary, most chearfully do I go to meet the Colonel; and I would tear my heart out of my breast with my own hands, were it capable of fear or concern on that account.

Thus much only I know, that if I should kill him (which I will not do, if I can help it) I shall be far from being easy in my mind: That shall I never be more. But as the meeting is evidently of his own feeking, against an option fairly given to the contrary, and I cannot avoid it. I'll think of that hereafter. It is but repenting and mortifying for all at once: For I am as fure of victory, as I am that I now live, let him be as skilful a swordsman as he will: Since, besides that I am no unfleshed novice, this is a fport, that, when provoked to it, I love as well as my food. And, moreover, I shall be as calm and undisturbed as the Bishop at his prayers: While he, as is evident by his letter, must be actuated by revenge and passion.

Doubt not, therefore, Jack, that I shall give a good

account of this affair. Mean time, I remain

Yours most affectionately, &c.

LOVELACE.

LETTER CXII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Efg;

Trent, Dec. 3-14.

O-morrow is to be the Day, that will, in all probability, fend either one or two ghosts to attend the

Manes of my CLARISSA.

I arrived here yesterday; and inquiring for an English gentleman of the name of Morden, foon found out the Colonel's lodgings. He had been in town two days; and left his name at every probable place.

He was gone to ride out; and I left my name, and Vot. VII. where where to be found: And in the evening he made me a vifit.

He was plaguy gloomy. That was not I. But yet he told me, that I had acted like a man of true spirit in my first letter; and with honour, in giving him so readily this meeting. He wished I had in other respects; and then we might have seen each other upon better terms than now we did.

I faid, there was no recalling what was pass'd; and that I wished some things had not been done, as well as he.

To recriminate now, he faid, would be as exasperating as unavailable. And as I had so chearfully given him this opportunity, words should give place to business.— Your choice, Mr. Lovelace, of Time, of Place, of Weapon, shall be my choice.

The two latter be yours, Mr. Morden. The Time to-

morrow, or next day, as you pleafe.

Next day, then, Mr. Lovelace; and we'll ride out tomorrow, to fix the place.

Agreed, Sir.

Well; now, Mr. Lovelace, do you choose the Weapon.

I said, I believed we might be upon an equal foot with
the Single Rapier; but, if he thought otherwise, I had no

objection to a Pistol.

I will only fay, replied he, that the chances may be more equal by the Sword, because we can neither of us be to seek in that: And you'd stand, says he, a worse chance, as I apprehend, with a Pistol; and yet I have brought two; that you may take your choice of either: For, added he, I never missed a mark at pistol-distance, since I knew how to hold one.

I told him, that he spoke like himself: That I was expert enough that way, to embrace it, if he chose it; tho not so sure of my mark as he pretended to be. Yet the devil's in't, Colonel, if I, who have slit a bullet in two upon a knise's-edge, hit not my man. So I have no objection to a Pistol, if it he your choice. No man, I'll venture to say, has a steadier Hand or Eye than I have.

They may both be of use to you, Sir, at the Sword, as well as at the Pistol: The Sword therefore be the thing.

if you please.

With

With all my heart.

We parted with a folemn fort of ceremonious civility: And this day I called upon Him; and we rode out together to fix upon the place: And both being of one mind, and hating to put off for the morrow what could be done to-day, would have decided it then: But De la Tour, and the Colonel's valet, who attended us, being unavoidably let into the fecret, joined to beg we would have with us a Surgeon from Brixen, whom La Tour had fallen in with there, and who had told him he was to ride next morning to bleed a person in a sever, at a lone cottage, which, by the Surgeon's description, was not far from the place where we then were, if it were not that very cottage within sight of us.

They undertook so to manage it, that the Surgeon should know nothing of the matter till his assistance was called in. And La Tour being, as I assured the Colonel, a ready-contriving fellow (whom I ordered to obey him as myself were the chance to be in his favour) we both agreed to defer the decision till to-morrow, and to leave the whole about the Surgeon to the management of our two valets; injoining them absolute secrecy: And so rode back

again by different ways.

We fixed upon a little lone valley for the Spot—Ten to-morrow morning the Time——And Single Rapier the Word. Yet I repeatedly told him, that I value myself so much upon my skill in that weapon, that I would wish him

to choose any other.

He said, It was a gentleman's weapon; and he who understood it not, wanted a qualification that he ought to suffer for not having: But that, as to him, one weapon was as good as another throughout all the instruments of offence.

So, Jack, you see I take no advantage of him: But my-devil must deceive me, if he take not his life, or his death, at my hands, before eleven to-morrow morning.

His valet and mine are to be present; but both strictly injoined to be impartial and inactive: And, in return for my civility of the like nature, he commanded bis to be assisting to me, if he fell.

We are to ride thither, and to dismount when at the place; and his footman and mine are to wait at an appointed

pointed distance, with a chaise to carry off to the borders of the Venetian territories the furvivor, if one drop; or to affift either or both, as occasion may demand.

And thus, Belford, is the matter fettled.

- naon axer de la la de next morn-

A shower of rain has left me nothing else to do: And therefore I write this letter; tho' I might as well have deferred it till to-morrow twelve o'clock, when I doubt not to be able to write again, to affure you how much I am drive of miles best and in the real . Yours, &c.

LOVELACE.

ver en lan, pudrope, un lich. LETTER CXIII.

Translation of a Letter from F. J. De la Tour.

To JOHN BELFORD, Efq; near Soho-Square, London.

S. IR, Laura John Santa Trent, December 18. N.S.

Have melancholy news to inform you of, by order of the Chevalier Lovelace. He shewed me his letter to you before he fealed it; fignifying, that he was to meet the Chevalier Morden on the 15th. Wherefore, as the occasion of the meeting is so well known to you, I shall

fay nothing of it here.

I had taken care to have ready, within a little distance, a Surgeon and his affiftant, to whom, under an oath of fecrecy, I had revealed the matter (tho' I did not own it to the two gentlemen); so that they were prepared with bandages, and all things proper. For well was I acquainted with the bravery and skill of my Chevalier; and had heard the character of the other; and knew the animofity of both. A post-chaise was ready, with each of their footmen, at a little distance.

The two Chevaliers came exactly at their time: They were attended by Monfieur Margate (the colonel's gentleman) and myself. They had given orders over-night, and now repeated them in each other's prefence, that we should observe a strict impartiality between them; And that, if one fell, each of us should look upon himself, as to any needful help, or retreat, as the fervant of the furvivor,

and take his commands accordingly.

After a few compliments, both the gentlemen, with the described to the bate a 3 dest

greatest presence of mind that I ever beheld in men, stript

to their shirts, and drew.

They parried with equal judgment several passes. My Chevalier drew the first blood, making a desperate push, which, by a sudden turn of his antagonist, missed going clear thro' him, and wounded him on the sleshy part of the ribs of his right side; which part the sword tore out, being on the extremity of the body: But, before he could recover himself, his adversary, in return, pushed him into the inside of the lest arm, near the shoulder: And the sword, by raking his breast as it passed, being followed by a great essuin of blood, the Colonel said, Sir, I believe you have enough.

My Chevalier swore by G—d, he was not hurt: 'Twas a pin's point: And so made another pass at his antagonist; which he, with a surprising dexterity, received under his arm, and run my dear Chevalier into the body: Who immediately fell: saying, The luck is your's, Sir—O my beloved Clarissa!— Now art thou—Inwardly he spoke three or sour words more. His sword dropt from his hand. Mr. Morden threw his down, and ran to him, saying in French—Ah Monsieur, you are a dead man!—

Call to God for mercy!

We gave the fignal agreed upon to the footmen; and

they to the Surgeons; who inflantly came up.

Colonel Morden, I found, was too well used to the bloody work; for he was as cool as if nothing so extraordinary had happened, assisting the Surgeons, tho' his own wound bled much. But my dear Chevalier sainted away two or three times running, and vomited blood besides.

However, they stopped the bleeding for the present; and we helped him into the voiture; and then the Colonel suffered his own wound to be dressed; and appeared concerned that my Chevalier was between whiles (when he could speak, and struggle) extremely outrageous.—Poor gentleman! he had made quite sure of victory!

The Colonel, against the Surgeons advice, would mount on horseback to pass into the Venetian territories; and generously gave me a purse of gold to pay the Surgeons; desiring me to make a present to the sootman; and to ac-

T 3

cept of the remainder, as a mark of his fatisfaction in my conduct; and in my care and tenderness of my master.

The Surgeons told him, that my Chevalier could not

live over the day.

When the Colonel took leave of him, Mr. Lovelace faid in French, You have well revenged the dear crea-

I have, Sir, faid Mr. Morden, in the same language: And perhaps shall be forry that you called upon me to this work, while I was balancing whether to obey, or dif-

obey, the dear angel.

There is a fate in it! replied my Chevalier - A curfed fate!- Or this could not have been! - But be ye all witnesses, that I have provoked my destiny, and acknowlege, that I fall by a Man of Honour.

Sir, faid the Colonel, with the piety of a confessor, (wringing Mr. Lovelace's hand) fnatch these few fleet-

ing moments, and commend yourfelf to God.

And fo he rode off.

The voiture proceeded flowly with my Chevalien; yet the motion fet both his wounds bleeding afresh; and it

was with difficulty they again stopped the blood.

We brought him alive to the first cottage; and he gave orders to me to dispatch to you the pacquet I herewith fend sealed up; and bid me write to you the particulars of this most unhappy affair, and to give you thanks, in his name, for all your favours and friendship to him.

Contrary to all expectation, he lived over the night: But suffered much, as well from his impatience and disappointment, as from his wounds; for he seemed very un-

willing to die.

He was delirious, at times, in the two last hours; and then several times cried out, Take her away! Take her away! but named no-body. And sometimes praised some Lady (that Clarissa, I suppose, whom he had called upon when he received his death's wound) calling her, Sweet Excellence! Divine Creature! Fair Sufferer! And once he faid, Look down, bleffed Spirit, look down!-And there stopt;—his lips however moving.

At nine in the morning, he was feized with convulfions, and fainted away; and it was a quarter of an hour before His

he came out of them.

His few last words I must not omit, as they shew an ultimate composure; which may administer some conso-

lation to his honourable friends.

Bleffed-faid he, addressing himself no doubt to Heaven; for his dying eyes were lifted up - A strong convulsion prevented him for a few moments faying more- But recovering, he again with great fervor (lifting up his eyes, and his spread hands) pronounced the word Blessed:-Then, in a feeming ejaculation, he spoke inwardly so as not to be understood: At last, he distinctly pronounced these three words.

LET THIS EXPLATE!

And then, his head finking on his pillow, he expired; at about half an hour after ten.

He little thought, poor gentleman! his End fo near: So had given no direction about his body. I have caused it to be embowelled, and deposited in a vault, till I have

orders from England.

This is a favour that was procured with difficulty; and would have been refused, had he not been an Englishman of rank: A nation with reason respected in every Austriangovernment-For he had refused ghoftly attendance, and the Sacraments in the Catholic way. May his Soul be

happy, I pray God!

I have had some trouble also on account of the manner of his death, from the Magistracy here: Who have taken the requisite informations in the affair. And it has cost me some money. Of which, and of my dear Chevalier's effects, I will give you a faithful account in my next. And fo, waiting at this place your commands; I am, SIR, fewers delirious, at timest at the five

cet Divine Creature ; aut but est Little et a k down bleffed buric con lown !-- The

Your most faithful and obedient Servant, but named no-nody: And impetrace praised

available in the state of the s received his death's wound, calling nery ower

b of em c



CONCLUSION.

Supposed to be written by Mr. BELFORD.

HAT remains to be mentioned for the fatiffaction of such of the readers as may be prefumed to have interested themselves in the fortunes of those other principals in the story, who survived Mr. Lovelace, will be found summarily related as follows:

The news of Mr. Lovelace's unhappy End was received with as much grief by his own relations, as it was with exultation by the Harlowe-family, and by Miss Howe. His own family were most to be pitied, because, being sincere admirers of the inimitable Lady, they were greatly grieved for the injustice done her; and now had the additional mortification of losing the only male of it, by a violent death.

That his fate was deserved, was still a heightening of their calamity, as they had, for that very reason, and his unpreparedness for it, but too much grounds for apprehension with regard to his suture happiness. While the other family, from their unforgiving spirit, and even the noble young Lady above-mentioned, from her lively resentments, tound his death some little, some temporary, alleviation of the heavy loss they had sustained, principally thro' his means.

Temporary alleviation, we repeat, as to the Harlowe family; for THEY were far from being happy or easy in their reflections upon their own conduct.

Mrs. HARLOWE lived about two years and an half after the much-lamented death of her excellent daughter.

Mr. HARLOWE survived his Lady about half a year.

Вотн,

BOTH, in their last hours, comforted themselves, that they should be restored to their BLESSED daughter, as they always (from the time that they were acquainted with her happy exit) called her.

They both lived, however, to fee their fon James, and their daughter Arabella, married: But not to take joy in

either of their nuptials.

Mr. James Harlowe married a woman of family, an orphan, and is obliged, at a very great expence, to fupport her claim to estates, which were his principal inducement to make his addresses to her; but which, to this day, he has not recovered; nor is likely to recover; having very powerful adversaries to contend with, and a Title to assert, which admits of litigation; and he not blessed with so much patience as is necessary to persons embarrassed in Law.

What is further observable with regard to him, is, that the match was intirely of his own head, against the advice of his father, mother, and uncles, who warned him of marrying in this lady a Law-fuit for life. His ungenerous behaviour to his wife, for what she cannot help, and for what is as much her misfortune as his, has occafioned fuch estrangements between them (she being a woman of spirit) as, were the Law-fuits determined, and even more favourably than probably they will be, must make him unhappy to the End of his Life. He attributes all his misfortunes, when he opens himself to the few friends he has, to his vile and cruel treatment of his angelic fifter. He confesses these misfortunes to be just, without having temper to acquiesce in the acknowleged justice. One month in every year he puts on mourning, and that month commences with him on the 7th of September, during which he shuts himself up from all company. Finally, he is looked upon, and often calls himself, The most is looked upon, and often calls himfelf, MISERABLE OF BEINGS.

ARABELLA'S Fortune became a temptation to a man of Quality to make his addresses to her: His Title an inducement with her to approve of him. Brothers and Sisters, when they are not Friends, are generally the sharpest Enemies to each other. He thought too much was done for her in the settlements. She thought not enough. And

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for some years past, they have so heartily hated each other, that if either know a joy, it is in being told of some new misfortune or displeasure that happens to the other. Indeed, before they came to an open rupture, they were continually loading each other, by way of exonerating themselves (to the additional disquiet of the whole family). with the principal guilt of their implacable behaviour and fordid cruelty to their admirable Sister.—May the reports that are spread of this Lady's further unhappiness from her Lord's free life; a fault she justly thought so odious in Mr. Lovelace (though that would not have been an infuperable objection with her to his addresses); and of his public flights and contempt of her, and even fometimes of his personal abuses, which are said to be owing to her impatient spirit, and violent passions; be utterly groundless. -For, what a heart must that be, which would wish she might be as great a torment to herfelf, as she had aimed to be to her Sifter? Especially as she regrets to this hour, and declares, that she shall to the last of her life, her cruel treatment of that Sifter; and (as well as her Brother) is but too ready to attribute to that her own unhappiness.

Mr. Antony and Mr. John Harlowe are still [at the writing of this living: But often declare, That, with their beloved niece, they lost all the joy of their lives: And lament, without referve, in all companies, the unna-

tural part they were induced to take against her.

Mr. Solmes is also still living, if a man of his cast may be faid to live; for his general behaviour and fordid manners are fuch as justify the aversion the excellent Lady had to him. He has moreover found his addresses rejected by several women of far inferior fortunes (great as his own are) to those of the Lady to whom he was encouraged to

aspire.

on Raises and Libertuies. Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville having loft the man in whose conversation they so much delighted; shock'd and awakened by the several unhappy catastrophes before their eyes; and having always rather ductile than dictating hearts; took their friend Belford's advice: Converted the remainder of their fortunes into Annuities for Life; and retired, the one into Yorkshire, the other into Nottinghamshire, of which counties they are natives:

Their

Their friend Belford managing their concerns for them, and corresponding with them, and having more and more hopes every time he sees them (which is once or twice a year, when they come to town) that they will become more and more worthy of their names and families.

It cannot be amiss to mention what became of the two sisters in iniquity, Sally Martin, and Polly Horton; names

so frequently occurring in the foregoing collection.

After the death of the profligate Sinclair, they kept on the infamous trade with too-much success; till an accident happened in the house – A gentleman of family killed in it in a fray, contending with another for a new-vamp'd face. Sally was accused of holding the gentleman's arm, while his more favoured advertary run him through the heart, and then made off. And she being

try'd for her life, narrowly escaped

This accident obliged them to break up house-keeping, and not having been frugal enough of their ill-gotten gains (lavishing upon one, what they got by another) they were compelled, for subsistence-sake, to enter themfelves as under-managers at fuch another house as their own had been. In which fervice, foon after, Sally diedof a fever and furfeit got by a debauch : And the other. about a month after, by a violent cold, occasioned thro' carelessness in a Salivation. Two creatures who wanted not fense, and had had (what is deemed to be) a good Modern Education; their parents having lived reputably; and once having much better hopes of them: But who were in a great measure answerable for their miscarriages, by indulging them in the fashionable follies and luxury of an age given up to those amusements and pleasures which are so apt to set people of but Middle Fortures above all the useful employments of life; and to make young women an easy prey to Rakes and Libertines.

Happier Scenes open for the remaining characters; for it might be descending too low to mention the untimely Ends of Dorcas, and of William, Mr. Lovelace's wicked servant; and the pining and consumptive ones of Berty Barnes and Joseph Leman, unmarried both, and in less T 6

than a year after the happy death of their excellent young

Lady.

The good Mrs. NORTON passed the small remainder of her life, as happily as she wished, in her beloved foster-daughter's dairy-house, as it used to be called: As she wished, we repeat;—for she had too strong aspirations as-

ter Another life, to be greatly attached to This.

She laid out the greatest part of her time in doing good by her advice, and by the prudent management of the Fund committed to her direction. Having lived an Exemplary Life from her Youth upwards; and seen her Son happily settled in the world; she departed with ease and calmness, without pang or agony, like a tired traveller, falling into a sweet slumber: Her last words expressing her hope of being restored to the Child of her Bosom; and to her own excellent Father and Mother, to whose care and pains she owed that good Education to which she was indebted for all her other blessings.

The Poor's Fund, which was committed to her care, she resigned, a week before her death, into the hands of Mrs. Hickman, according to the direction of the Will, and all the accounts and disbursements with it; which she had kept with such an exactness, that that Lady declares, that she will follow her method, and only wishes to do as well.

Miss Howe was not to be persuaded to quit her mourning for her dear friend, until six months were fully expired: And then she made Mr. HICKMAN one of the happiest men in the world. A woman of her sine sense and understanding, married to a man of virtue and good-nature (who had no past capital errors to resect upon, and to abate his joys, and whose behaviour to Mrs. Hickman is as affectionate, as it was respectful to Miss Howe) could not do otherwise. They are already blessed with two sine children; a Daughter, to whom, by joint consent, they have given the name of her beoved friend; and a Son, who bears that of his father.

She has allotted to Mr. Hickman, who takes delight in doing good (and that as much for its own fake, as to oblige her) his part of the management of the Poor's Fund; to be accountable for it, as she pleasantly says, to her. She has appropriated every Thursday morning for her part of

that

that management; and takes so much delight in the task, that she declares, it is one of the most agreeable of her amusements. And the more agreeable, as she teaches every one whom she benefits, to bless the Memory of her departed Friend; to whom she attributes the merit of all her own charities, as well as that of those which she dispenses in

pursuance of her Williams viscos of of said radion & rat

She has declared. That this Fund shall never fail while fhe lives. She has even engaged her Mother to contribute annually to it. And Mr. Hickman has appropriated twenty pounds a year to the fame. In confideration of which the allows him to recommend four objects yearly to partake of it. - Allows, is her style; for she assumes the whole prerogative of dispensing this charity; the only prerogative the does or has occasion to assume. In every other case, there is but one will between them; and that is generally his or hers, as either speak first, upon any subject. be it what it will. MRS. HICKMAN, the fometimes as pleafantly as generously tells him, must not quite forget that the was once Miss Howe, because if he had not loved her as fuch, and with all her foibles, the had never been Mrs. Hickman. Nevertheless she seriously, on all occasions, and that to others, as well as to himself, confesses. that the owes him unreturnable obligations for his patience with her in HER Day, and for his generous Behaviour to her in HIS. What a call had by and test and te

And still the more highly does she esteem and love him, as she resteets upon his past kindness to her beloved friend; and on that dear friend's good opinion of him. Nor is it less grateful to her, that the worthy man joins most sincerely with her in all those respectful and affectionate recollections, which make the memory of the Departed

precious to Survivors. Shandto ob his bluco to saell a

Mr. Belford was not so destitute of humanity and affection, as to be unconcerned at the unhappy fate of his most intimate friend. But when he reslects upon the untimely Ends of several of his companions, but just mentioned in the preceding history (a)— On the shocking despondency and death of his poor friend Belton—On the signal justice which overtook the wicked Tomlinson—

⁽a) See Vol. VI. p. 288 .-- And p. 332, and 394. of this Volume.

(B)

On the dreadful exit of the infamous Sinclair - On the deep remorfes of his more valued friend-And, on the other hand, on the Example, fet him by the most excellent of her Sex-and on her bleffed preparation, and happy departure— And when he confiders, as he often does with awe and terror, that his wicked habits were for rooted in his depraved heart, that all these Warnings, and this lovely Example, seemed to be but necessary to enable him to fubdue them, and to reform; and that such awakening Calls are hardly ever afforded to men of his cast, or (if they are) but feldom attended with fuch happy effects in the Prime of Youth, and in the full Vigour of Constitution: -When he reflects upon all these things, he adores the Mercy, which thro' these Calls has fnatched him as a brand out of the fire: And thinks himself obliged to make it his endeavour to find out, and to reform any of those who may have been endangered by his means; as well as to repair, to the utmost of his power, any damage or mifchiefs which he may have occasioned to others.

With regard to the Trust with which he was honoured by the inimitable Lady, he had the pleasure of acquitting himself of it in a very sew months, to every body's satisfaction; even to that of the unhappy family; who sent him their thanks on the occasion. Nor was he, at delivering up his accounts, contented with resigning the Legacy bequeathed to him, to the Uses of the Will. So that the Poor's Fund, as it is called, is become a very considerable sum; and will be a lasting bank for relief of objects who

best deserve relief.

There was but one Earthly Blessing which remained for Mr. Belford to wish for, in order, morally speaking, to secure to him all his other blessings; and that was, the greatest of all worldly ones, a virtuous and prudent Wise. So free a liver as he had been, he did not think that he could be worthy of such a one, till, upon an impartial examination of himself, he found the pleasure he had in his new resolutions so great, and his abhorrence of his former courses so sincere, that he was the less apprehensive of a deviation.

Upon this presumption, having also kept in his mind some encouraging hints from Mr. Lovelace; and having

been so happy as to have it in his power to oblige Lord M. and that whole noble family, by fome fervices grateful to them (the request for which from his unhappy friend was brought over, among other papers, with the dead body, by De la Tour) he befought that Nobleman's Leave to make his addresses to Miss CHARLOTTE MON-TAGUE, the eldest of his Lordship's two nieces: And making at the same time such proposals of Settlements as were not objected to, his Lordship was pleased to use his powerful interest in his favour. And his worthy niece having no engagement, she had the goodness to honour Mr. Belford with her hand; and thereby made him as completely happy as a man can be, who has enormities to reflect upon, which, in a course of years, the deaths of some of the injured parties, and the irreclaimableness of others, have put it out of his power to atone for.

Happy is the man who, in time of health and strength, sees and reforms the errors of his ways!— But how much more happy he, who has no capital and wilful errors to repent of!— How unmixed and sincere must the joys of

fuch a one come to him!

Lord M. added bountifully in his life time, as did also the two Ladies his Sisters, to the fortune of their worthy Niece. And as Mr. Belford has been blessed with a Son by her, his Lordship at his death (which happened just three years after the untimely one of his unhappy Nephew) was pleased to devise to that Son, and to his descendants for ever (and in case of his death unmarried, to any other children of his Niece) his Hertsordshire estate (designed for Mr. Lovelace) which he made up to the walue of a moiety of his real estates; bequeathing also a moiety of his personal to the same Lady.

Miss Patty Montague, a fine young Lady (to whom her Noble uncle, at his death, devised the other moiety of his real and personal estates, including his Seat in Berkshire) lives at present with her excellent Sister Mrs. Belford; to whom she removed upon Lord M's death: But, in all probability, will soon be the Lady of a worthy Baronet, of antient family, fine qualities, and ample fortunes, just returned from his Travels, with a character superior to the very good one he set out with: A case

that very feldom happens, altho' the End of Travel is Im-

provement.

Colonel MORDEN, who with fo many virtues and accomplishments, cannot be unhappy, in feveral Letters to the Executor, with whom he corresponds from Florence (having, fince his unhappy affair with Mr. Lovelace, changed his purpose of coming so soon to reside in England as he had intended) declares, That altho' he thought himself obliged either to accept of what he took to be a challenge, as fuch; or tamely to acknowlege, that he gave up all resentment of his cousin's wrongs; and in a manner to beg pardon for having spoken freely of Mr. Lovelace behind his back; and altho' at the time he owns he was not forry to be called upon, as he was, to take either the one course or the other; yet now, coolly reflecting upon his beloved cousin's reasonings against Duelling; and upon the price it had too probably coft the unhappy man; he wishes he had more fully considered those words in his cousin's posthumous letter-" If God will allow him " Time for Repentance, why should you deny it him?"

To conclude — The worthy Widow Lovick continues to live with Mr. Belford; and by her prudent behaviour, piety, and usefulness, has endeared herself to her Lady, and to the Whole Family.





POSTSCRIPT,

HE Author of the foregoing Work has been favoured, in the course of its Publication, with many Anonymous Letters, in which the Writers have differently expressed their wishes as to what they apprehended of the Catastrophe.

Most of those directed to him by the gentler Sex turn in favour of what they call a fortunate Ending; and some of them, enamoured, as they declare, with the principal Character, are warmly solicitous to have her happy.

These Letters having been written on the perusal of the first Four Volumes only, before the complicated adjustment of the several parts to one another could be seen, or fully known, it may be thought superstuous, now the whole Work is before the Public, to enter upon this argument, because it is presumed, that the Catastrophe necessarily follows the natural progress of the Story: But as the Notion of Poetical Justice seems to have generally obtained among the Fair Sex, and must be confessed to have the appearance of Good Nature and Humanity, it may not be amiss to give it a brief consideration.

Nor can it be deemed impertinent to touch upon this subject at the Conclusion of a Work which is designed to inculcate upon the human mind, under the guise of an Amusement, the great Lessons of Christianity, in an Age like the present; which seems to expect from the Poets and Dramatic Writers (that is to say, from the Authors of Works of Invention) that they should make it one of their principal Rules, to propagate another Sort of Dispensation, under the Name of Poetical Justice, than that with which God, by Revelation, teaches us, he has thought

thought fit to exercise Mankind; whom, placing here only in a State of *Probation*, he hath so intermingled Good and Evil, as to necessitate them to look forward for a more equal Distribution of both.

The History, or rather, The Dramatic Narrative of CLARISSA, is formed on this Religious Plan; and is therefore well justified in deferring to extricate suffering Virtue till it meets with the Completion of its Reward.

But we have no need to shelter our Conduct under the Sanction of Religion (an Authority, perhaps, not of the greatest weight with modern Critics) since we are justified in it by the greatest Master of Reason, and the best Judge of Composition, that ever was. The learned Reader knows we must mean ARISTOTLE; whose Sentiments in this matter we shall beg leave to deliver in the words of a very amiable Writer of our own Country.

The English Writers of Tragedy, says Mr. Addifon (a), are possessed with a Notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent person in distress, they

ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies.

This Error they have been led into by a ridiculous Doctrine in Modern Criticism, That they are obliged

to an equal distribution of Rewards and Punishments, and an impartial Execution of Poetical Justice.

Who were the first that established this Rule, I know not; but I am sure it has no Foundation in

NATURE, in REASON, or in the PRACTICE OF

THE ANTIENTS.

We find, that [in the dispensations of PROVIDENCE]
Good and Evil happen alike to ALL MEN on this

fide the grave: And as the principal design of Tragedy is to raise Commission and Terror in the minds of

is to raise Commiseration and Terror in the minds of the Audience, we shall defeat this great end, if we al-

ways make Virtue and Innocence happy and successful.
 Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man
 suffers in the Body of the Tragedy, they will make but

fmall impression on our minds, when we know, that,

in the last Att, he is to arrive at the end of his wishes and defires.

When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourselves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them, and that his grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness.

For this reason, the antient Writers of Tragedy treated men in their Plays, as they are dealt with in the World, by making Virtue sometimes happy and sometimes milerable, as they sound it in the Fable which

they made choice of, or as it might affect their Au-

dience in the most agreeable manner.

Aristotle considers the Tragedies that were written in either of those kinds; and observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people; and carried away the Prize, in the public disputes of the Stage, from those that ended happily (a).

(a) This was at a time when the Entertainments of the Stage were committed to the Care of the Magistrates; when the Prizes contended for were given by the State; when, of consequence the Emulation among Writers was ardent; and when Learning was at the highest Pitch of Glory in that renowned Commonwealth.

It cannot be supposed, that the Athenians, in this their highest Age of Taste and Politeness, were less Humane, less Tender-hearted, than we of the present. But they were not asraid of being moved, nor ashamed of shewing themselves to be so, at the distresses they saw well painted and represented. In short, they were of the opinion, with the Wisest of men, That it was better to go to the House of Mourning than to the House of Mirth; and had Fortitude enough to trust themselves with their own generous grief, because they found their hearts mended by it.

Thus also Horace, and the politest Romans in the Augustan Age

wished to be affected:

Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cum recte tractant alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mibi posse videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet; falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenia.

Thus Englished by Mr. Pope:

Yet lest you think I railly more than teach, Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach, 'Terror and Commiseration leave a pleasing anguish in the mind, and fix the Audience in such a serious composure of thought, as is much more lasting and delightful, than any little transient Starts of Joy and Satisfaction.

Accordingly we find, that more of our English Tragedies have succeeded, in which the Favourites of the Audience sink under their calamities, than those in

which they recover themselves out of them.

'The best Plays of this kind are The Orphan, Venice Preserved, Alexander the Great, Theodosius, All for

Love, Oedipus, Oroonoko, Othello, &c.

King Lear is an admirable Tragedy of the same kind, as Shakespeare wrote it: But as it is resormed according to the chimerical notion of Poetical [or, as

we may say, Anti-Providential] Justice, in my hum-

ble opinion it has loft half its beauty (a).

At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble Tragedies, which have been framed upon the other Plan, and have ended happily; as indeed most of the good Tragedies which have been written since the starting of the above-mentioned Criticism, have taken

Let me, for once, presume t'instruct the times
To know the Poet from the Man of Rhymes.
'Tis He who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he seigns;
Enrage---compose---with more than magic Art,
With Pity and with Terror tear my heart;
And snatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

(a) Yet so different seems to be the Modern Taste from that of the Antients, that the altered King Lear of Mr. Tate is constantly acted on the English Stage, in preference to the Original, tho' written by Shakespeare himself!---Whether this strange preference be owing to the salie Delicacy or affected Tenderness of the Players, or to that of the Audience, has not for many years been tried. And perhaps the former have not the courage to try the Public Taste upon it. And yet, if it were ever to be tried, Now seems to be the Time, when an Actor and a Manager, in the same person, is in being, who deservedly engages the public savour in all he undertakes, and who owes so much, and is gratefully sensible that he does, to that great Master of the human Passions.

- this turn: As The Mourning Bride, Tamerlane (b), Ulysses, Phædra and Hippolytus, with most of Mr.
- Dryden's. I must also allow, that many of Shake-
- ' speare's, and several of the celebrated Tragedies of Antiquity, are cast in the same form. I do not there-
- fore dispute against this way of writing Tragedies; but
- against the Criticism that would establish This as the
- only method; and by that means would very much
- cramp the English Tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong

bent to the Genius of our Writers.'

Thus far Mr. Addison.

Our fair Readers are also defired to attend to what a celebrated Critic (c) of a neighbouring nation fays on the nature and defign of Tragedy, from the Rules laid down by the same great Antient.

Tragedy, fays he, makes man modest, by representing the great Masters of the Earth humbled; and it makes him tender and merciful, by shewing him the

frange accidents of life, and the unforeseen disgraces to which the most important persons are subject.

But because Man is naturally timorous and compassionate, he may fall into other extremes. much Fear may shake his Constancy of Mind, and too much Compassion may enfeeble his Equity. 'Tis the business of Tragedy to regulate these two weaknesses. It prepares and arms him against Difgraces, by shew-

ing them fo frequent in the most considerable per-

fons; and he will cease to fear extraordinary accidents, when he sees them happen to the bigbest [And still

more efficacious, we may add, the example will be, when he sees them happen to the best part of man-

kind.

But as the End of Tragedy is to teach men not to fear too weakly common Misfortunes, it proposes also to teach them to spare their Compassion for Objects that deserve it. For there is an Injustice in being ' moved

⁽b) Yet in Tamerlane two of the most amiable characters, Moneses and Aspasia, suffer death.

⁽c) Rapin, on Aristotle's Poetics.

moved at the afflictions of those who deserve to be miserable. We may see, without pity, Clytemnestra

flain by her son Orestes in Æschylus, because she had murdered Agamemnon her husband; and we cannot

fee Hippolyrus die by the plot of his stepmother Phædra, in Euripides, without Compassion, because

he died not but for being chaste and virtuous.'

These are the great Authorities so savourable to the Stories that end unhappily: Yet the Writer of the History of Clarissa is humbly of Opinion, that he might have been excused referring to them for the vindication of his Catastrophe, even by those who are advocates for the contrary opinion; since the notion of Poetical Justice, sounded on the Modern Rules, has hardly ever been more strictly observed in works of this nature, than in the present performance, if any regard at all be to be paid to the Christian System, on which it is formed.

For, Is not Mr. Lovelace, who could persevere in his villainous views, against the strongest and most frequent convictions and remorfes that ever were fent to awaken and reclaim a wicked man-Is not this great, this wilful Transgressor, condignly punished; and his punishment brought on thro' the intelligence of the very Joseph Leman whom he had corrupted (a); and by means of the very women whom he had debauched (b) -Is not Mr. Belton, who has an uncle's haftened death to answer for (c)—Are not the whole Harlowe family— Is not the vile Tomlinson—Are not the infamous Sinclair, and her wretched Partners-And even the wicked Servants, who, with their eyes open, contributed their parts to the carrying on of the vile schemes of their respective principals-Are they not All likewise exemplarily punished?

On the other hand, Is not Miss How E, for her noble Friendship to the exalted Lady in her calamities—Is not Mr. HICKMAN, for his unexceptionable Morals, and Integrity of Life—Is not the repentant and not ungene-

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⁽a) See Vol. vii. p. 396 -- 399. (b) Idem, p. 409. (c) Idem, p. 31.

rous BELFORD—Is not the worthy Norton—made

fignally bappy?

And who that are in earnest in their Profession of Christianity, but will rather envy than regret the triumphant death of CLARISSA, whose Piety, from her early Childhood; whose diffusive Charity; whose steady Virtue; whose Christian Humility; whose Forgiving Spirit; whose Meekness, whose Resignation, HEAVEN only could reward (d)?

The Length of the piece has been objected to by fome, who had feen only the first four Volumes, and who perhaps looked upon it as a mere Novel or Romance; and yet of these there are not wanting works of equal length.

They were of opinion, that the Story moved too flowly, particularly in the first and second Volumes, which are chiefly taken up with the Altercations between

Clariffa and the several persons of her Family.

But is it not true, that these Altercations are the Foundation of the whole, and therefore a necessary part of the work? The Letters and Conversations, where the Story makes the slowest progress, are presumed to be characteristic. They give occasion likewise to suggest many interesting Personalities, in which a good deal of the Instruction essential to a work of this nature, is conveyed. And it will, moreover, be remembred, that the Author at his first setting out, apprised the Reader, that the Story was to be looked upon as the Vehicle only to the Instruction.

To all which we may add, that there was frequently a necessity to be very circumstantial and minute, in order to preserve and maintain that Air of Probability, which is necessary to be maintained in a Story designed to represent real Life; and which is rendered extremely busy and

She had her wish. It was happy.

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⁽d) It may not be amiss to remind the Reader, that so early in the work as Vol. II. p. 235, 236, 237. the dispensations of Providence in her distresses are justified by herself. And thus she ends her Resections--46 I shall not live always---May my Closing Scene be happy!"

active by the plots and contrivances formed and carried

on by one of the principal Characters.

In a word, If, in the History before us, it shall be found, that the Spirit is duly diffused throughout; that the Characters are various and natural; well distinguished, and uniformly supported and maintained: If there be a variety of incidents sufficient to excite Attention, and those so conducted, as to keep the Reader always awake; the Length then must add proportionably to the pleasure that every Person of Taste receives from a well-drawn Picture of Nature. But where the contrary of all these qualities shock the understanding, the extravagant performance will be judged tedious, tho' no longer than a Fairy-Tale.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Vol. V. p. 248. 1. 25. dele have.

p. 312. l. 20. dele in.

p. 133. l. 12. after distinction, add dispensed with.

Vol. VI. p. 60. l. s. read conclusion.

Vol. VII. p. 56. l. 13. read, than at present you seem to have; since, &c.

p. 116. l. 11. after one pair of stairs, read (and who, at their desire, came down, and confirmed what they said) had, &c.

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